GENOA

THE SUPERB

Marion Hathaway $2.00
June 1911—

GENOA THE SUPERB

Were a star quenched on high,
For ages would its light,
Still travelling downward from the sky,
Shine on our mortal sight.
So when a great man dies
For years beyond our ken,
The light he leaves behind him lies
Upon the paths of men.

LONGFELLOW.

GENOA

The Superb

THE CITY OF COLUMBUS

BY

VIRGINIA W. JOHNSON

AUTHOR OF "THE LILY OF THE ARNO," "A ROYAL PHYSICIAN,"
"THE HOUSE OF THE MUSICIAN," ETC.

Illustrated

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TO

The Queen of the Mediterranean,

THE FAIR CITY UNMARRED BY CENTURIES, THESE PAGES
ARE INSCRIBED IN MEMORY OF THE
GREATEST OF HER SONS.

GENOA, 1892.

PUBLISHERS' NOTE.

THE publishers are indebted to Messrs. ALINARI & CO., of Florence, for the right to reproduce from their photographs some of the scenes herein depicted.

INTRODUCTION.

IT is not vouchsafed to every wayfarer to launch forth boldly on the Mediterranean Sea in quest of remote lands of the Orient. Some there are, indeed, who hug the shore timidly in preference, after the manner of the earliest navigators of these limpid, blue waters. If any of the latter class are contented to furl sail with the approach of night, and the danger of being misled by clouds and darkness, and drop anchor in the harbor of Genoa, he will find himself in one of the richest centres the world has to offer even to his most casual inspection.

A labyrinth of endless dreams may diverge from the marble pedestal of the Columbus monument, and the stranger may explore the past as a child rambles amidst the heirlooms, the chests, or the rusty armor of a manorial mansion; but in the commonwealth which was the birthplace of the discoverer of the New World, the visions of slumber are the crystallization of the years; the coffers full of treasures are stately palaces of wrought marbles, and the limp armor once equipped vigorous warriors for the Crusades.

To append a catalogue of works consulted in writing this volume would be to revert to a custom more in favor in the last century than in our own. A few of the books read in connection with the study have been:

"Annali della Repubblica," by Giustiniani; "La Storia dell' Antica Liguria e de' Genova," by Girolamo Serra; "Nuova Istoria della Repubblica," by Canale; "Genovesi, Veneziane, e Pisani, Storia delle loro navigazione," by Fanucci; some extracts from "Caffaro's Chronicles;" "Ranke's Popes;" "Histoire de Gênes," by Vincens; Gibbon's "Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire;" Sismondi's "Histoire des Républiques Italiennes" and "La Littérature du Midi de l'Europe;" Villani's "Firenze," and Montalembert's "Les Moines de l'Occident."

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GENOA THE SUPERB

THE CITY OF COLUMBUS.

CHAPTER I.

A BIRD FROM OVER THE SEAS.

GENOA rises from the brink of harbor crowded with shipping, the mole, and the lighthouse, to the crest of the encircling hills blooming with gardens and vineyards. The matchless beauty of the city as Queen of the Mediterranean is never more apparent than on a morning of the month of May, when the sun is just visible above the higher range of mountains. Then the town still slumbers below in the drowsy shadow of night,— flights of steps, narrow byways, and the massive arch of some church portal engulfed in darkness, while the sea extends to the horizon, gray, opaque, immobile, like a vast sheet of silver meeting a sky veiled in chill mists; yet the advent of the great Day-God already quickens the sensibilities of all things, the gushing melody from the throat of a passing bird greets the first rays trembling in the eastern sky. A fitful tumult of bells echoes from church towers; hints of marble columns, faint, pearly reflections suggestive of lofty palaces rather than defined outlines, become visible out of the confused mass of roofs and walls; and the sea warms to light and life with a delicate surface sheen, like the colouring of a flower, the bloom of a fruit, the polished recess of a shell. The

miracle of the recurring sunrise is here repeated on the crags, kneeling "like hooded friars" to meet the benediction of the light and the summer sea, holding the fair city in their united embrace. The grandeur of the violet-hued dawn stealing over the austere solitudes of Alpine peaks and glaciers is softened, modified to richer tones of coloring on the Apennines enclosing Genoa landward.

One half anticipates that the tinkling melody of convent bells ringing the Angelus in every hamlet of the adjacent slopes will be rivalled by some subtle fragrance of sacrifice to the day and the springtime, rising from the Pagan altars of temples, wreathed with roses and smoking incense-cups, hidden in the myrtle thickets and orange groves of shore and height. Genoa is now devoutly Christian, having early embraced the faith of monk and Pope; but she once belonged to heathen Rome, and made oblations to the Gods.

Bountiful Nature rejoices, for—

> "'T is always morning somewhere, and above
> The awakening continents, from shore to shore,
> Somewhere the birds are singing evermore."

The suburb of Pegli extends to the right of Genoa, and in the midst of the hotels of this cosmopolitan resort is an ancient villa. The mansion is built on a gentle elevation above the highway, and is square in form, like the majority of Italian country-residences, with an ornamented parapet, while the walls are painted a warm, yellowish-red hue. Frescoes representing the busts of certain classical poets, framed in alcoves, are still discernible between the casements, although faded by the rains of many years. Time and the vicissitudes of fortune have shorn the villa of adjacent property, if it ever boasted of vineyard and olives. A rusty, iron gate opens on the white, dusty road, surmounted by a crown and scutcheon, and having formidable spikes in the pattern of a double wheel of the Inquisition.

A dilapidated and miniature mediæval tower flanks the entrance, serving as porter's lodge for the custodian and guardian of the premises, Lorenzo, who dwells here in contentment, with his cheerful family, beneath a leaking roof which resembles a candle-snuffer. A path, paved with red brick tiles, with high walls on either side, leads from the rusty gate to the stately portal, still studded with nails, as if to resist a siege, and protected by an arch supported on columns of gray marble, forming a balcony above. The wide terrace of the house commands a view of Genoa, the sea, and the amphitheatre of hills. Nearer at hand it overlooks the famous Pallavicini gardens, duly visited by every conscientious traveller from other lands.

The waves lapse softly on the shore in sparkling ripples, and a lateen sail, brownish-red in hue, flits past. A vessel is being built in a ship-yard of the shore, with hull and ribs already defined against the blue water and sky. A little Russian boy, with floating curls of flaxen hair, and curiously veiled gray eyes, launches on the strand a toy craft, fully rigged for any weather with brave array of white canvas.

Farther along the beach the fishermen draw in their nets harvest of the calm night, brought near land by boats. The fishermen are ancient folk, tall, bent old men, bronzed and wrinkled, defying rheumatism with bare feet and knees immersed in the waves as long as tottering limbs will bear them, while their wives and daughters wait to receive a portion of the fish to vend about the town in baskets poised on their heads, or carried between two girls. A group of idlers watch the slow labor of drawing the nets, each toiler having a strip of canvas carried over one shoulder, belt-wise, to which a cord and hook are attached, thus enabling him to pull on the central line in unison with his comrades. The hazard of fortune in drawing the net on the Genoese shore is full of excitement, hope, and spec-

ulative curiosity. The most ancient mariner of the line to the right, old Giacomo, takes a pessimistic view of the luck of this May morning, and begins to grumble in his white beard, —

"The other net holds more fish than ours! You will see!"

His old wife Marietta, with her kindly, furrowed face framed in the cotton handkerchief which invariably covers the head of the women of this portion of the Mediterranean coast at all seasons of year, even to the child of tender years, however slight the raiment of the rest of the body, makes cheerful response: "Eh! We must take what God sends us."

Then the old wife gazes out at the sparkling waves. In the expression of patience and resignation discernible on the rugged lineaments of her brown features, one realizes that she belongs to the sisterhood of fisher-folk of all lands. The sea supports, and has robbed her, like many another of the coasts of Norway, Scotland, and the American continent. In moments of confidence she speaks of the two fine sons taken from her, one wrecked in a tempest off Corsica, and the other put ashore on the African strand to die of fever in the white hospital among the palm-trees on the margin of desert, leaving the old couple to struggle alone to the bitter end.

She is a picturesque figure, the old Marietta. Her short gown is green and brown in tint, her jacket a grass-green, and her apron still another shade of olive, —the whole costume faded and blended by the spray of salt water. Did she select her raiment with an eye to resembling an animated bundle of half dried sea-weeds? Is it not far more probable that the practical aim of driving a shrewd bargain with some vendor of the quays and thoroughfares of Genoa dictated her choice?

A seafaring man of well-to-do aspect, with keen eyes,

and gold rings in his ears, watches the morning laborers with lively interest.

"Now which net would the *signorino* like to have fetch the most fish?" he demands, with a chuckle, of the little Russian.

The *signorino*, with princely blood in his veins, pauses in launching the toy boat, stares at his good-humored interlocutor a trifle haughtily, ponders on the matter with childish gravity for a moment, and replies diplomatically: "I wish both nets may be very full of fish. So many!" and he extends his arms with a vague gesture of amplitude. before dancing back to his own toy craft.

The retired mariner chuckles again, and proceeds to bet on the chances of the net to the right bearing a heavier freight than that to the left, with a group of young fishermen, wearing their red caps and sashes jauntily. Such is his morning diversion in port.

Beyond extend the adjacent towns along the curves of shore, lofty, weather-stained houses huddled together inland, and connected with the highway by means of a stone, arched bridge, or bordering the shingle, with a spacious parish church of stately proportions in the midst of crumbling, blackened walls, flights of steps, and steaming factories. All day the women wash their many-hued household garments in the channels of the streams flowing down from the hills to the sea, and dwindled to shallow pools with the advance of the spring. Each local market-place is full of southern warmth of life and color, in the early hours of morning. The girls gather around the public fountains to fill their copper vessels, chatting in the *patois* of the district; the stalls of fruit and vegetables are scenes of animated barter. Rosy onions, scarlet tomatoes, great golden pumpkins in their season, destined to make the soup of all Liguria, with the addition of a little olive oil, and chestnut cakes as big as cart wheels, for the delectation of youth, invite purchasers.

The railway is visible, — a glistening, black line coiled around the ledges, like the folds of a snake, with the trains coming and going, in those swift transitions which resemble suspended vitality, from the humid darkness of tunnels to dazzling light once more, with limpid waves bathing promontories of tawny rocks, dismantled towers, hamlets, gardens, and ancient convents rising on the hills above, surrounded by fig and olive trees.

The terrace of the old villa boasts a few oranges, starred with richly fragrant blossoms here and there, and an occasional tiny, golden ball of fruit. An arbor occupies an angle of the boundary wall, shielded by vines from sun and wind, yet affording glimpses of all surrounding objects. Here the loiterer who writes these pages may linger, charmed by the beauty of Nature, and meditating on the rich page of history afforded by the past and present of the city of Genoa yonder. On the fresh May morning one may —

> "Sit in revery and watch
> The changing color of the waves that break
> Upon the idle seashore of the mind."

In the hollows of the slopes inland, where the delicate blue shadows of dawn linger, violets, hyacinths, gladiolas, and the red orchis bloom, — perpetual summer smiling beneath the shelter of the barrier of Maritime Alps which excludes, in good measure, the winter of northern Europe.

Beyond the parapet of villa wall extends the realm of enchantment of the Pallavicini gardens. The eye follows dreamily the labyrinth of paths and avenues wending amidst shrubbery and masses of foliage of every variety of form and tint, sunshine flickering on the waxen leaves of Japonica plants, interlacing branches making a soft twilight gloom of verdure, yet affording fine views of the city and harbor, and solitary palms rising toward the sky as if

pencilled in outline on the pure blue of the heavens. A Genoese garden! Does the earth afford a more favorable spot for the cultivation of rare blooms than these retreats of the nobles of the city? The gaze strays languidly to the marble statues of nymphs, fauns, and Pysche gleaming in the pervading green of thickets, arches, belvideres, the tiny gilded bridges, a Chinese pagoda, with garlands of flower-like bells vibrating in the lightest breeze, a Turkish kiosk surmounted by a golden dome, a rustic hut, an obelisk, and a Grecian temple built in the middle of a miniature lake, guarded by Tritons holding conch shells. Here lilies cluster in crystal pools, and fern fronds sway about the dark entrance of grottos, where water drips from stalactites with a musical splash; there a sumptuous pavilion invites to repose, the light glowing in rich tints through a casement of painted glass on frescoed dome and mosaic pavement, with volumes of Tasso and Petrarch temptingly at hand in the library of an alcove.

A chair suspended, pendulum wise, in a golden hoop between the bridges of the lake, invites the uninitiated to swing, when he becomes veiled in spray, liquid threads spouting forth from water-pipes concealed beneath gravel paths behind clumps of plants, and wept from the hoop rim in a cross-fire of jets, thus recalling the somewhat coarse jests of the Middle Ages practised at the Castle of Hesdin by the Duke of Burgundy.

Who does not wish to journey to the Mediterranean shore, even as good Hans Andersen longed for the warm countries? At a first glance the brilliant tones of coloring inspire the doubt of artificiality. Where have you before seen these villas embowered in myrtle, lemon, and orange trees, these terraces with marble steps adorned with urns and statues, these blue waves studded with lateen sails? The Shakspearian scenery of the stage reproduces the environs of Genoa. Desdemona might traverse yonder path,

attired in yellow brocade with strings of pearls on her neck, or Juliet, in pale blue satin, linger on that balcony, or the opera hero, in velvet doublet, warble melodious farewell as he descends the marble steps to embark on one of the boats of Pegli.

The Pallavicini gardens would afford a fitting spot for the enactment of one of those quaintly symbolical Masks of the Elizabethan era, the dialogues of Fletcher and Ben Jonson, Milton's "Comus," or Spenser's "Faërie Queene."

It is the month of May, and little maidens are visible, attired in snowy robes and veils, prepared for their first communion in their respective parish churches. May brides are abroad in the Jura, Lorraine, and Bresse, singing their songs and collecting alms to buy tapers for the Virgin Mary. Genoa, always devout in religious observance, pays homage to the month of the Madonna. Thought lapses so readily beyond the boundary of Christianity that the marble Flora, goddess of the gardens and the springtime, on the bank of the artificial lakelet of the Pallavicini Villa, is a still more radiant and tangible presiding presence. Flora is the winged shape wafted over southern seas, —

> "Whose mantle, every shade of glancing green
> Flies back in fragrant breezes to display
> A tunic white as May!"

Primavera reigns amidst the wealth of flowers in the gardens of Genoa, the fair-armed nymph who rifles the pale violets of their sweetness and the poppies of their color, to lavish on her votaries.

A tortoise sidles across the terrace, advances an inquiring head and wrinkled neck from the margin of protecting shell, and snaps off a tiny daisy, which he devours with the relish of a fresh spring salad. Life at the old villa would be incomplete without the tortoise and his wife. They are supposed to eat slugs, and other insects. The couple, both

of advanced age, vanish to hibernate snugly underground during the winter months, and reappear, in response to a tap of Flora's wand, to nibble the flowers and tender leaves of the parterres. Deep knowledge of the world is discernible in the eye of the father tortoise, as well as sagacity in the remarkable celerity with which he scrambles out of harm's way on all occasions, and repels intrusive curiosity on his habitation.

Several swallows dart around the angle of the house, wings and forked tail sharply defined in flight. The swallow is not only the harbinger of Spring, but the emblem adopted by invalids and pleasure-seekers on the Riviera, alike intent on basking in winter sunshine. The fleet little messenger is stamped on letter paper, inlaid in the olive-wood trinkets of the region, and embroidered on table covers and cushions. And the human swallow? The plain lady sketching on the shore may be a crown princess; the old gentleman with a velvet cap on his thin white locks, and an abstracted smile, one of the world's *savants;* and the quiet person pacing before the Hôtel de la Mediterranée an American capitalist holding the destiny of many in his grasp.

The old villa has been tenanted by swallows of all nationalities for generations. What a varied page of personal history the different apartments might reveal in every phase of human joy and sorrow! The father tortoise sidles across the path, intent on his own affairs, and the birds, arrived from Africa, circle overhead while the stranger colony ebbs with the summer heat, and flows back with the cold season.

The young count dwells chiefly among his birds in the lofty and faded chambers opening on the terrace, while his father, a tall, thin man of sorrowful mien, and with the aquiline features often seen on medallions of the Middle Ages, watches him from the shadow. Their history is a

sad one. The proud and indulgent parent took his only child with him in the autumn *villeggiatura* to shoot hare and birds on the Lucca hills, and discharged his fowling-piece at the lad hidden in the bushes, by a nearly fatal mistake thus maiming him for life. A son of Genoa, whose race has been closely allied with the city in glory or disgrace for centuries, the youth, cut off in his prime, moves about in a wheeled chair. The spirit of a modern Columbus burns in his breast. Fain would he become a traveller and explorer of renown in his day, hunting in the Soudan and Abyssinia, treading the inland ice of Greenland, crossing the South American Pampas, and cruising about the islands of the Malay Archipelago. Fain would he gather the willow, *Salix arctica*, of Spitzbergen, or the cabbage, *Pringlea antiscorbutica*, of the Kerguelen Islands — those typical plants of two hemispheres — in their native soil. His juvenile imagination is ardent, and full of poetic imagery; his brain teems with schemes. He will become an ornithologist. Already he is writing a volume on this favorite branch of study. The birds fly to him, since he may not journey to visit them in their native haunts. He is never weary of watching the alert movements and observing the traits of individual character of the feathered subjects of his kingdom, dwelling in wired enclosures on the southern side of the terrace. Here is a perpetual tumult of life and sound during the day, and a rainbow of flashing colors, purple, yellow, blue, and green mingling and separating. The amateur questions the golden and silver pheasants, trailing their silky plumage in the sun, the melancholy, stormy curlew, the house sparrows of western India, intent on nest building in any available corner, a Lebanon redstart, a white linnet, a Russian tit, a Chinese robin, with barred wings, the families of pigeons and finches, while the starlings, sun birds, parrokeets, and cardinals come and go in a broken prism of lovely tints.

The little Java sparrows sit on the upper perches, like sober folk, a trifle dull yet very respectable. It is to be feared the great work on ornithology, if ever completed, will be garnished with many digressions of bird history partaking of the nature of fairy tales. The juvenile author, with the large, lustrous eyes, thin features, and eager smile, is especially charmed with the legend of the traveller from Frangistan who climbed Mount Argos to gather the magical plant with ten leaves around the stalk and the flower in the centre, guarded by serpents, and, failing in the attempt, destroyed himself, to be found changed into a book.

The master of the birds will not attain manhood. The people about him, with the instinctive sympathy of the Italian race for misfortune, might lament in the symbolical language of Daphnis and Adonis the fresh beauty of spring destined to wither in the heat of summer, and the extinction of youthful genius by early death.

A postern door in the wall opens, and a man enters the enclosure. He is young, bronzed by sun and wind, stalwart of form, and has restless, dark eyes, with curling black hair and beard. He is recognizable, at a casual glance, as a sailor. He carries a macaw of the Antilles perched on his left wrist. If the hope of the mariner of all countries is steadfastly fixed on the haven of home, while braving the storms of ocean, the beacon possesses a radiant promise to the Mediterranean sailor. Thus the sanguine Bernardo, son of the porter of the family palace in town, and affianced to the pretty dressmaker, Francesca, eldest daughter of Lorenzo, the custodian at the gate of the villa, having reached Genoa on board the Italian bark "Stella" from Buenos Ayres at an earlier date than was anticipated, gains the path slyly, and trolls forth a welcome to the spot in a fine baritone voice, —

"Of singing *Stornelli* I know a goodly store,
Enough to freight four mighty vessels and more,
Let who thinks to defeat me but come to the fore.

"Into all the four parts of the earth I have been,
And some little I know about matters marine.
But Columbus, there 's no one can beat me, I ween!"

Exclamations of recognition and welcome ensue.

"Bernardo has returned from America!" exclaims the young count, seated on the terrace in his wheeled chair. "He has brought me a bird from over the seas."

The sailor has not forgotten the young master on his distant voyage. The poor little bark "Stella" has threaded her way across the stormy main, and back again, in a most commonplace and orderly fashion, bringing the gorgeous macaw, with plumage and tail of lustrous, emerald-green tints, a native of the New World, to the modern son of Genoa, the cripple in his chair. Does one of the group of Genoese gathered together on the terrace, from the silent father now moved to unwonted animation, the rosy Francesca, laughing and crying, the habitually taciturn Lorenzo, to the grandmother, nodding and smiling over the heads of the children, think of that other sailor who ventured forth on untried waters some four centuries ago?

The fish-wife Marietta joins the company, with her basket poised on her head, a store of silvery anchovies, little mullet flecked with red spots, with an occasional prawn, shrimp, and scrambling crab. The nets have been slowly drawn to shore, and the pessimist Giacomo proved in the wrong, for his own haul is the most abundant, including a baby sole or two, a sea-horse, an infant *octopus* to be devoured whole by avenging mankind, while the tentacles, tough yet sweet to the palate, of larger specimens would be severed, a fine *palombo* (dog-fish), — an object of envy to all, — and carp.

The sailor Bernardo laughs, showing strong white teeth, and permits the old Marietta, robbed of her two boys by

the cruel sea, to question and admire him. The women gravely select fish from the basket for the noonday meal, and even the count manifests interest in the anchovies. As for Marietta, she rarely consumes her own wares, and deems herself fortunate if she can eat a handful of mussels, fairy clams with pearly shells, dredged along the coast, or any other *frutta di Mare* (fruit of the sea) with her daily crust.

Ah, what a feast will be held in the little tower at the gate in honor of the returned mariner! The master sends a flask of wine and a fowl; Lorenzo returns from the market-place with a goodly supply of firm, fresh Parmesan cheese, and *pasta* of Genoese manufacture; the women prepare to serve the contents of the net fried to a crisp condition in the oil of Liguria. The fine appetite of Bernardo will discover a delicious flavor in the harvest of Marietta's basket wholly lacking in the finny tribe of other seas, and the loaf possess a zest of home, just as Dante found the bread of exile, whether at Verona or Ravenna, salt and bitter, inducing longing for the unseasoned leaven of his own beautiful Florence. Why does Florence not salt her bread?

Bernardo and Francesca, seated side by side, are types of the Genoese. Possibly some resemblance to the early Phœnician may still be discernible in external appearance and inherited characteristics. The sailor is of medium height, broad of shoulder, and muscular, with a dark skin, and crisply curling black hair and beard, while his features reveal animation and intelligence. The girl is short of stature, plump, vivacious, with a clear complexion, and the vivid tints of health on cheek and lip. She wears the black lace veil of the region on her abundant tresses, on occasion, with a coquettish grace. Neither mariner nor maiden seems to justify the sarcasm hurled at the Republic by other Italian towns, as the earlier Greeks and Latins vilified each

other in deadly feud of rivalry: *Mare senza pesce, montagne senza alberi, uomini senza fede, e donne senza vergogna.*

As the sunshine is resplendent, and the air full of pulsing life, so the shadows have an additional intensity of contrast; volatile gayety of disposition, the merest surface frivolity of expansive happiness, and tragic despair go ever hand in hand.

The dark face of Maria glooms, and she extends no cordial greeting to the returned sailor. She spreads linen to dry on a pink wall, with vines growing above that cast shadows of swaying leaves down on her head, draped with a yellow handkerchief, and bare, brown arms. She croons a folk-song as she works, and her voice, robbed by sorrow of the vibrating sweetness of melody, chills the heart of a listener: —

> "That thou art pretty, from all men we hear,
> And yet for this year,
> There 's no husband for thee!
> And ev'ry next year as it comes to its end,
> This very same refrain our voices will send, —
> There 's no husband for thee!"

Maria had been the nurse of the young count. She is a Ligurian, a descendant of that mysterious race of the shore and mountains who battled with Etruscans, Romans, and Corsairs, in turn, for possession of their rude hearthstones. Tall, lithe, and thin, she possesses the extraordinary muscular strength which enables the girls of Mentone to carry heavy baskets of lemons on their heads, the matrons of San Remo to support the four corners of a pianoforte in a similar fashion, and casks of wine unaided, and the weather-worn creatures of the hills burdens of fagots and wood, descending nimbly narrow and steep paths. She carries the young count to his bed in her arms, like an infant. Her history is readily elicited from her own lips, if her confidence is won. She points to the distant heights, where

on the route to the Col. di Tenda and Savoy beyond, a group of slender cypresses rise black amidst the soft gray tones of olive groves in the tiny cemetery on a crest, with chapel attached. Mario, her sailor, lies buried there.

Twenty years before, Mario Savelli arrived in the port of Genoa on board the "Falcon," from the West Indies. The winds had been favorable, and the voyage curtailed in consequence. The sailor started the ensuing dawn for the home of his betrothed, the beautiful Maria. He meditated a surprise, kept his own counsel, strapped his money-belt more securely around his waist, took a stout stick in his hand, and quitted the gates of the city for the hills. Life smiled on the returned sailor. He was vigorous, handsome, and intelligent. He had steadily won his way from cabin boy to mate on board the "Falcon," plying between Mediterranean ports and South America. The land welcomed him with the fragrance of flowers, while the murmur of the sea caressed his ear as the fisher-folk of each little hamlet along the shore drew their nets with the harvest of sardine and anchovy. Inland the soft veil of interlacing olive branches spread before him, ready to yield the purple-black fruit to be crushed by the slowly revolving wheels of the oil mills of every gorge. Mario experienced, at the moment, the same passionate attachment to the soil which characterizes the Lucca image-vendor in returning to his mountain cradle, or the Oriental at beholding a palm-tree, after a long absence in cold countries. What air-castles he built as he strode along, singing a merry *Ritornello!* Yonder were nooks built by retired captains, each owning his vineyard and bit of land. Mario saw himself one of the number, with his wife by his side, and children as rosy as the angels of the church pictures gathered about his knee. Fulfilment was so near that he had only to stretch forth his brawny, sun-bronzed hand, and grasp the gift.

At noonday he turned from the highway and began to

climb the hills. He removed his hat and unbuttoned his jacket, for the sun was hot. Farther on was the village where he was born, and the family of Maria dwelt, — honest folk, proud of the girl's beauty, and the prosperous marriage she was about to make. The route was steep and rough, bordered with long stretches of walls and gates leading to secluded property, terraces of olive-trees, and bird towers in which to ensnare the feathered travellers from Africa.

The squalid *Osteria* of the Black Eagle was situated at the bend of the road, and the inn-keeper watched the sailor climbing the path. The inn-keeper was a lean and vulpine man, with a hungry and envious mien, poor, gaunt, vicious, and as great a contrast, in humanity, to the approaching mariner with his warm and generous temperament, as God's creatures peopling the earth may offer. He accosted his prey, clamored for a little charity, and the pale wife and children whined and fawned about Mario, until he yielded to their solicitations, seated himself at a table, and quaffed a glass of bad wine, paying liberally with a silver coin. The woman and children slunk away into the darkness of their wretched habitation, while the host plied his customer with eager questions about South America, and strove to replenish the glass the while, until Mario rose to his feet, feeling giddy and ill.

Two Carabinieri approached. The inn-keeper scowled and grew livid. The sailor greeted these new comers joyously. They were brave and stalwart guards, whose routine of duty led them frequently to search the Black Eagle as a place of evil repute. On the present occasion they discovered nothing amiss. A portion of meat lay on the kitchen table, with a long, keen knife beside the food. They took Mario by the arm, and looked significantly at the inn-keeper. He gazed after the trio in silence. The brain of the sailor cleared; possibly the wine was drugged. The

Carabinieri warned the honest fellow not to frequent the Black Eagle. Mario invited them to his wedding. At the cross-roads they separated; the guards had a warrant to serve at the distance of several kilometers, the sailor was in sight of the church tower of his native village.

Maria watched for a white sail on the blue sea, waking and sleeping. She gained a spot overlooking the Mediterranean and recognized Mario ascending the path. Oh, joy of recognition! The girl's bright eyes sparkled and her bosom heaved with emotion, while a warm glow suffused her cheek. At last her sailor lover had returned! The span of road still separating the happy young couple should have represented a wide avenue of future union rather than the narrow bridge leading to Eternity. She clasped her hands over her throbbing heart and sprang forward, tasting, in advance, the triumph of leading her affianced husband into the hamlet by the hand to receive the welcome of the community.

The young man advanced rapidly. He breathed the good air of home in the white dust of the highway, the pungent scent of the sage, the sweetness of the oleander. Suddenly Maria discerned a crouching form gliding among the olive-trees. He was watching and following the sailor. The girl's features grew ashy pale, and her eyes dilated with horror. A cry escaped her lips.

Mario saw her; that was his destruction. He made a gesture of greeting, and swung his hat in the air. Alas! Was there no one to warn him besides the terrified spectator? She wrung her hands in anguish, then pointed to the olive-trees. Mario, with his ardent gaze fixed on the beautiful maiden in the distance, neither heeded nor perceived impending danger. The inn-keeper dropped into the road a few paces behind his victim, grasping a long, keen knife in his right hand. He overtook the sailor; the glittering weapon rose and fell in the air, and Mario sank on the

road, the song still on his lips. The inn-keeper clutched the money belt of the dead man and fled.

When the Carabinieri returned they found Maria crouching on the ground, holding the head of her lover on her breast. These sleuth-hounds of Justice descended to the Black Eagle, silenced the family, and watched for the return of the inn-keeper. The knife was no longer lying on the kitchen table. He came at length, elated with an intoxication never previously known in his miserable existence, and hugging the belt lined with gold to his breast. He had sacrificed a life to obtain possession of the wealth, but the deed was no more to his brutalized intelligence than slaying a fowl. He blinked stupidly when the guards seized and bound him, red-handed from the deed of violence. His brain seemed paralyzed after a supreme effort of evil.

Such was the crime of the noonday, incredible and swift. The sun still shone on the dusty road, the breeze rippled the leaves of the olive-trees, and a passing bird uttered a sweet note of song. Wrecked in port was the seamen's verdict; slain on the threshold of home had been the lament of the countryside. Mario had hoped to see his own grapes and olives ripen, and there remained for him only the gloomy cypress-tree. The crew of the "Falcon" bore him to the grave in the little cemetery, the penitents carried torches and candles, the priests chanted, the local dignitaries appeared in the insignia of office, the retired captains came from their snug homes, and the country-people flocked in multitudes. The chief mourner was silent; fever saved her from madness, and later she quitted her home to enter the service of her present employers. The gold pieces of the sailor's money-belt were spent in masses for the repose of his soul.

The grandmother affords still another type as she cuts the salad for the noonday meal in the tiny patch of garden adjacent to the tower lodge. She is one of those shriv-

elled and bent old women often met in France and Italy, — patient, mild, rare of speech, and indefatigably industrious in the interests of her descendants. She rises at five o'clock in the morning, subsists on a morsel of bread dipped in a little soup, and seeks her bed with the setting sun. She has tended countless babies, listening placidly to their precocious prattle while she knits the fine stockings, for which she is noted, without the aid of spectacles. The patch of bitter salad, with the narrow, rough leaf, known as *radicchio* (succory, wild endive) is her especial care. She sows the seed, weeds, waters, and gathers in triumph the little harvest. She also cultivates lavender, and weaves those oblong balls which resemble the nest of the field-mouse, dear to Italian housewives, by means of fastening a bit of ribbon below the sheaf of purple bloom, and turning back the green stems to form a cone over the drying and fragrant flowers. Who so proud as the grandmother that she is permitted thus to dry the lavender destined to perfume the linen of the young count's couch, just as she prepares the vegetables for his dinner, cleansing, scraping, and paring roots with a precision, neatness, and despatch worthy of emulation by younger fingers? Has this tranquil and meek old age no tragedies to mourn, no sorrows to survive? The grandmother is silent, and waits for the setting of the sun.

Lorenzo's pride is the grape-vine covering the Pergola, which was planted, trained, and is pruned by his own hand; and from the abundant purple clusters he makes wine. Does the custodian adhere strictly to the traditions of his ancestors in time of vintage for his tiny Pergola? In the fifteenth century Genoa dried her grapes in the sun on bundles of rushes, according to the historian Serra, then placed them in vases plastered with chalk, leaving the fruit to ferment for a stated time, withdrawing the first quality, and treating the remnant with rosin!

On the shore the new vessel is being built in the ship-yard. The little Russian boy, still interested in the toy boat, places a tiny china doll near the mast, in command. The sea-faring man, who has lost his bet on the nets, smiles.

"What name has the *signorino* given to his ship?" he inquires.

The little Russian is quite surprised. Surely the miniature craft can have but one name here! He points to the neat gilt letters across the bows, — "Cristoforo Colombo."

As a boy did Columbus stand on the strand of Pegli, and watch the building of a ship? Did he sail toy boats on the ripples, as the little Russian, fragile flower of childhood from the cold North, is doing to-day?

The sun rises over the mountains, and the spires and roofs of Genoa sparkle in the warm light.

"Oh, Genova Superba!
What city is like thee?"

CHAPTER II.

A GENOESE BALCONY.

GENOA is as much a city of the balcony as Venice, her fair rival of the Adriatic shore, with the difference that the external perch of lofty houses here overlooks arches, narrow streets, and shadowy gardens redolent of roses and orange blossoms instead of the sinuous windings of the tranquil canal. Each possesses an individual charm.

Genoa bathed in the light of the moon: who that has ever thus beheld the cradle of Columbus will soon forget the brain picture?

Linger for a moment on this balcony. The town should claim of the American an element of patriotic interest; and jesting apart, in the humorous spirit of the modern tourist, cicerone-haunted, the shrine of the discoverer of the New World is worthy of especial homage of contemplation.

The moon shines on roofs and towers, with a silvery radiance, sheds glittering shafts of beams down steep streets, and defines the outline of crooked steeps leading to the quays, or quivers on the foaming spray of a fountain on a sheltered terrace, gleams on the harbor, and makes a broad track of light on the Mediterranean sea beyond.

The palace of the balcony is brilliantly illuminated, and from this point of vantage, the wrought-iron railing of our airy perch of the fourth story, we may gaze down on the court, even obtaining fleeting glimpses of the state apart-

ments of the first floor, where an entertainment is given in honor of the birthday of the eldest son.

The mansion has turned a leaf in the volume of family history not dissimilar to that of the commonwealth. The bones of the founders of the race, wrapped in shrouds of cloth-of-gold, lie in the vaults of the Cathedral of San Lorenzo, where they were interred with every pomp of circumstance, in their day; but a traditional renown once equal to that of a Doria, a Spinola, or a Grimaldi has vanished, and the modern banker dwells here instead. The gateway has a lintel of black Lavagna slate, and Saint George, as champion of the city, is carved in bold relief above the arch, trampling upon a writhing dragon. The vestibule, with its twin rows of columns, and walls decorated with a dado of Savona tiles, gives access to the magnificent marble stairway, guarded by griffins. Crystal chandeliers sparkle in those vast chambers of the first floor, where the frescoes of ceiling and wall glow with scenes of Genoese history, conflicts with Pisa by sea and land, and such state ceremonial as the Apotheosis of a Doge on the vault of the ball-room, framed in a massive gilt cornice.

The hostess in her robe of amber satin and lace, with jewels gleaming in her dark hair, has a languid and pensive grace of bearing which is Oriental. At times one seems to read in the flame of her melancholy dark eyes a souvenir of the wrongs her people suffered in those centuries when a throng of Jews banished from Spain by Ferdinand and Isabella spent a winter of severe cold huddled together on a quay of Genoa, while warmly clad citizens, zealously mindful of the Crusades, passed by on the other side.

The host, affable and hospitable, with a keen and intellectual face surrounded by a gray beard, holds business relations with Rome, Trieste, Berlin, Paris, London, and New York. The ocean cable and the telegraph are his letter writers; the telephone and phonograph his obedient

slaves. He still represents a type that might have replied to Shylock's demand: "How, now, Tubal, what news from Genoa?"

The children are dressed in masquerade. Little pilgrims, clad in costumes of black and silver, with broad hats, a gourd of water, and loaves of bread attached to the girdle, lean on their staffs to sing a quaint hymn in the Genoese dialect. Roman soldiers and Crusaders strut about, resplendent in shining armor. A bevy of Cupids and Angels spread spangled wings, moved at pleasure. These graceful shapes gather about the young naval officer just landed from the corvette, "Washington," anchored in the port. When will the Italian marine ever lack a good ship "Washington" or "Columbus"? The officer possesses for the children the fascination of a navigator of distant seas. He shows the group a nut, — the seed of a tropical plant, polished to the lustre of mahogany by the friction of the waves, and wafted far from its native coral-reef by the weeds and currents of the Gulf Stream. Did not the brother-in-law of Columbus find such a nut floating off Madeira, harvest of the sea which led the discoverer to suspect the existence of another continent, and dream of a mysterious America?

Behold this siren city sheltered by the purple Apennines, and laved by the gentle ripples of the Mediterranean, as she basks in the calm splendor of the southern night. What memories her very boundaries and the gateway of sea evoke! Seated on her rock, Genoa still weaves in her loom those threads of commerce drawn from the remote portions of our globe. The shuttle is not idle in her fingers, with the Mont Cenis tunnel pierced through the mountains at her back. Possibly modern civilization does not tax her energies as fully as the date when her ambition rivalled Venice, the Dutch, the schemes of the Hanseatic League, and the Portuguese, her colonies were

planted on the shores of the Black Sea and the Greek Islands, her ships sought the waters of the Baltic, and her famous Bank of St. George ushered in new monetary systems. Warriors, knights, and haughty nobles indeed played their part in the development of the commonwealth, yet the stamp of a people composed so largely of shrewd and laborious mariners remains as the enduring imprint of *scudo*, *coronato*, *denaro*, or ducat, on the population. Pietro Doria might boast, in martial spirit, that he would bridle the four bronze horses of the Piazza San Marco at Venice; thrifty Genoa still earlier, in the year 1177, had made a treaty with Egypt, recognizing that Cairo was the road to India, the Red Sea, and Arabia.

The moon shines on the line of town-wall following the irregularities of shore and hillside, now climbing to the heights of the Fucine, the summit of Piccapietra, or the hill of Castelletto, and thence dipping by many a towered portal to the water's brink of port. Men, women, and even children once labored together to gird Genoa with a defence capable of defying Barbarossa, while the archbishop melted down the golden chalices of church altars, and ladies cast their jewelry into the crucible of a common patriotism. Black shadow rests on the massive bastions and arch of the Porta San Andrea, now sunk amidst rows of squalid habitations, where Pisa's harbor chains have swung, as a trophy of war. Sombre obscurity shrouds the time-stained walls of the Bank of St. George, built of the stones which were brought to the spot, one by one, when the Greek Emperor gave to the Genoese the Venetian monastery of Pantacratore at Constantinople, after the conclusion of the treaty of Ninfeo. This grim cradle of modern monetary systems was the field of a deft circulation of bills of exchange, as well as the hoarding-place of stores of shining wealth. Inseparably associated with serious financial schemes is the souvenir of the Genoese paying their

hired soldiery, those trained archers the lean Ligurians reputed, according to the ancient proverb, as more than a match for the stoutest Gaul, with peppercorns instead of coin at the siege of Antioch, — a foretaste of luxury in the importation of drugs and spices of the East.

The moonbeams weave their witchery about the cathedral, playing over the lustrous surface of striped marbles, rich carvings, and those Moorish, spiral columns from the Mosque of Almeria, and linger in the depths of the Gothic doorways. In this rippling flood of pure light phantom shapes seem to flit across the checkered space of tessellated pavement before the sacred edifice, coming and going, like the fitful night wind, fantastic, impalpable, the shapes of dreams. Now the chancellor is seated on his raised daïs to act as judge in state ceremonials. Now the Doge passes in robes of purple velvet, while attendant pages carry his round hat of office. Pope Innocent IV., storm-driven by land and sea alike, pauses in his native city, and pious Genoa escorts him in a carriage, decked with silks and cloth-of-gold, to the archbishop's palace, strewing flowers in his path. Those long, wavering bands of color, misty, almost evanescent, are they mere prosaic result of street and house illumination, shedding oblique rays on the square? Do they not readily blend into a host of penitents, sumptuously attired in crimson capes and vestments of brocade, with staff of silver in the hand, or a company of Franciscans, cowled, mournful, and ghostly, carrying a crown of thorns and a human skull? Did not the first Genoese jeweller who wrought those chains and garlands of frosted silver still to be found decking dark little shops on narrow streets strive to reproduce in the cunning craft of burnished metals the play of moonlight on the façade of the Duomo? The moonbeams seek and find the Church of the Annunziata, on which sacred edifice the Lomellini family lavished marbles, frescoes, and gilding, in grateful

recognition of having been permitted to hold the Island of Tabarca on the coast of Africa for two centuries by a paternal government, and enjoying the monopoly of the coral fisheries.

St. Mary of the Castle is veiled in darkness. The early rule of the bishops of the Republic marks this site, and the incense hangs heavy at all hours in the chapel built by the Ragusan merchants. A pale and wandering gleam touches the masonry of San Matteo, the tomb of the Doria family, where the wise and ambitious old Andrea Doria was gathered to his rest, after his long career had traversed the tapestry of his century like a gorgeously tinted thread of vicissitudes and triumph. Down on the quay is the Church of San Sepolcro, where the bones of Saint John the Baptist were treasured after the siege of Antioch, and borne forth in storms at sea to miraculously allay the tempest. Charles V. of Spain, Frederic Barbarossa, and Louis XII. of France have knelt at the shrine of San Sepolcro, thus conforming to the outward semblance of reverence for creed and symbol, at least, evinced by the sovereigns of all ages. On the margin of the harbor massive walls are still discoverable, grim and dark, sacred to the memory of the Knights Hospitallers, where pilgrims slept before embarking for Palestine. In the oratory pious Saint Hugh lived and died.

The Ligurian shore extends on the right hand. A cloud of white dust curls along the highway toward the city gate. What body in movement has stirred the powdery soil, ever ready to rise in whirling wreaths and stifling clouds? Do the spectral hosts of the seven thousand children who went forth at the close of the fourth Crusade to be devoured by the wolves of hunger, exposure, and disease hover near the scene of their martyrdom at such an hour? Does Genoa again watch in fear, and with bated breath, this cloud enveloping a murmuring host and dreading the approach of some redoubtable enemy, until the wind

sweeps aside the obscuring veil, revealing the young heads and innocent faces? On the left hand the waves lap about promontories, and glide into the inlets of the coast, whispering their secrets to the pine-trees, and the gardens of orange, lemon, and myrtle. The fine ear of a poet might catch the meaning of their cadence in the soft sounds of the night and the sea, for they are the echoes of memory,— time being as the grains of sand on the strand, — telling of the wanderings of the solitary Dante among the vineyards of Sarzana, and Petrarch's communings with Chaucer in the monastery of Cervara, when the latter learned the history of the patient Griseldis.

"Remember us with these great souls, and accord us a share of their immortality," the crystal clear waves seem to murmur, as they lapse on the beach. The moonlight rests with a snowy lustre on the terraces, statues, fountains, and gardens of Fassuoli, sloping to the harbor. When Charles V. landed on these marble steps to visit his faithful Admiral Andrea Doria, the arbor adorned with rich carpets and tapestries of Flanders, in which the royal banquet was served, glided gently out on these waters as a barge, and the vessels of gold and silver used at the feast were cast overboard. In the long annals of munificent hospitality surely the Genoese *fête* deserves a place of honor.

In the port, a Portuguese man-of-war, the Bartolomeo Diaz, awaits a royal whim in visiting the land. In the evening hour those shuttles of commerce prepared to thread distant oceans, the ships, sway to their own reflected shadows, the emigrant craft loading for Buenos Ayres, and the latest arrived steamer of the Italian Navigation Company, freighted with wheat from India, side by side with the sturdy British collier of Newcastle. Beyond is the sea, a waste of limpid waters, extending to a pearly horizon, with all the winds of Europe and

Africa hushed to rest. The moon and the night claim the sea as their own. The light rests in a broad sheet of wide-spreading effulgence to the limits of infinity, or trembles on the crest of each advancing wavelet, with a phosphorescent gleam; the night broods over the bosom of the deep, with a yet more far-reaching shadow.

In the Palazzo of the balcony the young officer has given the tropical nut — fruit of distant lands — to the little boy clad as a sailor. The lad will thrust the treasure beneath his pillow, to dream of a time when he will become a navigator. The banker-host envelopes himself in furs and an ulster preparatory to taking the night-train for Paris. He should journey instead to the fairs of Marseilles, Frefus, or San Raffaelo, travelling with mules well caparisoned, or sail in a little vessel, such as once bore Saint Catherine of Siena toward Avignon. The last strains of music wane, the lights of the crystal chandeliers wax dim, the birthday festival is over for another year.

Across the street is a second balcony, still more typical of the Genoese republic. The moon touches the rows of little Gothic arches, the traces of an earlier *Loggia*, and the numerous casements, now deserted. What memories cling about the balcony, the passion of love, the tragedies of hate and revenge, the fulness of pride and life! Here the Genoese girl and woman accomplished her destiny. Her task was the delightful one of decorating this bower to enhance her own beauty, of lingering from morning until evening, on occasion, as the animated spectator of religious and state pageants. How often pages have wended their way through this very street, beneath the soft gaze of maiden loveliness, preceding the twenty-one confraternities of the city, with brazen trumpets, each *cassacia* carrying its relics, and the great crucifixes of tortoise-shell and silver adorned with garlands! The girl of the balcony dropped flowers on cars of allegorical de-

A
CRISTOFORO COLOMBO
LA PATRIA

sign, whether occupied by Saint James, John the Baptist, or King Herod surrounded by his court. Thus Genoa rests embalmed by the pure night in the manifold associations of a mighty past, the linked years and centuries extending from the sombre walls on the water's edge where the Crusaders slept before embarking for the East to the hills descended by Frederic Barbarossa. Does the fair city muse only of the Past on such a night, and at such an hour? The statue of Columbus, erected by the cold king, Charles Albert of Savoy, in response to the enthusiasm of Pope Pius IX., rises on the Piazza Acquaverde, like a shaft of snow, glorified in every detail by the light. The great navigator stands supported by an anchor, with America kneeling at his feet. Religion, Wisdom, Strength, and Geography in allegorical symbolism are grouped below him, with the prows of ships. The moon stoops from the heavens to trace with a glittering finger the inscription of the pedestal, —

A Cristoforo Colombo.
La Patria.

The city dreams of her Past; the marble Columbus, erect and instinct with energy, seems to gaze out over the Mediterranean toward an illimitable Future.

We quit that airy perch, the balcony of the fourth floor, and close the casement.

CHAPTER III.

THE ECHO OF A GREAT BELL.

"HISTORY is poetry, could we but tell it aright." Friendly reader, did Carlyle pen these words ascribed to him? May we of this generation hope for the leisure and the appreciation requisite to divine the rhythm underlying and pulsing through the life of the Past? Who knows?

In the month of October of the year 1890, the languor of autumn still lingered over Genoa at the hour of midnight. The sky was dark and threatening with rain-clouds, and the sea beat on the shore in moaning, fretting billows, lashed to turbulence by a hot and fitful wind. Day had been unlovely in this aspect, with stifling volumes of dust eddying around the corners of the streets, and opaque masses of heaving waters stretching to a gray horizon, occasionally touched by a rippling yellow gleam on a foam-crest when the sun shone forth, or tinged wide tracks a dull jade-green hue, suggestive of turbid depths of sand. The uninitiated stranger, with throbbing temples and relaxed muscles, might well fancy himself smitten by one of those insidious fevers that have scorched and consumed the life of famous victims on the spot in past centuries. The wind was one that frequently sends the Venetian to bed with closed casements, and renders mere existence a burden at Trieste. Night was full of the charm of mystery, rippling shadows and faint gleams of light mingling with a weird, even fantastic effect. Darkness pervaded

the town, pierced by gas-jets and electric-globes, here and there, on central thoroughfares, while the poplars of gardens and the plantations of the slopes above rustled and swayed in the blast, or in the succeeding lapses of calm the leaves of terrace and arbor whispered together, the fragrance of heliotrope and cassia breathing forth a subtle, pervading incense, like a lingering memory of sunny hours, to mingle with the atmosphere peculiar to such weather, redolent of railway smoke, the steaming dyes of factories, and all the clinging impurities of earth.

The statue of Columbus was no longer a shaft of snowy marble, glistening in the calm splendor of a full moon, but a monument, storm obscured, as the tempest-tossed soul of the navigator was troubled in maturity, faintly illuminated by an electric ray from the opposite railway station.

"The great bell of the tower of the Ducal Palace, fused in 1570, and broken on the 16th of March, 1860, while being rung to celebrate the annexation of the Romagna and Tuscany to Italy, will be re-cast, at the expense of the Genoese Municipality, on the 12th of October, 1892, the anniversary of the discovery of America."

This paragraph, printed in a local Italian journal, was read aloud by the old American captain, seated near the table, gold-rimmed spectables on nose, while the shaded lamp softly irradiated his white hair and beard.

"Genoa intends to celebrate the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America by the representation of the opera of 'Cristoforo Colombo,' composed in 1828, by Morlachi, a contemporary of Charles Maria von Weber," mused the musician. "Also, Franchetti's 'Columbus' will be heard."

He sought the pianoforte, and played Liszt's Bells of Como, with that graceful touch of skilful fingers on the keyboard which so vividly reproduces the first chime of

the vesper note awakening the echoes of the hills around the lake.

These two suggestions, the printed word, and the melody of the bells, became readily elements of the midnight hour, imparting a fuller significance to the associations of the town. They furnished the very pith of Byron's lines: —

> "But words are things, and a small drop of ink,
> Falling like dew upon a thought, produces
> That which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think."

The musician abruptly ceased playing. He quitted the piano, and moved about the chamber restlessly, passing his long, thin fingers through his hair. Possibly, like Liszt, a secret instinct of composition tormented him. He paused beside the open window, where the curtains swayed in the wind, and his gaze sought the roof below of the Palazzo dei Principi Doria, long the winter abode of Verdi.

"Why does not the *Maëstro* elaborate the theme of a Columbus seeking the unknown across the seas, in his maturity, instead of dwelling on Othello or Falstaff?" he soliloquized. "There is the Simon Boccanegra." The Mediterranean mosquito, gorged with the venom of languid October, stung him smartly on the cheek.

Robbed of the medium of interwoven harmonies, the current of town life swiftly returned to a modern and tangible reality. Warm, human tumults arose from the streets, kindled by the rough, new wine of the autumn vintage. Does the character of the people change in such ancient European centres? Yonder peasant arousing the slumbering blood of the bystanders by the lava torrent and abundant gesticulation of his own wrongs, at some injustice, might be a lineal descendant of the mushroom-vendor of Polcevera, who came to blows over the price of his wares with one of the Fieschi faction, and a riot resulted. That group of *contadini*, good-humored, and slightly tipsy, re-

turning homeward to the country-side in a leisurely fashion, might have fetched the Christmas tree from their native Val di Bisagno to present to the Doge as a tribute, to be burned in his presence, with suitable rites of casting spices and comfits on the fire, and pouring over it the libation of a vase of wine.

The American captain continued to read the journal, seated near the table with the lamp. He had strongly developed that thirst for "news as fresh as the current coin of the mint," deemed a leading national characteristic. He turned the sheet with a crisp and practical rustle of paper, and dwelt with much interest on the subject of the fusion of bells in general. The Press had rescued the craft of bell-founding from the mists of antiquity in Thibet, Tartary, and Ningpo, even making mention of the Campanile of Nola. The process was reduced to a mere fusing of copper and tin, within the core of brickwork, covered with loam, and lowered into a pit of black sand, with subsequent nicest adjustment of the properties of "sound bow," and the economy of "quarter turning."

If the iron steamship of swift and steady qualities is henceforth to supersede the dallying sail of an earlier date, the old captain himself must be accepted as a vanishing type. A follower of the sea from boyhood to maturity, bluff, kindly, and humorous in temperament, the harvest of many a voyage to China or around Cape Horn was a snug home in his native town of the coast of New England. He was fond of haunting Mediterranean ports, especially Genoa, in search of winter sunshine. Are not the retired naval officers, the waifs of the American war of the Confederacy, the Scotch and English merchants, with their families, more rare than formerly in Leghorn, and Naples as well? Have these frequenters of English church, Dissenting chapel, *pension* kept by the widow-lady from Dublin or Edinburgh, with much pretension in the matter of soci-

ety about the tea-table of an evening, or shabby Italian inn of excellent wines and easy-going routine, gone farther afield to Egypt and Greece, lured by circular tickets, or been caught in the net of the smiling Riviera? Methinks there is a certain hardness in the modern polish of the prosperous city of spacious hotels, luxurious cafés, and apartments of dear rents, which does not wholly compensate to the foreigner for the tarnished and inexpensive splendor, the balls on board the men-of-war of diverse nationalities dear to graceful maidenhood in exile, the romance of unexpected meetings, and the daily variety for paterfamilias of seeking the quays, and inhaling the good odors of tar and cordage, with the zest always possible of encountering a comrade just landed from the other side of the globe.

"The world changes, and one must change with it," said Père Lacordaire.

The deep sound of a great bell in the silence of night!

The musician returned to the pianoforte. He had found a clew. He no longer groped through the phrases of Liszt's Italienischen Wander-Album, even with marvellous and brilliant technicalities of touch, nor improvised on the obedient keys of the instrument harmonies, which, like Ossian's music of Carryl, breathed of the memory of joys that are past. The echoes do not float over the fair city, enthroned on her amphitheatre of hills, but rise from the steep streets and crowded port as the life throbbings of her heart. First audible in 1570, the bell of Genoa rang for municipal pomp rather than for religious rite. The full, brazen clang signified the scheming of the old and the new nobles, eager to enroll their names in the Book of Gold, and not the irregular pulsation of the vesper note, the curfew fire-alarm, the warning of the passing soul.

At that hour the south wind brought an echo from the tower of St. John Lateran, and the Duomo of Florence,

while the north wind vibrated with the fainter intonation of the Geneva Cathedral, Nôtre Dame of Paris, or the Golden Dragon of the Ghent belfry. The voice of Rome mourned over the sacking and destruction wrought by the troops of the Constable de Bourbon, with a promise of restoration, and the famous Bull of 1567, by means of which all the powers of earth were to become attached to the triumphal car of the Papacy. Florence groaned in the bondage of the Medici, and Paris already sighed for the approaching Massacre of St. Bartholomew. Geneva had struck a far different note in confirmation of the notable fact that Montalcino, Bernardino d'Ochino of Siena, and Lorenzo Romano had preached the new doctrines of Luther and Zwingli.

Measuring the strokes of Genoa's bell, not by the swift current of years, but by the centuries, the pompous tones rang false, even sank to a dirge at times. Commerce had declined, owing to the ties existing with Spain, and the fleets of Barbary corsairs roving the main. Old Andrea Doria, still called the "Preserver of the liberties of the people," was dead, and from the triple slavery served to him, Charles V., and the Bank of St. George, the fall of the Latin principle in the community was complete. Campanella said to Genoa: "Leave your markets, your gains, your barren glories! Blush for the riches of your citizens, which contrast so terribly with the misery of the Republic." The bell rang of bondage to foreign powers; Italy was ceasing to exist. Rome, Florence, Geneva, Paris, and Ghent, each replied in their own fashion. Humanity was awakening to new phases of development. Who may doubt that to the mind of man these voices of the great bells were symbolical of progress?

When Venice was united to Italy in 1865 the fair rivals of the Mediterranean and the Adriatic for centuries exchanged the kiss of peace thus: Genoa presented Venice with busts of the Admirals Vettor Pisani and Pietro

Doria, while Venice returned the portraits of Marco Polo and Columbus, executed in the glass mosaic of Murano. Genoa, storm-beaten, humiliated, shorn of her glories by Louis XIV. and the Austrian invasion, rose purified by her sufferings. The great bell burst into such a tumult of acclamation in a climax of national pride that it broke in excess of joy as the King Victor Emanuel embarked at Genoa for Leghorn to visit Tuscany.

"Italy shall be free from the Alps to the Adriatic," proclaimed the bell, and was suddenly mute, paralyzed at the supreme moment of triumph.

The deep sound of a great bell in the silence of night. Is it the soul of the musician or of the bell that speaks?

"I will ring once again in honor of the greatest of my sons, for true it is that genius is seldom born to a throne, but rather rises from the ranks of the people. Columbus had his cradle in yonder suburb of Cogoletto in 1435, and his father, Domenico Colombo, representing the conservative, stay-at-home element of such republics, was a weaver of cloth. Oh, historians of many nationalities and divers creeds, gainsay me who may! The boy went forth from this home to seek education at Pavia; the youth shipped on board the galleons at war with Mediterranean corsairs; the man departed for Spain, and fulfilled a unique destiny. He died on Ascension Day, 1506, and the irons with which he had been fettered were placed in his coffin. Oh, culmination of human ingratitude!"

"Quand brisé par la haine, et souillé par l'envie,
Sur sa couche Colombe s'étendit pour mourir,
Ses yeux, déjà couverts d'un voile d'agonie,
Parurent un instant dans l'ombre resplendir.

Avait-il, en quittant la plage de la vie,
Vu là-haut, tout là-haut, s'approchir et grandir,
Un Nouveau Monde encore, à la rive infinie
Qu'en l'Ocean du Ciel il allait découvrir?"

The reader removed his spectacles and put aside the journal, as the musician ceased to improvise on the pianoforte. "May the great bell of Genoa be heard around the globe, when it rings again, and we Americans prove ourselves worthy of our glorious birthright!" exclaimed the old captain.

In the adjacent Piazza the shadows deepened, and the lights waned about the marble Columbus, while the night wind stripped the roses of their petals at the base of the pedestal, and shed them on the pavement. Heavy masses of cloud swept across the sky, and the invisible sea made a moaning, monotonous sound that filled all the hollow voids of silence. Far more than the silvery radiance of the full moon shining on the statue, which might be accepted as Genoa's enshrining the memory of Columbus in the clearer estimation of posterity, the stormy midnight resembled the career of the navigator, with tempests of trouble, sorrow, and humiliation gathering over his head, and that steady, relentless beating of the sea of destiny sounding in his ear, and leading him forward to the goal.

To the musician, pausing once more at the open casement, in that mingling of the dirge-like cadences of the heaving waters with the shriller and more vibrating note of the wind through the branches of the trees, the host of Genoese of centuries seemed to emerge from crypt and vault of dark churches, where they had long lain in state, and press in shadowy ranks around the pedestal on which stood the weaver's son, with his gaze turned to a distant hemisphere. Earliest navigators, crusaders, valiant warriors commanding the fleets to oppose Pisa and Venice, and haughty nobles, contented to play the game of political intrigues at home, in the interests of German, French, or Spanish prince, questioned the supremacy of Columbus,— strove, however dumbly and ineffectually, hovering on that bloodless and voiceless boundary of death, devoid of rival-

ries and jealousies, to understand his mission on earth. Only some trick of the night wind playing with the imagination, like an Eolian harp! The musician turned away, wondering if Columbus had not been a Genoese would he have ever discovered the New World?

CHAPTER IV.

IN A DESERTED SANCTUARY.

THE hills above Genoa have served an important element in the rise and development of the city; and yet the infant colony of this nook of the shore was slow to recognize the resources lying beyond the rocky barrier inland, or the dangers threatening from invasion by adventurous armies. One of the most interesting and remarkable phases of history is afforded by the early Genoese gazing eagerly seaward, as Columbus contemplates distant lands on his marble pedestal, scanning the horizon for fresh fields of enterprise in the far East, and evincing an untiring energy, courage, and intelligence in planting colonies and establishing amicable or rival claims with other States in fulfilment of this aim.

Ferdinando Galiani drew the contrast between different countries thus: France, Spain, and portions of Italy were fertile expanses of territory, requiring little money to live happily amidst the abundant gifts of Nature, while other nations found their barriers of Alps or sterile plains restricted, — such as Genoa, the Dutch, and the Venetians inhabiting the marshy Adriatic lagoons. The niggardly earth denying these last races all benefits at home, they became the merchants and shopkeepers of the universe, and thus conquered the larger kingdoms. The republics prudently sought every means of acquiring wealth which represented to them the acquisition of lands.

Possibly the line of walls in the form of double fortifications, the first enclosing Genoa in an area of seven miles, and the second trending away over the slopes for twenty miles, broken by small towers and intrenchments, best represents the slothful, stay-at-home element developed by a later civilization.

On a warm September day a Franciscan monk toils up the hill above the town. He wears the brown robe, the scanty cape and hood on the shoulders, the girdle of knotted cord, and the wooden sandal (*zoccolo*), — the costume which replaced the gray garments of the first two centuries of the order. He is fulfilling some duty to country church or hospital, or returning to the monastery to which he belongs. This solitary brown figure, traversing the dusty highway, affords a keynote to the existence of the city, the heights beyond the boundary wall, and the wide expanse of country stretching to the interior. The Franciscan is eminently suggestive of all the centuries that have elapsed since Genoa became converted to Christianity.

Vestiges of the ancient monasteries of Liguria are visible on the crest of hills, and the islands and inlets of the shore. These relics of former power and opulence, now shadowy, for the most part, whether mere crumbling shell of melancholy ruins, where the snow-wind from the Col di Tenda blows through the empty casements, or the waves fret about the still solid masonry of refectory and cloister tenanted by a band of silent brothers, are rich in the closely interwoven associations of Europe and the East. The Badia of Tileto rose above Varagine, the monastery on the Island of Gallinara near Albenga, while eastward was the Abbey of Palmaria, — where Pope Silverius is reputed to have died in exile, — San Fruttuoso on the Cape of Portofino, and Bruguato on the heights. San Andrea di Sestri, of grim fame, confronts the day, — the balmy retreat

where Pope Innocent IV. was taken to recover from illness contracted in the town, and where the office of the Inquisition was established. Farther on, the ranks of churches and sanctuaries extend, each with its history of wars and prosperous calm. The famous Isle de Lérins is still laved by the sea at Cannes, the vigorous alpestrine population of San Martino a Lantosca, in the Maritime Alps, subsisting chiefly on their own chestnut harvests, keep with pious care the chapels dedicated to the Archangel Michael. Our Lady of the Windows is perpetually covered with snow in the cloudy distance of upper peaks, forming links in the chain of Lombardy, Piedmont, and Provence.

Three successive waves of momentous influence swept over the Mediterranean shore, as elsewhere. Roman power spread the corruption of a degenerate morality; then the stern virtues of the young Gothic nation overwhelmed the ancient race, only to sink beneath sapping contamination, and the monks of the East rose to redeem the entire masses with the leaven of Christianity. It is the boast of Catholic historians that for ten centuries the monks formed the bulwark of society by prayer and vigil, while for five centuries legions of holy men labored valiantly to convert twenty heathen races to the purer faith. Thus in the most ancient French provinces abbeys, chapters, convents, and hermitages sprang up, and no town was without churches, as no forest or mountain-top without these zealous workers. Rome utilized the sinews of enslaved peoples to strengthen or embellish her empire and provinces with palace, temple, and aqueduct; the monks and hermits, without roads, canals, machinery, arms, or treasure, built great edifices, often in inaccessible situations, cultivated the desert wastes, and planted their standard in the depths of the woods, taming alike savage tribes and wild animals driven from their lairs. To this day the sites chosen and held by them with so much courage and patience bear evidence of their

superior artistic taste for the beautiful and durable. From the Oriental anchorites that spread to Greece, Italy, and Gaul in the fourth and fifth centuries, and the ascetics dwelling in the hollows of trees or the recesses of rocks, developed the great communities that spread their influence over Europe. Invading the mysterious gloom of Druidical forests, haunted by the imaginary terrors of superstition, the monks hewed clearings for sanctuaries, hamlets, and villages, planted vineyards, tilled the ground for the harvest, and stored the honey of their own hives, partly for the wax to make their tablets. The plough used by the Abbé Theodulphe during a term of twenty-two years was finally suspended in a church near Rheims as a precious relic of pious industry. Romain of Lyons founded the retreat of Condat in the Jura mountains, in the year 425. He dwelt under an enormous pine-tree, sheltered by the wide-spreading branches, even as the Cenobite erected a tent in the desert. He was soon joined by his brother Lupicin, and a band of disciples; and a convent for women, prepared to practise the utmost austerity of life, was built among the rocks across the chasm, like the nest of a swallow clinging to the cliff. The brother Lupicin always slept in the trunk of a tree.

One of the most curious and interesting phases of the missionary movement of that time to humanize heathen tribes was the issuing forth of English and Irish monks on the Continent, imbued with a fiery zeal to evangelize Northern France, Belgium, Switzerland, and Bavaria. The celebrated Boniface converted Thuringia in 716, and felled the oak of Thor in the woods of Hesse. These spiritual pioneers were followed by holy women, widows, maidens, and relatives. Lioba the poetess became Abbess of Bischofsheim, Chindrad sought Bavaria, and Chriemhild and Berathgilt dwelt in Thuringia. These valiant combatants of the Scandinavian deities Woden and Freya in the

clouded northern lands scarcely possess the charm, in retrospection, of the Celtic holy men, who as hermits, "new fathers of the desert," advanced to the boundaries of old Rome, lapsed into a wilderness, rifled the marbles of the ruined temples of the gods to build churches, and broke the gilded images of the shrines.

In the year 613 the Irishman Columban founded the Monastery of Bobbio, at a spot secluded and savage, above La Trebia, between the mountains of Genoa and Piacenza, with a hospital attached. The smaller Badia of San Niccolo del Boschetto at Feggino in the Val di Polcevera also observed the strict rule of Columban.

Saint Columban rose on the wave of Irish religious fervor to christianize Europe, — an influence that did not extend beyond the seventh century, yet bore abundant fruit of undaunted bravery, fiery eloquence, and fervent conviction. The builder of the monastery back among the hills encircling Genoa was one of the most remarkable figures on the great historical canvas of his day. It has been said that the Continent gave Saint Patrick to Ireland, and received Saint Columban in exchange. Born in the North, tradition affirms that Columban possessed marked beauty of face in his youth. He put aside maternal affection kneeling on the threshold of home to oppose his aims, escaped from Bangor, with twelve companion monks, traversed Great Britain, and embarked for Gaul. Burgundy had been conquered by the sons of Clovis, and the State reconstructed by his grandson Gontran. The latter received Columban kindly, and bestowed upon him the site in the north of the province where the famous monastery of Luxeuil was subsequently erected. The strangers dwelt in the ancient Roman château d' Aunegray, as a first lodging, and subsisted on such frugal fare as the herbs of the field, the bark of trees, and myrtle berries. Established at Luxeuil, at the base of the Vosges, where

the Romans had frequented mineral springs and the Gauls still worshipped idols in the forests, the Irish saint is reputed to have triumphed over two civilizations in their decadence. Later he incurred the displeasure of the Queen-mother Brunehault, by rebuking the sinful course of the young king Thierry, and even prophesying the extinction of the Merovingian race. A royal decree ordered his expulsion from Luxeuil; he refused to go, and the king became humble and conciliatory in mediation. The holy man was urged to return to his own country. He firmly declined compliance. Then a sort of blockade was established around the abbey. The soldiers besought him to depart, as they must respond with their lives for enforcing the measure. He consented. His sanctity was ever respected among the Gallo-Francs.

In exile his journey was full of interest, as gathered by his disciples. He wandered for twenty years, performed many miracles, and his fame increased. He went to Besancon, Autun, Avallon, Nevers, and embarked on the Loire. At Tours he wished to pray at the tomb of Saint Martin, and quitting French soil at Nantes, sought Mayence, thence descending the course of the Rhine to Zurich, Zug, and Bregenz, where the ardent Celt Gall was working with astonishing intrepidity, demolishing idols, and exorcising the demons ruling the mountain lakes to prevent the inhabitants from casting their nets for the fish on which they so largely subsisted. When Columban prepared to leave Switzerland for Italy, Saint Gall, smitten with fever, remained in the mountain realm to found his Monastery of St. Gall in the middle of Lake Constance. Colomban crossed the Alps, accompanied by a single disciple Athale, and was welcomed benevolently at Milan by the Lombard King Agilulfe, and Queen Theolinde. Agilulfe gave the monk the territory of Bobbio, a solitude situated in a gorge of the Apennines between Milan and

Genoa, near the border of La Trebia, where Hannibal encamped when he vanquished the Roman hosts. An old church, dedicated to Saint Peter, occupied the spot, and Columban piously repaired the sacred edifice. Then this wonderful man began to build his last great work, the Abbey of Bobbio, a bulwark against the schism of Arianism, and a hearthstone of science and religious zeal to light all northern Italy. No longer in his vigorous prime of manhood, Columban assisted the laborers, even carrying pine-trees from the hills on his own shoulders. The school and library of Bobbio were among the most renowned of the Middle Ages. In the tenth century the latter treasured seven hundred manuscripts. The palimpsests, De Republica of Cicero, which furnished the materials used by Cardinal Maï, were found here. In 1803, the monastery was suppressed under French rule.

Saint Columban did not lapse into idleness. He pursued his studies, and even wrote classical verses to his friends on the Golden Fleece, and kindred subjects. He addressed a letter to Pope Boniface IV. in the name of King Agilulfe, on the Arian heresy. This epistle has been criticised as lacking depth of mature judgment. Saint Columban was the enterprising missionary rather than the venerable Bede, absorbed in the pursuit of profound studies at home, or the poetical Celtic monk Saint Colombo of Iona. Ultimately, Columban quitted Bobbio to seek the solitude of La Trebia, and a cavern in the rock, which he transformed into a chapel of the Virgin, and where he died. The spot was long venerated as a sanctuary, and the afflicted flocked here to pray. The Italian monks in the community of Bobbio ultimately rebelled as unable to bear the austerities of the rule established by the founder. Another notable phase of character in this powerful nature was the trait that he made enemies in the Roman faith by celebrating Easter, according to the Irish usage, on the

fourteenth day of the month, when the date fell on a Sunday, instead of on the Sunday after the fourteenth.

Does not that monastery of Bobbio back among the hills of Genoa still breathe an atmosphere of misty tradition, recalling Saint Columban in his youth, carrying a heavy volume of the Holy Scriptures on his shoulders, on saints' days, and seeking the forest recesses wherein to read aloud the sacred word, while the people regarded the parchment leaves of the book with awe, and imagined they heard responsive spirit-voices in the ripple of the brooks and the swaying of the leaves? Does not the picture glow in the mind of his launching fearlessly on the lakes of Switzerland, in company with Saint Gall, undismayed by the threatening growlings of the monsters ruling the spot, and possibly discerning the utterances of Nature in the reverberations of thunder, the brooding of impending tempests, and the hollow roar or sharp vibrations of downward-sweeping avalanche, veiled in the twilight of the opposite cliffs?

Was Columban a botanist? He is reputed to have discovered a vegetable growing in the rocky clefts of the Apennines, which did not spring up every year. The flavor of this gift of Nature was so delicious that it was sent to princes and kings as a present in the name of *pro benedectine San Columbani*. Was the plant of the artichoke family, the onion and garlic tribe, or the mysterious fungus race? Does it still find its way down the hills to the Genoa market, to tempt thrifty housewives early abroad in the care of the domestic larder?

Inseparably associated with the early monks are all those quaint legends of animals, which remind one of the influence of Buddha on the doves, the quail, the myna of the Ganges valley. Thus the squirrels of the Vosges hid in the robe of Saint Columban, and the wolves brushed his garments. The Frankish monk, Corbinieu, who founded

Freysingen, had his horse eaten by a bear in crossing the Tyrol, and compelled the beast to carry the carcass to Rome. Saint Malo, in the solitude of Saintonge, commanded the wolf that devoured his ass to carry panniers of wood. Thégonnec, the Breton, trained a wolf to draw the materials requisite to build a church. In the year 1324 the wolves were so numerous in the valleys of the Polcevera and of the Bisagno that they pressed down even to the city walls. In 1345, a wolf entered the San Giorgio Gate of Florence, and boldly descended the hill to the Arno bank, where he was slain. The stranger in Italy may still occasionally read the advertisement in a local journal for wolf cubs to be brought to a fashionable hotel for purchase by a traveller. Who rears wolves in a famine-stricken world? The wolf becomes a classical animal, haunting the walls of Genoa, or Florence from vicinity, to the Campagna, and the oldest sanctuary of kingly Rome, the Lupercal, a grotto consecrated to Fauns, called Lupercas, Driver Away of wolves, and Protector of herds, by the shepherd emigrants from Alba.

At a bend of the road our Franciscan monk disappears. Has he reached the end of his hot and weary pilgrimage by means of some narrow portal in a massive wall enclosing a vineyard? Has he chosen a secluded path familiar to himself wending amidst the olive-trees of the ridge? Is he merely a phantom friar returning at the hour of a favorite *festa*, or keeping an enforced vigil in the field of his earthly penance?

On the left hand is a chapel, apparently disused and deserted, unless in connection with a mortuary chamber beyond the sacristy, with its grated casement, and faintly gleaming tapers on the altar. Let us seat ourselves on the steps. Genoa, the harbor, and the limpid sea are visible in the distance. A chill breath of air, as of the charnel house, is wafted from the mortuary chamber occasionally,

and mingles with the fragrance of flowers. The shadow of the humble building cast on the ground is sharply defined, and especially grateful to a pedestrian in contrast with the dazzling, all pervading sunshine of the day. The stranger from northern countries never values the true contrast existing between light and shade until he visits Provence and notes the outline of roof and wall on the sultry streets and squares of Marseilles. Blissful is the relief to brain and eyes of coolness and comparative obscurity, after enduring the glare of unwinking noon! Here on the steps of the deserted chapel revery asserts full sway over the musing mind.

The day is steeped in the haze of summer merging into autumn, a distinct bloom of atmosphere over hill and valley, like the ruddy tints of a peach, mingled with the yellow hues of dust and golden sunshine, while the purple clusters of ripening grapes glimmer richly amidst the shrivelled leaves of the vineyards. A fair land of abundance extends beyond the opening valleys, woods, and rocks, with the city and the sea sparkling below. In their season chestnut, oak, and willow trees have budded; almond, peach, and cherry have bloomed in clouds of rosy and snowy blossoms with the springtime; cowslips and daffodils have spread waves of yellow flowers along the meadow slopes; grain has ripened, and the hay been gathered in more than one crop in the midsummer heat. Now the markets of the town are replenished with hoards of green figs and grapes, fresh walnuts, purple egg-plant, scarlet and orange peppers, and the homely bean. Later, the chestnuts will be garnered, and ground to flour, as the cherries have already been dried, and the ears of Indian maize strung beneath the eaves of the farmhouse. A scent of tomatoes is in the air, as if all the rural matrons of Italy were revelling in national modes of preserving the wholesome vegetable to flavor the domestic soup of winter, whether cut in halves,

and spread on boards to dry in the sun, or simmered over the kitchen fire in caldrons, with the addition of large quantities of salt, and a subsequent slow process of straining through coarse linen cloths tied between a couple of rush-bottomed chairs, with vessels of green mottled earthenware placed beneath on the brick floor, and a final kneading of pulp into the consistency of a cake, or ball, for conservation.

Yesterday was the festival of the eighth of September. Light-hearted Naples has once more composed fresh sonnets in honor of the Piedigrotta *festa*, and feasted at every booth of the city streets far into the night on figs, snails, and pomegranates, undeterred by possible pestilence ensuing. The miraculous Madonna of Montenero has attracted a throng of devout pilgrims to Leghorn, coming by dusty highways in primitive vehicles, and by sailing-craft along the shore from Bocca d'Arno, and Viareggio. At Florence the Nativity of the Virgin has been celebrated in many churches as the day when the siege of Vienna by the Turks was raised, although the Fair once held in the Via de' Servi on the previous evening no longer attracts the mountaineers to expose on the steps of the *loggie* the thread of their own spinning, linen, pottery, and dried mushrooms for sale. Now, if ever, the famous Madonna dell' Impruneta should reward her worshippers by some especial mark of grace, as she has done for centuries in fire, flood, and plague.

And our deserted sanctuary of the heights above Genoa, with the mountains rising in delicate outline toward the sky, the slopes of Nervi and Recco dipping to wave-washed rocks in one direction, and the shores of Voltri, Albissola, and Savona, with the Cape of Noli visible in the other—was it once the shrine of some favorite saint? The little bell suspended in the belfry must surely give forth a cracked note; the artificial flowers in a china vase on the altar of

the mortuary chamber are faded and dishevelled; white-wash has been vigorously applied to the interior from time to time, and yet the flakes have peeled off, revealing clouded outlines of earlier frescoes. The very obscurity of these details in an unpretending, wayside church, dilapidated and nearly disused, are attractive on the September day, full of languid warmth, and the under current of autumnal vitality pulsing in every root, branch, and leaf. No golden letters emblazoned on the portico, as on the façade of the cathedral of the city, proclaims a dedication of the sanctuary; and the loiterer is at liberty to rebuild the crumbling edifice, recalling the shadow of vanished lives that have frequented the spot, even as Cuvier constructed an entire animal out of the fragment of a thorax, an occiput, or a pelvis. Was the chapel of the roadside built in honor of Saints Nazaro and Celso, the missionaries who first converted Genoa? The legend of San Nazaro and his youthful disciple is eminently picturesque, and in harmony with the scene outspread before us. These early Christians suffered persecution under Nero, who ordered them to be thrown into the sea from a ship, when such a tempest arose that the sailors feared to be wrecked, and the saints returned to them walking calmly on the water, thus allaying the storm. The mariners were converted, and the craft reached pagan Genoa, where Nazaro and the youthful Celso landed, baptizing and preaching day and night, and granting the remission of sins. They also paused in a boat at six hundred feet from the town, and preached a marvellous new doctrine to attentive multitudes gathered to listen. The spot where the missionaries landed is of doubtful authenticity. According to one tradition they first stepped ashore near the Gate of the Arches, where an oratory was erected in the name of the holy pilgrims. Other chroniclers maintain that the memorable locality was the site of the Church of San Nazaro at Albaro, where a marble slab

in the campanile is inscribed with the words, "Intra conseptum maceria locus deis manibus consecratus." The writing is estimated as of great antiquity, and the common belief obtains that this is the first church in which Mass was celebrated publicly, not only in the diocese of Genoa, but in all Italy. Master and pupil were beheaded at Milan, where the church of San Nazaro Maggiore commemorates the martyrdom. A Byzantine church at Ravenna is dedicated to them.

The chapel may have even earlier associations enshrined in the very foundation stones, the Bible stories of patriarch, psalmist, and warrior, — the beloved disciple plunged in the bath of hot oil by order of Domitian, and emerging refreshed, to be banished to Patmos, with numerous churches built in his name as Saint John before the Latin Gate; all those ranks of martyrs, who from the date of Nero's persecution refused to conform to public opinion by casting a few grains of incense on the altars of the gods; Saint Ambrose of Milan, whose influence, as shepherd of the flocks of Christ, has been compared with a river flowing through a city, refreshing and purifying by its waters; or Saint Augustine, likened to a lake reflecting the world about him in wind and storm. Possibly no portion of Europe presents the elements of Eastern and Western life more curiously blended than Genoa. Devout, and imbued with all the superstition of the sailor, she brought to her walls the relics of Asia Minor, Egypt, and Greece, chiefly obtained by the conquests of the Crusades, and in active rivalry with Venice and Pisa, for worship as well as reverencing the bright luminaries of the Latin Church. Our chapel may have been consecrated to Saint Cyprian, Bishop of Carthage, whose lines were cast in pleasant places as the owner of lands and gardens on the rich African shore before he became a Christian. Saint Cyprian of blessed memory! His life reveals, even from an historical point

of view, that men arise on the earth fashioned in the image of their Creator, in all lands and ages, irrespective of creeds, for the heathen African gentleman never sent away the widow empty handed from his door, or repulsed the poor. His words recur to memory on the September day: "This vintage festival invites the mind to unbend in repose." In the lights and shadows playing over the city roofs and towers below some fragments of the good man's doubts and fears seem to cling to the mass of humanity. He says:

"While I was still lying in darkness and gloomy night, wavering hither and thither, tossed about on the foam of this boastful age, and uncertain of my wandering steps, knowing nothing of my real life, and remote from truth and light, I used to regard it as a difficult matter, and especially difficult in regard to my character at that time, that a man should be capable of being born again, — a truth which the Divine mercy had announced for my salvation, — and that a man quickened to a new life in the laver of saving water should be able to put off what he had previously been, and although retaining all his bodily structure should be himself changed in heart and soul."

The Mediterranean gleams in the noonday light. It is impossible to detach this sea-city from the miracles of the sea. Saint Nicholas is the most radiant and prominent form of the foreground. Saint Nicholas, friend of the sailor, and especially of Genoa, patron of Russia, all travellers, poor maidens, and the children, we salute thee on the hillside in the dreamy September tide! San Niccolo, born without guile, of rich parents at Panthera, a city of Lycia in Asia Minor, was reverenced in Greece as early as 560, and became a popular saint in the West in the tenth and twelfth centuries. Full of charm is the story of the youth, accompanied in religious books by a quaint wood-cut, like the sections of a pasteboard box, thrusting purses of gold into the high window of the impoverished nobleman, whose

three dowerless daughters have gone to bed hungry and cold. Still more characteristic of the time is the narrative of his subsequent voyage to Palestine, when the sailor fell overboard, was drowned, and restored to life by the saint, with the usual stilling of stormy billows of such legends. He was made Bishop of Myra. Surely there is no more suggestive tradition in the Calendar of the early Christian Church than that of the ships laden with wheat, touching at port in a season of cruel famine, the captains refusing to distribute of their hoard, as the cargoes would be carefully weighed and measured by the owners at Alexandria and again at Constantinople, and Saint Nicholas persuading them to yield him a sufficient quantity to feed the people, and even to sow the fields for another year, the grain being miraculously replenished as a result of generosity. Constantine sent Saint Nicholas a copy of the Gospels set in jewels. The bishop was buried in a fine church at Myra, a shrine of devout pilgrimage until desecrated by the Saracens, when his scattered relics were taken to Bari, and claimed by the Venetians. In view of the sparkling waters let us raise the standard of good San Niccolo above the deserted sanctuary, who once appeared to wrecked sailors of the Ægean sea, and guided them to a safe harbor so long ago.

A ripple of sunshine crests the horizon waves, remote, yet as pure a ray as the fame of Saint Elmo, the allayer of marine tempests, or Saint Clement, banished by Trajan to the Crimea, and cast into the sea with an anchor attached to his neck, when the waters were swept back, and the body of the holy man was floated gently to land in a shrine of white marble built by angels in the depths. In the play of the breeze over the surface, one sees, half shadowy, half fantastically, Saint John de Matha, the Provençal, and founder of the sect of the Mathurins, whose mission was to ransom and exchange the Christian slaves held in Africa, and when he weighed anchor with one hundred and twenty liberated

captives, and the infidels broke his rudder, and tore his sails, he used his mantle, with those of his disciples, and was wafted to Ostia; or Saint Peter of Alcantara, who frequently walked on the water through faith in prayer, according to the chronicler; or Saint Raymond de Peñaforte, confessor of Don James, King of Aragon, who visited the Island of Majorca with the court, and, displeased with the evil company, sought a rock, spread his cloak on the sea, placing his staff upright for mast by tying to it one corner of the mantle, and embarking on the improvised vessel, reached Barcelona in six hours. These shapes seem to flit through the mind as the sunbeams quiver over the waters.

Yonder is a farmhouse, or rather the suburban habitation of the market-gardener, for on these steep heights the vine or a patch of vegetables has always been more readily cultivated than cereals requiring the plough. The tiles of the roof are a warm, russet-red tone; a flight of broken stone steps leads to the door of the living room, where the buxom mother is visible preparing the noon-day meal, — a steaming *minestra*, with coarse bread, or a dish of *polenta*, flavored with cheese, and tomato sauce, according to the season; a gnarled fig-tree casts the shadow of broad leaves on the yellowish-white wall; gourds hang ripe on the vine of the arch below, and festoons of ears of maize are already suspended to dry under the projecting eaves. A donkey with a grizzled nose, and a sagacious aspect, as of an animal of vast experience in the market-place and on the highways, is being unloaded of empty sacks and baskets by the master, previous to walking into the stable adjacent, redolent of fresh straw; and fowls strut around the gate, teased and petted by a sturdy brood of children. Sheaves of wheat are stacked ready for threshing, tithes of rich fields of the country-side, and the grapes glow in the sun, swaying in pendant clusters on a trellis. An atmosphere of song pervades the modest home. The mother sings as

she replenishes the kitchen fire, the father catches up the refrain while unsaddling the donkey, and the children echo the note, half unconsciously, interspersed with bursts of infantile hilarity. Now the melody has the grave cadence of church music of a people gifted with an accurate ear, and early trained to ecclesiastical psalm and canticle, or merges in a merry folk-song full of naive conceit and roguish insinuation. The golden sheaves are treasures indeed, possibly turned to the north wind as the sickle cut the stalks, or exposed to the west, in order that the grain might be fuller in the ear. The early Church made the sacramental bread of such wheat, and the deacon pressed a few drops of the first grapes of the vintage into the chalice of the altar. No doubt these good people could give a voluble history of the chapel, if interrogated, but, instead, the dreamer sits on the steps, watching the flight of a white butterfly. The foot unconsciously crushes some leaves of the fragrant mint, known as *erba di Santa Maria*, which grows in tufts amidst the grass. The butterfly represents the Psyche, or soul element on the heights, fluttering far above the town. The body is the earthly shadow of ambition, toil, and vanity amidst the dangers and follies of the day in ancient Genoa, while the soul, the white butterfly, aspires on palpitating pinions toward the pure sky, the illimitable depths of azure. We have here complete the history of the Sea City from the foundation to the present hour. Now the insect drops into the cup of a wayside blossom that trembles with each vibrating touch of the breeze.

Which flower is emblematical of Genoa in all the realm of Mediterranean bloom? To Athens her crown of violets, to Florence her lilies, to Sardinia a wealth of oleander. Genoa might adorn her mantle with roses, jasmine, cassia, and orange and myrtle blossoms, in garlands as subtly blended in hue, with delicate symbolism of scent and sea-

son, as those prepared for the feasts of the Romans and the Greeks. Instinctively we choose the daffodil for Genoa, the fragrant yellow stars springing up unbidden amidst the weeds of palace gardens, destroyed long ago by invading armies, or left in ruins by political factions, and tingeing with pale gold the vicinity of the slate-quarries of Lavagna.

A low murmur of flowing water soothes the ear. The sound is monotonous, persistent, yet acquires a distinct and melodious cadence in the intervals of silence. The source of this delightful music in an arid and thirsty land is a rill flowing from a carved stone head into an urn-shaped basin. A wall, pierced with uniform small casements, extends to the right of the chapel, and through the archway a fragment of earlier cloister is plainly discernible where the fountain still refreshes weary wayfarers, and fills the copper vessels of neighboring housewives from time to time. Evidently faith in the superior purity or coolness of the cloistral spring prevails on the highway. The fragment of monastery wall is as eloquent of the past as the deserted chapel. What weird and mournful memories must haunt the spot in the hours of night! The band of Flagellants that emerged from Perugia, in 1258, may flit in ghostly ranks beneath the arch, and their sobbing lamentations over a sinful world mingle with the storm and darkness of winter. All is peaceful and calm in the autumn warmth, and the cloister stands revealed, without modifying shadow, like the letters of an illuminated Missal, albeit the parchment-leaf may be shrivelled and defaced by the touch of time. Was the community that once flourished here devoted to study? Did Learning trim her lamp within those tiny windows, and Contemplation prune her wings, while the traditions of Art were carefully treasured by lonely men, intent on keeping alive the spirit of beauty in form and color in an ideal above that of earth? Were spiritual conflicts with self fought here, in stern silence, by

a Savonarola? Did a Saint Bernard launch into ecstatic eloquence in praise of the Madonna? Did a mystical Joachim of Flora Calabria dream of the ages of the Old and New Testament, and the future, — the first as bearing nettles, the second roses, and the third lilies?

Were the prayers of this brotherhood deemed especially efficacious in the weal of Genoa, and the prosperity of certain princes in ruling their kingdoms, just as the invocations of the priesthood of all religions are desired by true believers of a creed? Did their supplications rise in tempests for those in peril, as Philip Augustus on the fleet bound for the Holy Land, overtaken by a storm off Sicily, reminded his followers that the monks of Clairvaux were celebrating matins at the hour of danger, and would not forget them? Saint John Chrysostom said: —

"The monks are like beacon towers on high mountains that attract all navigators to a tranquil port which they light, and those who contemplate them need no longer fear the shadows nor shipwreck."

The subtle sweetness of daffodils acquires the perfume of a memory as the water of the spring flows into the stone urn. The ruined cloister breathes of solitude and prayer in the rise and fall of the fountain, as a retreat where, according to Saint Bernard, man lived more purely, fell more rarely, rested more securely, died more happily, and was rewarded more plenteously. The prelate Alcuin, quitting his seclusion for the court of Charlemagne, might have sighed here as well: —

"Oh, my cell! Sweet and beloved dwelling, adieu forever! I shall never more see the woods surrounding thee with branches and flowering verdure, nor thy fields filled full of aromatic and wholesome herbs, nor thy waters full of fish, nor thy gardens where the lily mingles with the rose, nor thy vines. I shall no longer hear the birds singing matins, like ourselves,

and praising in their fashion the Creator. Dear cell! I shall weep for and regret thee always; but it is thus that all changes, and all passes, that the night succeeds the day, winter the summer, the storm to calm, old age fatigued to ardent youth!"

In the musical ripple of the water one discerns the voice of Petrarch discoursing on the allurements of solitude like a Vallombrosan, or a Carthusian, or Tasso singing anew his Sonnet to Saint Benedict. Roman Catholic writers dwell with much satisfaction on the verses of the Protestant poet Wordsworth, and the enthusiasm of Dr. Johnson for such localities. When did the place suffer demolition? The wave of French Revolution must have swept over it. From 1830 to 1835 three thousand convents are estimated to have been suppressed in Europe. Joseph II. demolished twenty-four monasteries in his empire, confiscating two hundred thousand florins of their property; in Portugal three hundred fell under the regency of Don Pedro, while Queen Christina in Spain sacrificed many more, with the stroke of a pen, from 1835 to 1841. Possibly the furrows worn in the fragment of pavement were occasioned by the fiery tears of the sorrowful brethren driven forth into the world like the record of the Abbey of Kilconnel in Ireland.

Clouds gather about the summit of the hills, sultry vapors sweep down from the side of Busalla, and the Monte Giove; the line of shadow defined by the margin of chapel roof on the ground gradually loses intensity of contrast.

A group approaches the farmhouse from the Turin highway, consisting of a swarthy sun-bronzed man with the tall and sinewy form of a mountaineer, leading a shaggy bear and a monkey, and followed by a wife in picturesque rags of a peasant costume, carrying a brown baby, and a small boy with a tambourine. Note the prudence of the farm-

folk, with fresh straw to set on fire, children to steal, and fruit to pilfer! The mother, gathering her brood about her, as the hen calls her chickens at the advent of a hawk, listens politely, if coolly, to the lamentations of the mendicant woman with the baby, and gives the boy a crust of stale bread. The father seeks the smallest copper coin in his pocket, and drops it into the man's palm, then turns his gaze to the horizon. Whereupon the company make their manners for the frugal dole; the bear stands on his hind legs, and growls when his master with a sharp stick taps the iron wire inserted through his nostrils; the monkey skips from side to side, taking up the tip of his tail in absurd caricature of a lady's method of gathering her robe, and the little boy smites the tambourine. Then the sorry band takes its way in the direction of the town.

The tempest gathers volume rapidly, bred of those elements of the sultry atmosphere in which ever lurk the possible hurricane, the water-spout, and the devastating hail, ready to lay waste a blooming country-side, and unroof the humble hovels of the peasantry. Masses of dark cloud swathe the highest peaks of the hills of a deep, purple tint in the shadow, with light wreaths of white vapor swirling across the sombre background from time to time, and sudden gloom quenches the brightness of the scene, lowering over Genoa with a menace of destructive fury. How many storms have beaten on Genoa from the direction of the hills! The Sea City has been stricken not only by Nature's artillery in all the centuries, but by the hosts of Lombard, German, French, and Spanish armies, Austrian conquest, and Italian invasion under such leaders as a Carmagnola or a Niccolo Piccinino. The quivering fires of occasional lightning on the heights inland culminate in a series of blinding flashes above the chapel, and zigzag lines of dazzling light down over the city towers, accompanied by a crash of thunder and a rush of raindrops. The band of

mendicants turn back, and flee to the chapel for shelter from the shower, the woman wrapping her baby close to her breast, the monkey scrambling up on the man's shoulder, and the bear ambling soberly in the rear with the small boy, who evinces juvenile unconcern of a wetting.

Nor are these outcasts the sole fugitives of the height on the occasion: a group of pilgrims hasten to the same refuge. These are French, Spanish, and Portuguese *en route* for Rome and the Holy House of Loreto. It is an age of pilgrimage, of circular excursion tickets, and temptingly obliging railway-systems. A French workman, lithe, erect, and of a military aspect, wears a medal won at Solferino on his breast, such as would move the great king in his tomb of the Pantheon, only that the Latin races are kept apart in the machinations of European politics at the present hour. The game played is the same, on a larger scale, as when our little republic of Genoa yonder was the chess-board, with Gallic pawns friendly at one moment and Teutonic knights at the next turn. *Tutto il mondo è paese* ("all the world is kin"), says the proverb. When will the millenium of the Latin League be consummated?

The little beggar boy, in a faded jacket, a peaked felt hat, and with broken shoes, extends the tambourine, and the pilgrims gravely bestow alms. The custom is a bad one in the cause of government suppression of mendicancy. Are we not all beggars in some fashion, imploring the boon of health and happiness of the heavens, if not mere material aid on earth? The bear stretches himself in the portico, refreshed by the moisture, with the aspect of a good house-dog, while the monkey crouches in the most sheltered corner of the building, and peers forth at the rain with an anxious, puckered visage. As for the lad, with his dark eyes, charming, coaxing smile, and round, olive-tinted face, one wonders what life may have in store for him. Will he freeze to death on a snowy night, hugging

his violin, in a closed doorway of the Paris boulevards, rather than return home empty-handed to a cruel task-master? Will he grow to hardened youth in the slums of London? Will he emigrate to South America, and wrecked in the Straits of Gibraltar, like the waif on board the ill-fated "Utopia," be swept by the billows safe into the keeping of royal favor in the person of a Swedish prince in command of a corvette, witness of the disaster? He is the eternal type of Italian childhood, the feathered shuttle-cock of chance cast into the abyss of poverty, or caught up to become the toy of fortune.

A Portuguese youth studies the bare interior of the sacred edifice. "This is a chapel built in honor of the Virgin," he affirms in French. The other pilgrims cross themselves. Truly the deserted sanctuary is dedicated to the Madonna. The Queen of heaven has been the patroness of Genoa for centuries. Sea-faring folk of the Mediterranean have ever set her light on the hilltop, the mariners ashore aiding in gathering materials, and the women and children of the population carrying pebbles from the brook for the foundations. The clew given by the Portuguese lends a new interest to the place. As the Vestals, Sybils, and Druidesses were the earlier development of a superior womanhood in religions, the frescoed wall opposite becomes a page of a picture-book. May not a procession of the Virgin Martyrs have once wended their way in the direction of the altar in freshest coloring as they do in the mosaic work of the Basilica of St. Apollinaris at Ravenna? One may fancy one discerns Saint Cecilia wearing her robe of gold brocade only to conceal the hair garment of humility and penance beneath, or the sisters Saint Justina and Saint Rufina, daughters of the Seville potter, kneeling, with their attributes palms, and the *alcarrazas* (earthen pots), which they refused to sell to women to be employed in the worship of Venus. A lightning flash should reveal the faded lines of

Saint Barbara, protector against storms, holding her tower with the three windows for souls to receive light, as emblematic of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, and the time when as a daughter of the East she studied the stars, and doubted idols. A gracious company, the women of the dilapidated wall, mute, fading beyond recognition of human lineaments, and scarcely more tangible than the sunbeam touching the dark interior with returning fine weather.

The pilgrims quit the temporary shelter, no doubt accompanied by Raphael, the guardian angel of all pilgrims. The boy runs to the fountain rill trickling into the stone urn, and drinks eagerly. Sole gift left to the dismantled cloister to bestow is a draught of cold water for parched lips! The most beautiful phase of monasticism was giving the bowl of soup at noonday to the poor.

The shower is over, ceasing as capriciously as it began. The sea sparkles with myriad reflections of broken lights, and the roofs of the city glisten, while on the slope the raindrops twinkle on the leaves, the mint sheds abroad an aromatic fragrance, and the white butterfly once more flutters in the warm air. The beggar boy bursts into song, and the children of the farmhouse repeat the refrain as they run out of the door to paddle, with bare feet, in the puddles. Alfieri said: "I have uniformly wished to fix my residence only in England, or Italy, because in the former art has everywhere subjugated and changed Nature, and because in the latter Nature always appears predominant, and in its pristine force and vigor."

Lo! The Franciscan monk appears toiling up an arid slope, and a more distant note of melody reaches the attentive ear. Is the friar chanting, as he walks, the Canticle to the Sun of Saint Francis of Assisi? Is it the song of a bird?

"*Ecco la lodoletta che saluta col suo trillo il sole.*"

Let us weave a wreath of daffodils to place on the threshold of the deserted sanctuary, and return to the town. The words of Saint Columban follow us from his renowned monastery of Bobbio, back amidst the defiles of the Apennines: "It behoves pilgrims to hasten to their homes. We are pilgrims; therefore let us hasten to our fatherland. For our whole life is a day's journey."

CHAPTER V.

AN OLD WATCH-TOWER.

LOOKING eastward from the city wall, the beauty of the Riviera di Levante gradually unfolds along the margin of sea.

Accepting mere caprice of personal preference as a standard to the writer of these pages, the Riviera di Levante is far richer in charm than the other shore so redolent of modern fashion. Nervi still nestles among her lemon-trees, beloved by the Genoese noble since the time when his ancestors yielded to the soft, voluptuous ease of enjoying often hardly earned riches in idleness on marble terraces, adorned with statues, and rendered refreshing by numerous fountains; Santa Margarita dreams above her reflected roofs and towers in the limpid waters, with a background of steep hills, arid gray in tone, with delicate green gradations of hue; Rapallo leans over the lip of wave of her own bay, with steeply crowding streets and houses, weaving her meshes of silken lace for the women of the land, and trafficking in olive oil; Lavagna invites a thought as the cradle of the ambitious Genoese family of the Fieschi, where Sinibaldo de' Fieschi, Pope Innocent IV., the powerful antagonist of the Emperor Frederick II., was born; and Sarzana, the ancient frontier between Liguria and Italy, remains, ever recalling the rule of Lorenzo the Magnificent, and the stretching forth of the powerful Medicean hand of iron, clad in the silken glove of diplomatic finesse, to hold its own with neighboring States of Lucca

and Carrara. Beyond, the Gulf of Spezia expands in incomparable loveliness of undulating outline; the site of ancient Luna farther on still reveals traces of amphitheatre and ruins; Avenza, shrunk to insignificance, was the boundary line of the once Duchy of Massa before a united Italy consolidated all small principalities; Massa basks in the sunshine of a smiling and fertile country; far away across the stretch of level sands, Pisa, stranded inland, treasures her group of buildings, glowing yellow, like transparent alabaster, beneath the pure heavens; and Leghorn reaches forth into the sea, resort of the discontented of centuries escaped from the tyranny of divers governments, Corsicans, Jews, or Moors, the whole embraced by the Carrara range of the Apuan Alps. Did we possess the golden wings of one of Dante's eagles we might thus take flight as far as the margin of the Maremma, the shore outspread like a map beneath our glance. Human and weak, we can only pause beside the rampart of the walls of Genoa, and follow in meditation the line of promontories, inlets, and artificial cuttings of the shore.

In the varied thread of life of this ancient land, one generation succeeding another as the fleeting shadows of the clouds darken the Carrara slopes, Lucan makes Luna the residence of Aruns, oldest of Etruscan augurs. The poet exclaims: "Jove knows the port of Luna, O citizens!" (*Lunai portum operae est cognoscere, cives.*)

Roman statesmen and philosophers mused in these myrtle thickets, and amidst the ferns, anemones, and orchis of the chestnut groves. Arab pirates have traversed the strand, a horde of devouring locusts obscuring the shining of the sun, and settling on the fair earth to destroy all things. The clash of weapons smitten on the armor of mediæval warriors has startled the balmy stillness of blooming nooks with the fierce hatred of party strife. But the eastern Riviera treasures her memories, lapsing back

softly into the past with the pure dawns, the tender, transparent twilights, and the starry nights brooding over the Mediterranean Sea.

On the left hand Carrara lifts serrated peaks to the sky, palest gray and lavender in the changing lights of day, or veiled in the exquisite bloom of blue and purple mists imparted by sultry summer-heat. A world apart is Carrara, of deeply hollowed ravines, scarped surfaces of rock, and abrupt crags, where the slaves of toil still draw from the treasure-house of the hills the blocks of marble sought by the Cæsars from the reign of Augustus for palace, temple, and statue. The faint reverberation of an explosion denotes the drilling in the ravine of Ravacione for the placing of the tin tube filled with nitric acid, and the subsequent flash of gunpowder. The note of the horn, resembling the merest vibration of the hum of an insect, warns of the poising in mid-air of a dislodged mass of stone by means of ropes, or the swift downward plunge on wooden supports. Carrara, enveloped in white dust, with marble cornices, thresholds, and steps to modest mansions, and where the monotonous chip of the chisel resounds all day, is reputed to abound in cripples.

Slight effort of imagination is requisite to convert manifold, bold, jutting points into the colossus gazing seaward, of which Michelangelo dreamed when he lingered, curbed by fretting delay, choosing the precious materials for the projected tomb of Pope Julius II. Was not the sculptor himself the beacon of an altitude possible for humanity to attain, on the heights, attracting the eyes of men over the sea of life in all ages? On the lower slopes, where the amethystine shadow of the hollows meets the rich green tints of chestnut and vineyards, mediæval castles still crown the ridges, — the bold pinnacles and towers of the stronghold of Castruccio Castracane, Lord of Lucca, erected at Avenza in 1322, or Montignoso, associated with

early Lombard warfare. Below, lilies bloom on stretches of sluggish waters once devoted to the cultivation of rice, and the level belt of Pineta extends at the base of the hills in a mat of emerald verdure formed by the closely interwoven branches of the aromatic pine-trees.

On the right hand expands the Tyrrhenian Sea. Did not the Lydian King Atys, after eighteen years of famine, divide his subjects into two lots, and appoint his son Tyrrhenus over the emigrating portion, who left their country, went down to Smyrna, built ships, set sail in search of a fresh territory capable of furnishing them with subsistence, and reached the Ombrici, built towns, and were henceforth known as Tyrrhenians?

Let us suppose that we quit the base of the Columbus monument on a keen afternoon in the month of March, hasten across the wide piazza of the station, and join the throng of travellers streaming through lofty waiting-rooms to seek a place in the train. The crowd astonishes one. How many people there are in the world! Above all, how many people are darting about in perpetual migration, not only from country to country, but from town to town! Verily the early instincts of the human race for change finds ample development in our day, as well.

Dear reader, did you ever start on a journey without being rendered acutely aware that the community at large has been impelled by individual interests to seek the railway at the identical hour of your departure? The reproach has been removed from the entire population of the earth of staying at home, — a custom which renders one inhuman, insolent, and superb, according to the German traveller of the Elizabethan age.

"Where are they all going, and why do they need to huddle into my place as if their lives depended upon it?" you meditate testily, as a corner of a first-class carriage is secured, and the train glides away from Genoa in the direction of Pisa.

The departure is devoid of stateliness, as it might have been on board a large ship sweeping out of the port with wide-spread wings of sails; it is prosaic, modern, even shamefaced, in some sort, the locomotive burrowing into tunnels under the gardens and ramparts of the fair city, like a reptile, and escaping with a shrill note of steam into the open beyond. The weather is cold, snow lingers on the peaks of the Maritime Alps, and the breeze, with a sharp edge to its refreshment, should not be mistaken for balmy sea-zephyrs because it blows over the dancing waves, but rather as the gust born in ice-bound defiles of the mountains drawn back to shore, in a surly and treacherous fashion, by the earth's attraction. Suburban towns with tall buildings resembling those of Genoa appear and vanish before the window of the railway carriage. Villas tinted yellow, red, and green, and further embellished with frescoes of sacred or classical subjects, are grouped above terraces of orange and jasmine, and ever suggest the artificiality of stage scenery. Church towers rise above convent walls and hamlets. Here and there an ancient town with blackened roofs and gray walls extends in irregular growth from the margin of an abrupt promontory up a steep defile. The movement of the train becomes soothing and monotonous, lulling all faculties to a dreamy sense of repose. The journey is a twice-told tale. The terrifying rush into the darkness of damp and stifling tunnels from the dazzling light of day has been robbed of fear by familiarity. Vivid colors, light, movement, and intense contrasts of shadow become interwoven in fantastic variety before the mind, the pattern of a web, with shuttles flashing along the loom. A woman washes her linen in a rill of water trickling down the stony channel of a drying torrent. A group of children, wild and ragged imps, have kindled a few fagots in a sheltered nook of shore, and dance about, warming red and purple hands at the blaze.

Beyond the reaches of inlets and glimpses of azure waters a sad country succeeds, of level sands and tawny, arid hillocks, haunt of the sea-fowl. You are aware of what will happen in advance, just as the route has been robbed of novelty by frequent repetition. Spezia passed, you will reach Pisa, Florence, or slip along the Maremma road to Rome, in due course of time, — a transit without incident, as countless tourists do daily. The young German couple on their wedding journey, the most appreciative and enthusiastic of all nations in travel, will scan the same guide-book, the bride fair and smiling, the bridegroom spectacled and grave of aspect; the British admiral, on a tour of inspection of the Naval Stations of Toulon and Spezia, will mislay his favorite silver-topped walking-stick in the wrong train; the American matron, with a bevy of vivacious daughters, will meditate anxiously on the new jewelry hidden in her luggage, whether rolled in silk stockings, or thrust amidst the pearl powder of toilette boxes, doubting that railway functionaries may be more sly in petty theft than the stranger is aware. All these things have been, and will surely again occur. The commonplace transit must thus come to an end.

Lo! The train halts with a sudden jerk, which imparts a backward movement of revulsion to every joint and wheel. The dreamer is instantly aroused to acute wakefulness, and an electric thrill passes over the nerves of the most phlegmatic passenger. What has happened? Cries, calls, lamentations, and a torrent of voluble inquiries in divers languages ensue. The guards hasten to and fro, and are reticent. Imagination has full scope in the wide field of disaster, and the most recent catastrophe telegraphed from France, Bombay, or America recurs to memory. Has a landslip occurred, and the next gallery fallen in? Has the party of glorified spinsters, enjoying afternoon tea with the aid of one of Mr. Jerome's completely

equipped boxes, upset the lamp and set fire to the cushions and curtains of the compartment? Has the pale Oriental, wrapped in an ulster in the corner of a smoking carriage, suddenly gone mad, and been engaged in mortal combat with his fellow-passengers since leaving the last station? The fiat of authority is that we must wait. Leaping pulses and quickened heart-throbs interrogate: Wait for what? To have an overdue *diritto* run into our locomotive in advance, or some royal special dash into the rear van? Accordingly we wait. Gradually the confusion of movement, the tumult of panic, and the rapid exchange of exclamations subside to silence.

The train has paused in a narrow space between the hills and the sea, the locomotive just inside of the black arch of one tunnel, and the curved line of carriages resting in the shadow of another. Suspense, a sentiment of dread of the crash which may ensue at any moment, gradually yield to the charm of the spot. Perpetual summer reigns here. The tawny rocks frame a vista of sea, where green and crystal-clear ripples break on the tiny beach, and an occasional sail flits across the open space. An old watch-tower stands just above the water-line, with a jaunty coast-guard lounging in the doorway. Several goats are feeding on tufts of verdure growing in the clefts of rock. The Italian proverb affirms that a goat never dies of hunger. On the other side, the hill rises clothed in a wealth of olive-trees, and with a mass of crumbling stone traceable on a ledge, which may have been the foundations of a feudal castle. Beside the track some blocks of Carrara marble await transportation.

The old watch-tower rises sombre and massive in outline against all the vivid brightness of mingled colors in the red and yellow flanks of adjacent headlands and the glancing sheen of sunlit waters, resembling the silvery reflections of a bird's plumage. Beyond the brink is a belt of quag-

mire, where some city may have been engulfed centuries ago, now the haunt of duck and snipe and toad, with thistles growing in clumps above the knolls, while lizards glide about the warm stones. Melancholy desertion marks the site, undisturbed by the modern utilization of converting the shelter into a sentry-box for the coast-guard, with his yellow collar, and musket slung across his shoulders by means of a strap. The old watch-tower is the volume in stone of Genoese history, nay, of earlier Roman record, and the waves of the restless sea beating at the base of the foundations the passing years. The very shell of battlement and empty embrasure still forms links in the chain of lonely beacons, extending from the heights of Turbia along the coast of Maremma and the Pontine Marshes; and the stanchness of wall and portal suggest the later occupancy of the Genoese as a place of refuge from invading foe, and valiant self-defence. What powerful emotions of fear, hope, and despair have been suffered in this defile, where the water beats gently on the strand, and the goats nibble such tufts of dusty plants as they can reach! The Roman sentinel has joined the shades of his crumbled and vanished empire, succeeded by the robust young guard, mindful of the boats of fishermen smugglers with spirits and tobacco from Corsica, or the women striving to scrape salt-deposits from adjacent rocks. The Emir Musa may have carried fire and sword to this quiet inlet, sweeping off Christian slaves; and the Lombards probably stormed this fastness, as well as other portions of the shore. How many times the tower must have changed hands, — a pawn on the chess-board of political warfare, — waged between nobles of the vicinity, Malaspini and Fieschi, Guelph and Ghibelline, Republic and Papacy! Chaucer might have listened to the tale of the patient Griselda from the lips of Petrarch in yonder casement, while the violets shed their sweetness on the air, and the sun set in fiery splendor be-

yond the Mediterranean. If an Eolian harp were strung in one of those upper windows, weird vibrations of memories would sweep up the gorge, indistinguishable to the impatient occupants of the waiting train, possibly, ruthless invaders of this retreat, but intelligible to the old olive-trees of the slope, wrapped in their draperies of mysterious, shadowy, gray foliage.

The block of Carrara marble, lying on the ground, glistens pure and white in the daylight. For what use is it destined out in the world? Will it form coping or step in one of the towns of Australia? Was it drawn from the quarries of Conca and Calacata in the district of the caves hung with stalactites, veined with crystals of sulphuretted iron, the store reputed to be prized in Holland for ornamental architecture? Has it been hewed from the quarry of the famous Fantiscritti, or that of Polvaccio? Will the genius of some modern sculptor release from this exquisite, semi-transparent chrysalis a Nymph, a Bacchus, or a Faun?

Above rises the hillside, clothed with olive-trees. The traveller of the waiting train beholds the olive grove from his own personal standpoint. Is he artistic? Then his eye dwells on the gnarled and twisted branches, the hoary trunks and wide-spreading roots rising black against the tender green verdure of the slope, the masses of foliage of the mid-distance, or the delicate gray tufts of the upper range swaying in the wind in silvery ripples nearer the blue sky, perplexed to choose between these phases of form, color, and light which have mocked at the efforts of so many brushes and pencils. Is he practical? Then he meditates on the probable harvest yielded by this very hillside, from the sprays of tiny blossoms at Easter time to the clusters of purplish-black fruit gathered in October until March, if spared by a host of enemies of the insect tribe, — not equalling in size the superb Spanish olive, but the *Nostrale* of the entire Riviera, or the *Columbano*

used at Nice for preserving. He sees the women, aided by the children, gather the berries in their aprons, amidst laughter and song, to be transported in sacks to some old mill back in a gorge of the hills, and crushed by the slowly revolving wheels, refined by means of the hair-presses, to exude in the precious golden oil drop by drop. He feels a passing sentiment of sympathy with the population of Provence in the anxiety occasioned by a frosty winter night, and the pilgrimages taken by entire districts barefooted, at local shrines, to pray that the fruit may remain unharmed. Is he of a religious temperament? Then the soft twilight gloom of the terraces suggests to his soul Palestine as the Holy Land of earthly pilgrimage, the agony of Christ, and Gethsemane. Is he fond of classical lore in visiting these lands of the sun? Then he may readily single out an ancient tree on a knoll of brown earth like unto that by the well of Poseidon, where Ceres rested in the cool shadow, in the guise of an old woman, when she mourned for her absent daughter Persephone.

To the writer the olive grove is suggestive of the presence of that most august of all travellers along the shore, Dante.

In the year 1265 the Florentine matron of famous memory down in her narrow quarter of the Arno capital dreamed wonderful dreams about her unborn child, as did the mothers of Buddha, and of Saint Dominick. Madonna Alighieri, doubtless musing on the miraculous portents of the stars sparkling in the pure sky of Tuscany, beheld a son given to her on a green meadow beside a fountain, and in the shade of a laurel-tree. The infant grew to a lad before her eyes, became a shepherd, and strove to grasp the leaves of the sheltering tree. Is there not discernible in the gracious, feminine vision the soul of the Florentine escaping to the realm of fantastic slumber through the grated casement of her dark, stone mansion near the little church of San Mar-

tino,— an element of the quaint wood panels of early art in adjacent sanctuaries, and of the tapestries of balconies and windows on festivals, whereon young shepherds of stiff, pastoral scenes disported themselves on gray-green meadows, beneath laurel-trees, with woolly sheep grouped near?

Dante, born under such favorable auspices, was instructed in philosophy, theology, and the arts by Brunetto Latini, and other scholars, even acquiring skill in music and painting, in addition, it is inferred. The awakening of the spiritualized faculty, when he beheld the little Beatrice in her crimson robe at the May festival given by that worthy citizen her father, Folco Portinari, as the key-note of outward expression of the greatest poetical mind between the Augustan and the Elizabethan age, and the dreamy adolescence dedicated to the composition of the Vita Nuova, were succeeded by the death of the beautiful woman, and the marriage of Dante with the noble lady Gemma Donati. The fierce, human conflicts ensued of party strife, plunging the poet into the feuds of Guelph and Ghibelline. He fought at Campaldino in 1289, filled several missions to foreign courts, and was elected a prior of Florence. The Donati led the faction of the Neri (Blacks) while Dante espoused the claims of the Bianchi (Whites), and the former prevailing, he was sentenced to banishment and confiscation of property on the charge of peculation. The haughty, lofty, and too frequently sarcastic citizen only paid the penalty of exile so usual in Italian cities at that date in the hostility of political tumults. How often did Genoa thrust a kinsman or an opponent outside of her gates to wander forth to other towns, and scheme over some means of reprisal whereby to return within her walls, in the internecine brawls of street and piazza! The Florentine who had snubbed a bore prone to frivolous conversation in the Church of Santa Maria Novella, or reproved a vain young cavalier on the thoroughfare for his insolent

demeanor, must needs reap a bitter personal hostility of petty spite from his townfolk. Why may not yonder castle ruin on the ledge have been the abode of the Lord of Malespina, who kindly accorded hospitality to Dante in the district known as the Lunigiani, when the poet began his wanderings after leaving Rome? Of his rambles amidst the vineyards of Sarzana he wrote, —

> "I was a dweller on that valley's shore,
> 'Twixt Ebro and Magra, that with journeys short,
> Doth from the Tuscan part the Genoese."

Memorable pilgrimage along the brink of the Mediterranean Sea! The steepness of the toilsome way found lament in the heaviness of the wayfarer's soul in the well-known lines, —

> "Tra Lerici e Turbia la più deserta,
> La più ruina è una scala."

May not our hillside covered with olive-trees, above the cutting of the railway, have drawn a sigh from the heart of Dante in the fervent invocation of a height?

> "O montanina mia canzon, tu vai,
> Forse vedrai Fiorenza, la mia terra
> Che fuor di sè mi serra
> Vuota d' amore, e nuda di pietate;
> Se dentro v' entri, va dicendo — omai
> Non vi può fare il mio signor più guerra."

This sigh was prolonged through all the weary years of banishment in store for him. In the book of "Eloquenza Volgare" he laments: "I pity every unfortunate one, but my chief commiseration is reserved for those who consume themselves in exile, and do not again behold their own country except in dreams." In the "Convito" he exclaims: "I am truly a ship without winter quarters, carried to diverse ports and shores by the wind, withered and spent by dolorous poverty." The study of the sky might have

been here as elsewhere his chief consolation. "Can I not everywhere see those mirrors (*specula*), the sun and the stars? Can I not everywhere beneath the heavens speculate on sweet truths?" How beautiful the mere suggestion that amidst the dazzling effulgence of light of the spheres Dante beheld the vision of the cool gloom, the dim mosaics of wall and dome, and the marble pavement of the old Baptistery at Florence! These images temper the disdain with which he rejects the proffer of pardon received at Lucca, as a criminal in banishment: —

"I may return to my own land, but I should be despicable to accept such terms after three lustres of exile. Has my innocence, manifest to all, merited this? Is this the debt due to so many wrinkles and sweats consecrated to study? Ah, far be it from any man who prizes philosophy the stupid humility that would induce him to submit to the ceremonies offered! Such is not the road by which I can return to my country: if you find other means to serve me, leaving intact fame and honor, will you inform me? If this is the only one, I will never see Florence again. It is permitted to me everywhere to contemplate the rising of the sun; I can always consecrate myself to the research after truth. . . . And to lose my good name; and to abase myself within the walls that saw my birth? No! better to beg my bread."

In the vicissitudes of the future lying beyond our stretch of Riviera, renowned for his passage, his subsequent movements were involved in uncertainty. He was at Verona with the Scaligers in 1306, according to Leonardo Bruni, then at Padua, and later at Castelnovo, acting as mediator between the Malespini and the Bishop of Luni. Christopher Columbus and Dante have been designated as types of a new civilization by Tullio Dandolo, the author of a "History of Modern Thought." If Dante beheld Europe aroused from the slumber of barbarism, and himself a

beacon light, having recovered the learning of antiquity to engraft on his own youthful and fresh page, from his first blossoming of promise to the golden fruit which Italy especially has collected for study, Columbus represented new customs, new commerce, new institutions, and new empires. To the century of Dante belonged Petrarch, Boccaccio, Villani, and other scholars who reconquered classical territory in the world of letters and art. To the century of Columbus belonged enlightened princes, pontiffs, philosophers, *literati*, navigators, and geographers.

The day is Holy Thursday, the anniversary of the meeting of Dante with Beatrice, as Petrarch is reputed to have first beheld Laura on Good Friday, and Boccaccio the bewitching Fiammetta on Saturday. The associations with Holy Week of the mediæval poets seem to have been a curious blending of the religious sentiment with the amorous or visionary. The afternoon light deepens to a warm tide of glory shed abroad by the invisible setting sun, and fills the hollow between sea and hill with a transient gleam. The old watch-tower rises in massive outline above the little cove, where each wave that breaks on the shore acquires a tinge of liquid gold, and the goats nibble such tufts of plants as grow among the rocks and pebbles. Shadows already gather at the base of the olive-trees, but sunshine steals along the upper slopes, flecking with a rough iridescence trunks and boughs, here and there, and warming the delicate foliage with tones of richest bronze. Above the height lingers a cloud, purified to snowy whiteness by one does not know what currents of rain and wind from the North, and reflecting the crimson rays of sunset in the blended amethyst and orange hues of a bird's plumage. Oh, the old, old olive-trees! What secrets may they not whisper to the night-wind, hoary sentinels of the hours of darkness on the terraces in the mystery of life and growth and fruition for the nourishment of man? The

years, even the lapse of centuries, may be to them as the span of the sun's course in a single day, since the Greek colonists brought them to this shore to be fit companions of the vine, the plant as old as the world.

And Dante wandering sorrowfully in exile along the Riviera — may not the olive grove and this very spot have been to him at such an hour the swift revelation of his great work, the full awakening, in comprehensive form, of immortal verse? Surely the lower depths, steeped in twilight, are weird enough to be the dark wood in "the middle of the journey of our life," peopled with phantoms of fear, leopard or lean wolf, and the gnarled roots and boles of the trees entangling human souls. A scarped surface of rock shines white to the westward like the cliff of the Realm of Penance. A winding path of the earthly Paradise through the green verdure is visible, where Eolus softly unlooses the breath of Scirocco among the branches, and the lady Mathilda might loiter gathering flowers, and the poet, laved by the current, emerge refreshed as a plant is covered with new leaves, his whole being purified, and desirous to mount to the stars. The cloud above the ridge is sufficiently lovely to lead human aspiration heavenward. The fleecy vapor now thins in pink mist as if about to vanish from the sky altogether, now spreads in the semblance of angels' wings, and now floats upward toward the zenith, assuming human outline. To the artist the ephemeral vision would be the ideal of the beautiful escaping from the secret recesses of the Carrara mountains. To Dante it might have been the divine presence of Beatrice descending from the spheres to guide him up the hill, the worship of Love from the fountain sources of antiquity in Plato and Socrates to the mystical devotion to the Madonna in the eleventh century, the symbol of womanhood, the eternal abstraction of Philosophy. Thus from the gloomy darkness of the base of the hill, through the purifi-

cations and trials of the toilsome route up the path, the cloud still warm with sunset-fires would beckon the Poet onward to the planets of the vast firmaments of space.

A boat crosses the waters rapidly and enters the little cove, the raiment of the occupants blanched and glorified by the universal radiance of the day now dying over the sea. These disembark, ascend the embankment above the railway, and flit into the olive grove, singing snatches of song as they disappear. Do they chant "*in exitu*, Israel"? If they are disembodied spirits of the twilight, the celestial pilot of the craft must be the soul of Shelley from the funereal pyre on the beach of Viareggio, fanning the billows with stainless pinions to gain Dante's side on the height.

The old watch-tower becomes more sombre, and the train waits. A lantern is hung at the entrance of the black tunnel in advance, with moths fluttering about the glass. A spider runs along the wall of the watch-tower. The young guard paces the space before the entrance-arch, sentinel-wise. The sea makes music along the shore, with tranquil yet melancholy intonations of faintly blended yet distant echoes.

A sharp whistle of the locomotive breaks the silence, the joints of the train creak, the wheels revolve, and the old watch-tower, treasuring memories of the Genoese Republic, vanishes as the delayed travellers pass on.

CHAPTER VI.

ON BOARD THE YACHT REVERIE.

LOOKING westward from the city wall, the Riviera Ponente curves in sunshine and shadow in the direction of Marseilles. That line of shore wending away to distant Provence has been a highway for centuries for the nations of the earth, — Goths, Franks, Vandals, or Huns, while the language of the coast is affirmed to be compounded of not less than nine strata of divers tongues, founded by Phœnician, Greek, Roman, Arab, Jew, Iberian, Burgundian, Berber, or Celt, pouring a restless tide of adventurous humanity across the Alpine barrier, and from the sea. Does not a similar invasion of all nationalities occur each autumn and winter, flocking from the cloudy north of Scandinavia, Holland, and Great Britain to the sunny nooks of violets, jonquil, and cassia, the sheltered groves of the lemon, the palm and aloe crowned promontories of the world's playgrounds of Cannes, Nice, and Monaco, so redolent of satiety, cynicism, and feverish gayety, of pearl powder and wrinkles? The western Riviera is *mondaine* from the feather in her hat to the buckle of her high-heeled shoe and the careless laughter of the fair Queen Joanna of Provence and Naples is the mirth of her sisterhood on the terraces and promenades of Fashion to this day.

Pausing by the city wall, the words of Petrarch are as vivid and graceful in the nineteenth century as they were in the fourteenth: —

"I see not only in Genoa a city of fine aspect facing the sea, filled with precious temples, high moles, and splendid palaces, but I marvel to behold the town surrounded by such suburbs. No coast is more beautiful and odoriferous than the Ligurian shore which extends to the confines of France. On one and the other Riviera, in fact, the sweet chestnut flowers on the slopes of the mountains, on the hills the always green olive, on the strand the sacred palm and the suave orange, and between rock and rock rise painted *loggie*, and gilded domes. The gifts of Ceres are neglected, but the wines of Monterosso, and of Corniglia are superior to that of Falerno, and the fruit of Pallas grows in the limpid Gulf of Luni more abundantly than in the Piraeus."

Yonder the daughter towns still repeat the general lineaments of their beautiful mother Genoa, in miniature, — Savona, Noli, Ventimiglia, Spezia, or Albenga, built in an amphitheatre around the margin of sea, with feudal towers, piazze, and porticos, churches and oratories. How ancient they are, the towns, basking in the brilliant sunshine that veils all scars, refreshed by the sea wind, and perfumed by the flowers of countless gardens and olive groves encircling their crumbling walls! What storms of war, rapine, and pestilence have scourged them, and yet they give no sign of decay in the noontide! Is it credible that only a few years ago the mysterious and dread earthquake-thrill smote Noli well nigh with demolition, devastated the blooming Pian di Diano, gave to the old town of Mentone, on the hill, the dilapidated aspect of having sustained a bombardment, and caused the votaries of the green table at Monte Carlo to pause in the game of chance, startled by the oscillations of Nature which only too often have proved to be the shock of doom? The western Riviera has resumed her smiles, as the palms of her terraces once more spread their fronds to the light and warmth, after a severe storm of snow and sleet, yet the records of Genoa are full of similar calam-

ities in past years, such as: "In 1217, on the 8th of January, there was an earthquake toward evening." Again: "In 1222 an earthquake shock at the hour of vespers made all fear a total ruin of the city. It lasted for a long time, and was felt throughout Italy, especially at Brescia. Renewed tremblings of the ground were much apprehended at New Year's Day." Still more disastrous is the following item: "In 1456 there was an earthquake which injured many towns in Italy. Brindisi suffered the worst damage. At Naples the archbishop's palace and several churches fell."

Floods and earthquakes are pronounced the two great winding-sheets of oblivion for the world.

Let us imagine ourselves, dear reader, on the terrace of the old villa at Pegli, to the right hand of Genoa. The day is Shrove Tuesday of an early season, and on the morrow all the world will keep Ash Wednesday in suitable penitence for the follies of the past winter. The weather is soft and mild, after weeks of cloud, rain, and mud.

A lad, dressed like a harlequin in a costume striped red and white, his features concealed by a simpering mask, cuts capers on the path, aided by a little girl in a tinsel spangled petticoat, and a black velvet visor. Both beg for coppers. They are shabby figures enough if emblematic of the carnival spirit still lingering on the Riviera. Prince Carnival of court intrigue, clerical rule, and despotism died a natural death long ago. His effigy is galvanized afresh every season in Liguria to amuse and astonish some sober Anglo-Saxon element, albeit his retinue smacks a trifle too much of the theatre for effects of daylight.

You are seated in the arbor built on the wall overlooking the Pallavicini gardens. The arbor at the opposite extremity of the terrace is occupied by the old couple. The winter season at the villa would lack an important element without the annual return of the old couple. Mon-

sieur Meyer wears a black wig curled on either side of an amiable and shrivelled countenance, his cheeks are rouged, and his brows portentously arched and darkened. Madame Meyer is a little woman supported on very high-heeled slippers; her *peignoir* of amber silk has a Watteau train, her cavalier hat has long, blue feathers, and is placed coquettishly on nut-brown locks as palpably artificial as the raven wig of her husband. She is of Scotch or Irish origin, and he a native of Heligoland. He has been a comedian, and she a tragedian. They live in Paris, the natural retreat of such waifs of the theatre, where they defy rheumatism by attending each first representation, and old age by supping at the cafés of the Boulevards. Cosmopolitan, versed in many tongues, they fraternize with all races. Twenty years earlier they spent their honeymoon at the villa, and return, after the *jour de l'An*, for the spring months in this romantic retreat. How odd they are, the old couple, with their cosmetics, and mannerisms, and hearts of gold! They bestow dowries on poor maidens, get up lotteries and fairs for the benefit of the children, zealously defend the cause of dumb animals along the shore to the extent of building drinking troughs for the dogs and cats on the highway. Madame Meyer reads Shakspeare of an evening, in a high-pitched voice, or Monsieur Meyer recites Molière to her, sunk in the depths of an armchair, with his gaze fixed on the ceiling. The old lady has been gathering roses, at the present hour, in a true basket of an Arcadian shepherdess, suspended from her left arm by means of blue satin ribbons. She selects a creamy bud from this hoard of bloom and fragrance, and inserts it in the button-hole of her husband's velvet morning-coat. Her movements are characterized by a studied grace.

Monsieur Meyer bows, and begins to sing in a quavering voice to the accompaniment of a mandolin, when the Provençal in the road below permits him to be heard.

He strums on the strings, meditates, and at length pipes the familar lines from the Romance of the Rose, with careful articulation: —

"Le Temps qui s'en va nuit et jour
Sans repos prendre et sans séjour;
Et qui de nous se part et emble
Si secrètement qu'il nous semble
Que maintenant soit en un point,
Et il ne s'y arrête point —"

"But that is frightful, my friend," protests Madame Meyer, with a little grimace.

"Pardon!" responds the old actor, and resumes: —

"Celle dame avoir nom Beauté,
Que point n'étoit noire ne brune,
Mais aussi clère que la lune
Est envers les autres estoiles,
Qui semblent petites chandelles
Tendre chair eut comme rosée;
Simple fut comme une épousée,
Et blanche comme fleur de lys."

The old couple are a caricature of the romance and chivalry of the past, and not out of place on the western Riviera on *Mardi Gras*. Monsieur Meyer is the shrunken effigy of the Trouvère mumbling the famous verses of Guillaume de Lorris in the *langue d'Oïl*. Madame Meyer is the phantom of the coquetry of the Middle Ages, her charms of mind and person extolled by troubadours, as the Countess Mohant de Montagnac sighed for celebrity, or the Viscountess Guillemette de Bénanges received the homage of ardent cavaliers and knights.

Down in the road the Provençal turns his head to make the bells of his brass helmet jangle, clashes cymbals with his left hand, thumps a big drum attached to his foot by means of cords, and plays on a wind instrument at

intervals. He is only an automaton gathering precarious pence from town to town. Possibly he represents the *jongleur* of mediæval fairs admonished by the poet Girard de Calanson as to the accomplishments requisite to such a craft: "Learn to rhyme and to speak well, with plenty of *jeu d'esprit.* Play the tambour and the cymbals, make melodies resound, toss up little apples and catch them on the point of a knife, imitate the song of the nightingale, play tricks with baskets, simulate attacks on châteaux, and traverse four circles jumping. Play the cithern, tune the spinet and the guitar, and accord the jig to the air of the psaltery."

An American lady, whose rare proficiency in performing on the harp must be a foretaste of the melodies of the spheres, has pronounced the mandolin "mosquito music." The buzzing, monotonous vibrations of the strings beneath the white fingers of the old actor penetrate the ear like the echo of the songs of William IX., Count of Poitau and Duke of Aquitaine, of Alphonse II., King of Aragon, of the Bishop of Clermont, of the last Count of Provence, Raymond Berenger IV., of Arnaud de Marveil, Rambaud de Vagueiras, or Pierre Vidal, down to Jasmine and Mistrale of modern times. The mandolin becomes mocking, even fantastic in his grasp, as if weaving together the interminable measure of ghostly pastoral, *aubades*, and serenades (the morning and evening hymns to Love), *retrouanges* and *retroudes*, the more complicated forms of ballad construction in homage of the withered dame smiling beneath the cavalier hat. Does it not also suggest those *Jeux Floraux* held at Toulouse in the garden of the Augustines, in 1355, to revive the rapidly dying art of romantic, local rhyming, with a first prize of the Golden Violet to be bestowed on the poet who composed the best song, the eglantine, or jasmine of Spain, wrought of silver, as a second premium for the most attractive pastoral, and

the yellow blossom of the thorny acacia as the third gift for a sprightly ballad?

The scent of the roses in the little basket held by Madame Meyer steals over all the senses with softest oblivion of time and all prosaic realities. The pilgrimage of life, in our day, is marked by the wayside shrine of roses even for the humblest son of toil, who may readily drape his cottage wall in a cloth-of-gold such as the ancient Greek and Roman could not boast, or inhale the breath of sweet-brier from the Scottish wilds on the window-ledge of the town, provided he possess in his heart the love of beautiful flowers, as Dean Hole suggests. Oh, the roses of the Mediterranean strand! The perfumes emanating from Madame Meyer's basket link together the whole western shore in one wilderness of bloom; tangled thickets of crimson splendor merging through every gradation of tone of maroon and mauve to purplish-black shedding abroad a languorous sweetness on secluded paths; whole parterres of yellow blossoms ranging in tint from the rêve d'or to sulphur, and copper reflected in fountains; exquisite tendrils, ivory-tinted, and pure white, clinging to balcony and garden wall; avenues forming dim vistas of silvery and rosy sprays; and slopes of hillside a pink snow half stifled in the green of myrtle, fern, and aloe. Gloire de Dijon, l'Aurora, Eugénie Beauharnais, Maréchal Neil, La Belle Lyonnaise, dispute the supremacy of exotic orchid, camellia, azalea, begonia, and cassia from inlet to inlet, until yielding up life in the sacrifice of the perfumers of Grasse with jonquil, tuberose, verbena, violet, and that noted sister, the muscadine, used in distilling essences. Monsieur Alphonse Karr, the magician of the sunshine, whose bidding the most capricious and stubborn plant obeyed, will ever remain the great Rose Prophet of the Riviera.

Did Genoa intoxicate her guests in the prime of her

glory as a city and a republic with a spell more potent than that of old wine in the sweetness of roses? Did the Doge cause a shower of variegated petals to fall softly from the gilded ceiling down on the banquet given in honor of some foreign prince, feared as a conqueror, or to be propitiated as an ally, Heliogabalus wise? Had not the returned traveller or sailor delightful descriptions to recount in the market-place of the plains of Persia aglow with roses, and the fragrant harvests of Roumelia treasured for eastern harems in the slender glass bottles of attar, lettered with gold? Did the Genoese Cleopatras spread their floors with a velvet carpet of fresh roses a foot in depth? Were the gay damsels of the balconies regaled in time of carnival with the oriental sweetmeat, the rose-jam of Turkey and Greece, "dulchatz," or the Rahat Lakoum of Stamboul confectioners, as modern maidens nibble Nice violets crystallized?

The little Russian boy is not sailing his toy boat on the beach to-day; in his place that juvenile son of Genoa, Beppo, launches on the silvery ripples a somewhat clumsy craft of his own carving, fashioned from a block of wood with a dull pocket-knife. A group of admiring comrades watch his movements with much shrill advice, imparted gratuitously, and received with contempt. Beppo is a nimble lad of eight years, with a brown little face, bright eyes, and sharp, white teeth. His raiment consists of some blue rags of a nondescript character, fastened with a sash around the waist, his feet are bare, and his head is surmounted by a red cap, like a button. A healthy type of childhood, a waif of Genoa, whose mother is dead while his father is absent on a voyage to America, Beppo, a son of the Littoral, with the sun and the wind for his favorite playfellows, turns by instinct to the sea, as did Columbus in his youth.

You leave the arbor of the terrace, descend the path, and step on board of the native vessel. At the moment the pic-

ture of a French artist reverts to the mind, in which some children convert an old wooden shoe into a boat to float on the river current. "This is the 'Cristoforo Colombo,'" proclaims the little Genoese, taking command. "We are about to explore the western shore." — "No; this is only a shoe, a French *sabot*, or one of those wooden sandals worn at Lucca and Como," you rejoin. "However, such as it is, let us christen it our yacht 'Reverie.'"

So with the music of the mandolin still humming in your ears, and the perfume of the roses lulling all your senses to idleness, you drift away from the beach at Pegli, almost imperceptibly, and with an odd consciousness of "making believe," as the children say, in every movement. If all the world is enjoying a holiday on the fairy vessels known as yachts, surely one may creep along the shore in the shoe craft, with the Genoese boy acting as pilot. Possibly the boat more closely resembles in build that launched on the German Ocean by Van Kompf, as the first yacht, than any graceful, gilded shell sent forth on Adriatic waves by the Venetian Doge Marino Faliero. Never was less adventurous voyage undertaken under the guidance of a Genoese mariner! Never was a more sudden and unpremeditated embarkation than from the beach of Pegli! You skirt the land from the side of the water, as a skiff floats in the cool shadow of a hill on the surface of a lake of a summer evening, or a slender canoe threads its way up some secluded river, parting the over-hanging branches of the trees, and pushing aside a network of entangling vines. No pungent breath of the sea greets the nostrils, — only the mingled odors of earth, gardens, and the tar of cordage and shipyards. The most trivial and insignificant details acquire a photographic distinctness even in fleeting glimpses, while whole ranges of distant coasts remain dim and vague, portions of a clouded horizon. From a salient, almost oppressive feature of the scene there is no possibility of

escape: that barrier of mountains, the Maritime Alps, becomes a menacing, frowning wall of rock seamed by glacier fissures, worn by descending torrents, and often crowned by the pure, crystal white of freshly fallen snow. There is a cadenced, almost wearisome reiteration on the brain, at times, that you must contemplate the early home of a curious people in the ancient Ligurians. Upon those heights they were born, plunged into the adjacent icy stream as a rude baptism of life, while their vigorous mothers resumed the labor of the field. The austerity of the rearing of those Ligurian babies recalls that of the Scandinavians rolled at a tender age in a snow-bank to brace the frame for the hardships of early hunting, in the good old times, or the papoose of the North American Indian inured from the cradle to the lot of a brave. In no wise did they resemble dimpled childhood of the present day of the Nice promenade, enveloped in lace, and reposing on the broad breast of a foster mother in national peasant costume of her class, Russian, Hungarian, or Roman, protected from the sun by a silk parasol. Grown to manhood, the mountain baby is represented by the Greeks and Romans as fond of liberty, while cultivating the soil with commendable assiduity, pounding and crumbling the stones and enriching the sand, sowing grain in the valleys, fostering sturdy trees between the rocks to serve as durable timber, planting vines on the slopes, and rearing bees. He subsisted on barley, radishes, the meat of game, and wild fruits, while his beverages were milk, water, and a liquor made of barley. No doubt he would have laughed to scorn the smothering luxury of the dainty cot, shrouded in gossamer draperies, fastened with knots of ribbon, prepared for the offspring of Fortune, seeking winter sunshine on the Riviera, as for generations he slept in the open, under a tree, until he bethought him to seek shelter from the tempest of the winter night in caves, and, later, even built himself a rude hut entirely without

cement. He exchanged honey, leather, and skins with other nations as a rudimentary form of traffic. His raiment consisted of the sheepskin still worn by the shepherds of many countries, with the surface of wool turned inside for winter wear, and outside for the summer months. There came a date when he gazed enviously at the foot covering of the Roman soldiery, and imitated it, while the simple sheepskin was equally discarded in favor of a round garment of wool, cut with little folds on the flanks. Thus he lived his day; and as the older ranks of forest, when cut down, leave the soil prepared by the sunshine for other forms of growth in plants, the ancient Ligurian made way for the Roman. Some seed-germs were carried by the wind to take root elsewhere; the sea sparkling below lured him to become a bold sailor; he sallied forth to war, he was the armed retainer of feudal lords in their strongholds and castles. There extend the wall of rock, the picturesque valleys stretching far inland, the lovely outline of hills merging to cliff and summit, catching every shadow of dappling cloud and rift of dazzling light on the soft gray of arid surfaces, and the green zones of lush verdure. Surely the sinew and vigor of the early hunters amidst the glaciers and the snow-peaks must still exist in the men and women who flock down to the towns of the shore in the season to serve as hewers of wood and drawers of water.

The Roman conqueror succeeded, with his broad and massive personality, in the civilization of laws, architecture, and military strength. He smoothed the roads of all obstructions, previously rendered inaccessible by the wary and savage Ligurians as a means of keeping any foes at bay, to connect the region with the famous Via Postumia and the Via Emilia in the system of linking together town after town with Rome on one side, and Genoa with Piacenza, Rimini, Friuli, the Alps, and Germany on the other. He gave to Cannes her bridge, to Turbia its trophy, to

Clausonne and Vallauris aqueducts, to Napoule and Auribeau granaries, and to Vence and Grasse temples dedicated to the twelve gods. He built a wall at Mentone, a circus at Ventimiglia, villas at Cap Martin, and an amphitheatre for gladiatorial combats at Cimiez. In turn he levied tribute on the western Riviera according to the resources of the shore. The coverlets, mantles, and aprons woven at Taggia were much esteemed in the market of Rome. Lime and brick-kilns abounded along the coast, of which traces are still visible, and at Vallauris the potter moulded his vessels and vases from the clay of the vicinity. Genoa furnished tiles, and the slate used in the arts of design, and for pilasters, the quarries receiving the name of Tegolata from the Romans.

Beppo, the juvenile commander of our shoe-craft, may be said to be paying a visit to his kindred, so marked has been the Genoese influence on the western Littoral from the earliest period of history. Accepting Genoa as the central market of Liguria, even as a convenient spot for barter with the rude tribes, and a rendezvous of growing prosperity in a Roman colony, the infant towns in the direction of Marseilles turned to her for assistance and protection, owning allegiance to her government as well. The pages of local history record the rebellious and refractory attitude of these tributaries to all maternal coercion through the centuries, now forming alliance with certain powerful barons of their neighborhood, also petulant under the restraint of the Genoese yoke, and again lending ear to the flatteries of foreign invaders, eager to rob the Sea City of her wealth, and to weaken her power. The fishermen and sailors — a race apart — still keep their traditions of parentage, and retain the Genoese *patois* to a large extent.

Voltri stretches from the promontory, tunnel-pierced, up the blooming valley of the Ceruso. Here is a secluded

nook of inlets sheltered by the rocks, where sand forms a smooth deposit of beach, and the waters acquire the most exquisite tints in zones of beryl-green, sapphire, and topaz. The spot is one of those tiny bathing-stations no doubt frequented in summer by people of the interior, where the late Duke of Aosta might have led his three little sons into the waves when they were recently bereaved of their mother, — once queen of a stormy Spain. A small urchin, resembling our pilot, wearing a red cap and with bare feet, scuds across the cove, takes a stick from his pocket, and begins to draw on the moist sand. He works swiftly; and when the sketch is completed he steps back a pace and contemplates it with satisfaction, while fully aware that the next wave will erase the picture from this delightful slate. What design has he made of biped, animal, or bird, this little Giotto of the Littoral?

Farther on between Avenzano and Cogoleto, the reputed birthplace of Columbus, a low, yellow wall borders the road where an old man sits, basking in the warmth and begging for alms. He is of Beppo's kindred also, an ancient mariner, with a nut-cracker type of countenance, and bushy, irascible eyebrows. He wears a red cap with a tassel, and has a pair of crutches leaning against the boundary. A pensioner of the nuns of the adjacent convent, with the roof of red tiles and a belfry, he mumbles garrulous reminiscences to himself, seated on the wall, and it is to be feared reviles those passers-by who neglect to bestow money on him. All about the spot grow cypress-trees, aloes, and oleanders, loading the air with sweetness, while to the left opens a retrospective glimpse of the coast, with Genoa shining like a pearl on her purple promontory in the warm light, a vision more beautiful than dreams. How does it happen that you stand beside the ancient mariner on the white and dusty road, and observe the ebbing of the tide in a so-called "tideless" sea, the waters

having receded far beyond the usual line of foam and low rocks, fringed with sea-weeds, rifts of sand, and margins of pebbles revealed in naked ugliness? A woman with kilted gown, and a basket in which to gather some fruit of the sea, is walking out through the ripples, followed by a little yellow dog. The dog is puzzled, curious, and half afraid, as he splashes into a pool occasionally, and scrambles out again. This withdrawal of the sea is sinister, even menacing. One dreads the sweeping in of some recurring tidal wave.

"What does it mean?" you demand of the ancient mariner.

He shakes his head and shades his eyes with one knotted brown hand. "Who knows?" he rejoins. "Who ever knows what may happen?"

The next moment the shoe-craft is skirting Savona, without danger of collision with the throng of British ships in the second coal-importing port of Italy. Time was when the sailors of Savona, Noli, and Albenga won for themselves especial privileges after the wars of Palestine. In 1528 Genoa sunk hulks filled with stone in the harbor, in rebuke of a too ambitious daughter. One of the tales of theft of Napoleon I. lingers at Savona in the accusation of attempting to abstract the Fisherman's ring from the desk of Pope Pius VII., when the latter was detained a prisoner here.

Albenga has been quaintly described by Giustiniani as a city abounding in mariners, armorers, and hemp, situated in a valley fertile with grain, oil, and wine. To the left hand of the modern town, with her ruins of ancient castles and cathedral framed in distant mountain-ranges, and opposite the rocky island of Gallinaria, once teeming with rabbits, crowned with a tower, there is a garden where dwells a philosopher from the far north of Europe, at peace with all the world. Was ever retreat better chosen? One is reminded of Virgil's words: —

"I remember that under the lofty turrets of Æbalia, where black Galaesus moistens the yellow fields, I saw an old Corycian, to whom belonged a few acres of neglected land, not rich enough for the plough, nor fit for grazing, nor kindly for vines; yet here planting among the bushes pot herbs, white lilies, vervain, and slender poppies, he matched in his content the wealth of kings. He was first to gather the rose in spring, and fruit in autumn; and even while stern winter was splitting the rocks with cold, and bridling the rivers with ice, in that very season he would pluck the tender hyacinth, chiding the late spring and the tardy zephyrs. His teeming bees were the first to swarm; he was the first to strain the frothing honey from the pressed combs: abundant limes and pines were his."

On the height the morning sun shines on a weather-beaten little town perched on a crag of rock. From the distance out at sea of yonder fleet of fishing-boats the hamlet must be a heap of stones, left by the Saracens, scarcely distinguishable from the cliff. Here the walls, amber, brown, and gray, seamed, broken, and distorted, with an occasional aperture of barred casement, yawning doorway, and black shadow of narrow street, are distinctly visible. A woman with dishevelled hair emerges on the path leading to the bridge across the chasm. Her haggard mien and irresolute movements betray that she is mad, and has escaped from the chamber in one of those dilapidated houses where she has been beating out her life for the past twenty years. An English spinster sits on the slope sketching the fishing fleet, a tiny porcelain palette much dabbled with ultramarine tints held on her thumb. The mad woman observes her, hesitates, crouches low, and glides past. The paralyzed gentleman drives around the bend of road, in his bath chair, drawn by a donkey, led by a boy. The invalid yawns under his silk umbrella, and wishes the spring were only sufficiently far advanced to seek Varese or Lake Maggiore. The mad woman shrinks behind a carouba-tree

with bated breath. The unconscious spinster hums a song as she mixes more ultramarine on the palette, and agreeable thoughts of the Grosvenor Gallery fill her mind. Is not this the garden of Eden? Geraniums tuft all the walls with great masses of bloom, sweet-scented thyme, scarlet ranunculus, fleshy leaved mesembryanthemum, abound, while pink and white gumcistus, golden cytisus, and lentisk skirt the slope. The pure air is fragrant with the mingled odors of countless plants, aromatic, prickly, and often shielding waxy tissues in a tough, leathery exterior as a protection against the hot sun. The sea lures the maniac. Her fixed idea is the escape of oblivion beneath the crystal waves. She flits to the bridge, springs on the parapet, and extends her arms to the waters shimmering far below. Two stalwart brothers have tracked her, and now seize her firmly. She writhes fiercely, then submits in sullen despair, and the trio climb the hill once more. Will the artistic lady and the invalid ever know of the eyes which glared at them in frenzy, and the sinewy hand of danger outstretched on the calm morning?

Down on the brink of the narrow bay another little town keeps market-day around the fountain and piazza. A cluster of pepper-trees, with feathery foliage, and bunches of red berries, is visible above a garden wall, and a terrace gained by broad flights of steps leading to the parish church, which is decorated with damask draperies around the door. Booths of fishmongers, vegetable dealers, merchants of gay handkerchiefs, toys, linen, and household utensils fill the piazza, which is flanked by a café, with a large window. The girls laugh and chatter as they fill their copper vessels at the fountain. A sister of Charity, wearing a blue robe, and a wide winged white bonnet, ascends the steps, and enters the church. Suddenly a young steer runs across the piazza. A panic of flight and confusion ensue. The booths are deserted, people rush into doorways, and stumble

over each other in the frantic effort to escape. The animal pauses, as if astonished at the commotion he has occasioned. He has broken loose from the cattle-yard on the outskirts of the town, whither he was driven with a herd last night. He looks innocent enough, small, dove-colored, and slender, only foam gathers about the mouth. At this moment a little shepherd, wearing a vest of sheepskin, and nibbling a dried chestnut taken from his pockets, drives a flock of sheep along the shore, aided by a careworn dog. He has come across the mountains from Piedmont, descending by the next valley. The mad steer turns, and bolts at the café window. There is a crash of glass, several shots, a cloud of smoke, shrieks, and groans. The little shepherd, with his flock of sheep, turns the bend of town-wall and shore, and is in the midst of the market-place. Here is an incident of real life which will suffice for excited gossip in a narrow sphere for a week.

A gray veil of olive-trees enshrouds thriving Porto Maurizio, as the centre of the oil-trade of the district. On a terrace stands an ancient tree, with violets, wild tulips, arum, and periwinkles growing about the knotted and twisted roots. Hither troop the children on the wintry afternoon, the half-grown idiot boy with the pale and timid face dragging the baby in a clumsy little wagon with wooden wheels, and the others following, one girl swinging a bandana handkerchief tied in the form of a bag. The olive-tree reached, the merry sprites set about teasing the idiot. The old cruel game of matching nimble wits with feeble faculties, inherent in all races, is played over again. The tall, limp lad is sent hurrying back toward the town in obedience to a paternal summons. When he returns the wagon is overturned, and the baby has vanished, together with all the other children. Trembling with fright he calls, and seeks for his precious charge on every side, and in vain. He seats himself on the ground, and yields

to helpless lamentations. Then the baby, sturdy, rosy, clad in a crimson frock, and with a white cotton nightcap on his round little head, which makes the tiny plebeian resemble the portrait of King Charles of England in the Academy of St. Luke at Rome, painted in royal infancy, comes creeping through the bushes on his hands and knees, while the older fugitives spring forth from ambush with shouts of glee. The idiot nurse embraces the baby, and replaces the rogue in the wagon. The girl unties the handkerchief, and spreads it on the grass. The contents consist of dry crusts, and pieces of coarse, dark bread, smeared with olive oil by some indulgent mother at home. The children find the luncheon delicious, for truly says the Italian proverb, "Hunger transmutes beans into almonds." The idiot feeds the baby with bits of his portion, and his tormentors steal the remainder. The old olive-tree, with the wild-flowers growing about the roots, and the group of children, would be a worthy subject for an artist.

Two aged women pause in the road to the eastward of San Remo, distaff in hand. Both are bent, shrivelled, bronzed by sun and wind, and toilworn, but one has the sharply accentuated features, with the drooping curves of lips and nostrils, of Michelangelo's Fates in the Pitti Palace, while the countenance of the other is mild and resigned. Behind them rises the ancient town of San Remo, arch and buttress and crowding roof culminating in the Church of the Madonna della Costa, and the Hospital of the Lepers, the whole scene enclosed in a wide sweep of hill, olive clad, merging to spaces of earth and rock having warm tones of ochre and russet-red. The ancient chronicles of Genoa make mention of the Popes sending here for palms, and the Jews of Germany for fragrant cedars used in religious observance. A party of strangers return from an excursion in the direction of Taggia, several mounted on donkeys, and others on foot. The ladies pause a moment to

watch the deft manipulation of the distaff in the bony fingers of the crones in an age of machine spinning.

"Why do they stare at us as if we were animals?" mutters the Fate, with her eyes fixed on the ground.

"Eh, Patience!" responds her companion. "It may not be the custom of their country to spin."

In her tolerance of others the latter shows herself to be a citizen of the world.

The soft, gray atmosphere of olive-clad hill, cloudy sky, and silvery sea are typical of the tranquillity of old age, with that underlying meaning of a religious chord in the symbolism of certain trees employed by diverse creeds, the palm for Rome, and the cedar for ancient synagogues of Germany.

The palms of Bordighera, that "bit of Africa" on the coast, rise in delicately pencilled fronds toward a sky of purest blue warming to sunset gold on the horizon, guarded by the town rampart. Down on the shore where the white crested waves break their foam on the shingle the fisherman is weaving a dip-net for the purpose of dredging tiny shell-fish of the clam and mussel families where shallow beaches permit. He utilizes two rush-bottomed chairs for a loom. He is a short and swarthy man, with curling hair and beard, almost woolly in texture, cheek and neck burned to a deep mahogany tint by the summer sun, and a cast of feature suggestive of Tunis, Morocco, and Algiers. He wears a blue Jersey shirt, and the invariable red cap. He is spinning a yarn to a circle of attentive listeners, now pausing in his work to wave his arms, or to snap his fingers. Old men, women with babies in their arms, and children lying prone on the ground, with their gaze fixed on the narrator, are held spell-bound. Are the story-tellers who transport their audience out of a sphere of care, sorrow, and illness all dead? Does the fisherman truly belong to Africa, where the Oriental imagination of the Thousand and One Nights may still charm the Harem, the café,

and the tent in the desert? Must we relegate the group on the Bordighera shore to the childhood of the human race, in our superiority of Pessimism? The warm, orange glow of sunset deepens, gilding the stems of the palms, and sparkling on the rocky sides of the promontory as on masses of crude metals, granite, or porphyry, veined with copper. The Arab gave to the Riviera the cork-tree, the Saracen wheat (*blé Sarrazin*), pumps for irrigation, the art of moulding water-jars, *norias*, rice, sugar, cotton, saffron, and flax. As a gardener he planted the palm, the peach, the Bushra rose, and left the name of yâsmyn (Jasmine), leymoun (lemon), and salatha for salad. As a botanist and surgeon he was, with the Jew, at the very cradle of modern science, and far in advance of Christian leeches in the compounding of elixirs, juleps, and syrups. Poets learned to rhyme of him, and astronomers the use of globes. As a cook are there not national dishes in the kitchen of the Littoral compounded of rice, tomatoes, and pigeons of Moorish origin?

Ah, Ventimiglia, shining in the sun, scene of prosaic custom-house espionage of the frontier, have you forgotten the terrible record of the summer of 1884, when the Italian Minister Depretis sought to check cholera, flying from France on the swift wing of pestilence, by a land quarantine, as the Royal Physicians of Turin bleed the House of Savoy for lung diseases to this day?

Mentone, crowned with roses, brimming over every parapet in rank luxuriance, filling all parterres with rich and dusky bloom, and shedding their petals on the breeze! Dear reader, have you ever lingered in the East Bay until June, when the winter visitors have long since flitted away? The evening sky is still flecked with a tinge of opalescence, like the lining of certain shells, and the calm sea is flushed pink and pearl. A large disk of moon is suspended in the transparent heavens before her light is perceptible. The

people of the country pass along the quay, the girls singing canticles to the Madonna *en route* for the shrine of pilgrimage up among the hills, where the Piedmontese king, Charles Albert, paused to pray in his flight to Portugal, after his abdication. In June, Mentone mingles roses with the blossoms of her lemon groves, — roses as perfect in snowy purity as Dante's symbolical flower of the seventh heaven, roses as aromatic in perfume as those of Gulistan. She heaps them upon her tardy guest, like a prodigal queen, until the languid sweetness becomes a waking and a sleeping dream.

The shoe-boat pauses at Cap Martin. How to decide as to the most beautiful spot on earth? The writer would give the preference to Cap Martin, bathed by the sea, fringed with ancient olive-trees, and with that marvellous amphitheatre of hills enclosing Mentone on the line of water margin, and rising to the bald, gray *Berceau* in bold undulations of form, and every variety of hue, green, lilac, purple, and pearly white, as the clouds sweep past overhead. Time was when pious nuns occupied a convent here, and the valiant citizens of Mentone promised to flock to their aid if they rang the chapel bell as a signal of distress. The nuns sounded the bell at midnight to test the courage of their neighbors, who donned armor, and sallied forth on a fruitless quest. When those men of Mentone again heard the convent bell they failed to rally, and the Saracens swept down on the convent, and carried every nun into captivity.

The fisherman balances himself in his light boat on the shadowy waves at evening. He has filled an iron basket with glowing fire in the prow to attract his prey. Sardine, anchovy, sea-urchins, or black mussels are all welcome to him by night or day. He attaches a bell to his nets which tinkles with such a weird vibration in the hours of darkness on the sea as on the Italian lakes. No doubt he can

compound a most delectable *bouillabaisse* on a *festa*, with plenty of garlic, saffron, and oil. He is a native of Monaco, and near by the principality stretches out into the sea, wearing its most fairy-like, if artificial, aspect of the theatre scenery, sparkling with electric lights. The human moths gather around the lighted Casino of Monte Carlo as the fisherman's basket of fire in the boat's prow attracts finny victims. In the shadow of the past rests the Palace of the princes of Monaco with the curious chimney-piece on which may be deciphered: The man who pretends to know God, and does not keep his commandments, is a liar. The history of Genoa is inseparably interwoven with that of the tiny tributary, from the landing here of Falco di Castello in 1215 with ships loaded with wood, lime, and iron to lay the foundations of the Palace, the exile and rebellion of many members of the Grimaldi family, to Honoré III., Marshal under Louis XV., who succeeded Duke Valentinois, visited Genoa, and fell in love with Caterina Brignole-Sale, niece of Francesco Brignole-Sale, former Doge, when the nice point of etiquette in precedence exacted that bride and bridegroom should each advance a step on the bridge of the vessel. The present, with its Casino and myriad stars of light, is an anomaly. A prince of Monaco recalls a genre picture. How imagine him otherwise than as a courtier, with lace ruffles, plumed hat, shoe-buckles, and jewelled snuff-box? Louis I., who married Charlotte de Gramont of the household of Henrietta, Duchess of Orleans, and was the rival of Charles II. of England in the favors of the Duchess of Mazarin, best embodies the portrait.

Farther along the coast the well of St. Honorat still gives drink to the thirsty, on the Isle de Lérins, opposite Cannes, in the famous monastery of legend and learning, where in 1107, as Saint Porcaire, the abbot, celebrated Mass, the white turbans of the Saracens appeared in the

doorway, and the monks bit the dust. The adjacent Castle of St. Marguerite tells no tales to the lapsing waves of the escape of Marshal Bazaine, or the earlier imprisonment of the Man with the Iron Mask.

In the far distance bask the Golden Isles of Hyères, so-called from the orange, *aurea poma*, thriving there. A monk, supposed to be of Genoese origin, was elected librarian of the most important convent of the Isles, in the thirteenth century. He described the trees, birds, and environs, and discovering in the library two volumes of a predecessor, containing the lives of several Provençal poets, as well as records of ancient families of Aragon, Provence, and Italy, with their arms and insignia, copied the work on fine parchment, richly adorned with miniatures, and sent the gift to Alfonso V. as a patron of letters.

The roses cling about the old towns, shedding their sweetness on the dark and narrow streets of St. Paul-du-Var and Villeneuve-Loubet, and clothing in luxuriant sprays the terraces and steps of Gourdon-sur-le-Loup or Vence.

The shoe-boat casts anchor in the harbor of Villefranche, and the towers and walls of the town loom overhead, while cypress, aloe, terebinth, and roses fringe the shore. Villefranche is the beautiful woman of the Mediterranean, who, like the Oriental, gazes at her image reflected in the pure depths, and casts the blossom of the Asoka-tree into the bath to enhance her charms. Science reads a more serious lesson in the lovely roadstead, for Haeckel in 1864 discovered here the first principle of life in the little glutinous masses of balls invisible to the naked eye attached to the rocks, and in the sea.

The mandolin buzzes more insistently in the ear, played by the old actor, and a fresh wave of scent is perceptible as the old actress rearranges the roses of her basket. You are seated on the terrace of the old villa at Pegli, and down

on the shore the little Genoese Beppo is floating his clumsy bit of a boat. None the less you have made a voyage along the western Riviera.

"Within the branching shade of Reverie
Dreams, even, may spring till autumn."

CHAPTER VII.

A MEDITERRANEAN SEA-SHELL.

BEYOND her shelter of port the natural gateway of sea opens for Genoa. The gaze of her children has ever turned to this vast highway of the nations with the longings of ambition to excel in military prowess, animated by the bold spirit of exploration, or scheming to acquire wealth in distant colonies.

On a day of boisterous March weather you have lingered long in the studio of the English artist on the height of Carignano. Masses of cloud rob the city and the hills of beauty of coloring, while the sea, agitated and noisy, with greenish reflections on the heaving billows, encroaches on the land as it were, and asserts a complete supremacy. A majolica group occupies a bracket on the wall, representing Nereus, with hair and beard of sea-weed, whose empire extends over the bottom of the Mediterranean, and at his feet Triton, son of Poseidon, riding a sea-horse, and blowing on a conch shell to calm the waves, while the winds form a group around the pedestal, dominated by Eolus, as master, Boreas, the north wind, and Eurus, the east wind, in threatening attitudes, Notus, the south wind, and Zephyrus, the west wind, floating with languid grace of movement. "He is a great friend of mine, old Nereus," the artist remarks. "Fancy living far removed from his realm! He very nearly received an unceremonious visit from me last spring in his favorite residence of the Ægean Sea by

the capsizing of a boat from my cousin's yacht. The group is rather a good specimen of modern Ginori of Florence."

He seeks a ring in a mosaic cabinet and slips it on your finger, with a smile. The amethyst, set in gold, is an imitation of those ancient gems on which a Nereid is engraved. By holding the stone to the light of the window the tiny figure, half maiden and half fish, of one of the fifty daughters of the classic sea who were kind to sailors, appears to float on summer waves.

"Keep it for a souvenir of the Mediterranean," adds the artist, as you depart.

What if one sought the vicinity of the light-house, at least, to look at the turbulent sea lashed into billows by such a wind? You are not destined to reach the shore on this occasion. Quitting the Piazza San Felice, and descending the hill by a flight of steps toward the port to avoid the rude gusts pervading wider thoroughfares, you are blown by chance into a narrow and obscure *vicolo*. Overhead the tiles of the roofs and the weathercocks creak and rattle, and bits of paper, straws, and dust eddy around corners of branching alleys and tiny squares.

You pause before the window of a shop where the gleam of pearly shells, coral, and models of boats of cork and wood attract the eye even in the obscurity. You enter the small and dark place. An indescribable smell greets the olfactory nerves, which seems to be blended of tobacco, the pungency of dried sea-weeds, salt, and fried fish as emanating from adjacent living-rooms. The shop is scarcely more than a nook hollowed out of the wall of an ancient and massive building like the recesses of the merchants of an oriental bazaar, and resembles a ship's cabin; for crowded as it is with curious objects, there is a certain element of order perceptible in the stowing away of boxes and cases, and the suspension of sea-fans, finger-sponges, nets, and paddles across the low ceiling, or on the walls. The

proprietor is a relic of the sea, characteristic of all ports, with a good-humored, rubicund countenance, long white hair and beard, and a wooden leg that taps on the floor as he moves about his kingdom. A woman pauses in the door in the rear of the premises occasionally, and little grandchildren run in to aid with the business. He beams a welcome on a possible customer.

What does the shop contain? What does the shop *not* contain? In one corner there is a standard of the weapons used by the natives of Cuba, Mexico, and the Islands of the Pacific, together with a quiver of arrows, and some javelins of cane, with plumed notches, that Columbus might have brought to Europe in returning from his voyages. An Arctic fox stands opposite, and above, on a shelf, a little Auk, with some dried specimens of the Lapland moss used for bedding, the *Polytrichum commune* of Linnæus. And the shells? The cases, the shelves, the window, are brimming over with shells of every variety of size, convolution, and hue. Choice among all these treasures becomes bewildering, — shells from the reefs of the Red Sea, with filaments of the algæ attached, *oscillatoria rubescens*, which imparts color to those waters, from the beaches of Corsica, and the tiny, transparent rice-shells used to make the flowers of the West Indies. A wampum belt, a hioqua shell, a handful of clustering whelks taken from the bowlders, and a string of cowries occupy a wooden platter in the window. The Arctic sea-clam, *Mya truncata*, and dull little shells found amidst the half-melted snows of streams in the Polar Zone are heaped with the Limacina, the Neptumea, the Helix, the Nautilus from floating kelp, and specimens of the famous Murex which once furnished the purple dye of Tyre. A shield of rhinoceros-hide hangs on a nail, and a tortoise shell that might have been chorded by Jubal, for the first lyre, rests on a bracket. Large bivalves of the *Mytilus* and *Pinna marina* class have

been polished in order that their inner surface of pearl and rich, carnelian red tints may tempt amateurs to paint tiny pictures of the blue sea and boats, or the silvery white outline of the Apennines, when seated on the piers of Leghorn and Viareggio during the bathing season. A *Luticorin*, the great pink conch shell of Ceylon, gathers all the color and the pearly iridescence of a case, as if reflecting the rainbow prism of tropical waters.

The old shopkeeper is garrulous. He speaks English, with racy inflections, and odd turns of expression, interlarded with French. The little grandchildren regard him respectfully the while, with dilating black eyes. He has been a follower of the sea, and has several times sailed around the globe. Formerly he collected these marine curiosities on his voyages, but now his son-in-law, cousins, and old mates bring them to him in returning home to Genoa.

A string of amber beads swings in the window, so rich in the warm hues of the topaz that it might have been the collar given by the early Phœnician merchant to the king of Syria for the queen. The visitor would not be surprised if the mariner drew forth, slyly, from a coffer covered with faded red velvet, a rope of pearls such as a Venetian dame of the fifteenth century might have worn, those lustrous gems of ocean depths believed to be drops of dew or rain congealed within the shell of the oyster by Pliny and Marco Polo. As it is, he produces from a box the spike of a sea lion's mustache, such as the Chinese use to clean opium pipes. He displays with the curious mixture of respect and contempt of the sailor, accustomed to mingling with many races, a fossil ammonite, wrapped in a morsel of lustrous stuff which might have been woven from the silky byssus of one of his own shells. This is a salagram, the talisman of the Hindu, too sacred to be mentioned, and placed near a dying person. Vishnu is believed to be

crystallized within the walls of silex and violet quartz of the chambered convolutions of the ammonite.

You seek among the stores of delicate, prickly *Pinnæ*, and the *Strombi*, all rosy cameo surface within, and take up a conch shell, white, with pale amber lines of coloring, which might have served as Triton's trumpet.

> "Sinuous shells of pearly hue
> Within, and they that lustre have imbibed
> In the Sun's palace-porch, where when unyoked
> His chariot-wheel stands midway in the wave ;
> Shake one and it awakens ; then apply
> Its polished lips to your attentive ear,
> And it remembers its august abodes,
> And murmurs, as the ocean murmurs there."

THE ROOT.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE BRONZE TABLET.

GENOA in a fog, soft, white vapor obliterating boundary wall, roof, and tower in an impalpable mist, — such is the atmosphere of Saint Anthony's *festa*, January 17. Genoa, the modern seaport and chief commercial town of Italy, teeming with the activity of traffic, has ceased to exist, — while the fog lasts. At such a moment all the fables of the origin of the Sea City in remote antiquity have full sway over the mind. Giano, king of the Aborigines, founded the site of the central mart of the Ligurian coast, with the speedy derivation of the name of Genoa for the town. Such is one theory of settlement. Above the arches which separate the nave from the aisles of the Cathedral of St. Lawrence is an inscription in Gothic characters proclaiming that Janus, the great grandson of Noah, and, in addition, another Janus from Troy, dwelt here later. This fantastic confusion of myth is not devoid of charm on the morning of fog. Why may we not contemplate the fleeting, misty form of Noah's great-grandson as planting his standard of home on this spot as well as the Ark floating up to the height of ancient Fiesole instead of stranding on Mount Ararat, according to grave Florentine historians? Still another and more practical theory of the christening of the city is that the name of Genua, Janus, or Janua, was derived from the port, or a gateway of the sea, affording an easy entrance as of an

open door to Lombardy, Piedmont, and Tuscany. In the books, or records, of the ancient Latins the name of Genua is employed, while the Greeks called the infant colony Genoa, — as did Ptolomeo in his Cosmography. In Spanish, Arabic, French, and Tuscan the accepted modification became Genova. The most attractive of all the legends, and the one most readily adopted by the winter visitor from distant and dreary latitudes of the North, is that Janus, or Dianus, god of the sun, chose this favored region whereon his royal beams might bask, built on the brink of the sea, and sheltered by the mountains from the rudest winds.

The soft, white fog is not more obscure than the mystery of the sources whence emanated the human race, or more baffling than an attempt to trace the great waves of population to the cradle. All speculations on the subject lapse to reveries more vague than the swathing wreaths of haze concealing the squares, churches, and lofty palaces of Genoa. If Aristotle and Plato believed that the first race perished, and only a few survivors escaped to found new nations, the Jews of the second Temple mused on a generation of giants long passed away from earth, while the Greeks dreamed of the state of man before the Deluge of Deucalion. The billows that swept over Italy were the Siculians, the most ancient people mentioned in history, the Osques, the Umbrians, the Etruscans, Tyrrhenians, and Ligurians, each dominated in time by Roman supremacy.

Rome early appreciated the importance of the situation of Genoa. Facts more or less authentic pierce the shifting vapors of myth and fancy. Genoa existed B. C. 290, and held the presidency of the surrounding country. Titus Livius mentions the destruction of the place by the Carthaginians, and the subsequent rebuilding of the town wall by the Roman senator Spurius Lucretius. If Marseilles was founded in the forty-fifth Olympiad, and

Pisa was clearly first a Greek settlement at the date when the latter became a Roman colony, Genoa was the market whither Ventimiglia, Albenga, and other towns brought their wares for sale and barter. Genoa subsisted on sheep, milk, barley, and the harvests of the sea and the adjacent mountains. She dealt in honey, wax, and rosin. Wool was abundant in her fold, and she early mastered the craft of weaving the fleeces of the flocks covering the Alps and the Apennines. Modena and Padua wrought soft and sumptuous fabrics for the Roman world, carpets, and garments, but the rough wool of Genoa sufficed for the habiliments of Liguria in domestic use. In the course of centuries the wines of Italy, Cyprus, and Crete, sweet fruits, precious metals and jewels, spices and drugs of the far East, found their way as commodities to the same emporium.

According to some authorities the name of Genoa was first mentioned in the second Punic war, on the arrival of Hannibal in Italy. A few years later the Carthaginian Magon burned and pillaged the town. Another curious statement is that Belisarius, coming to Italy, established a governor named Bonus at Genoa in 539. Still more suggestive is the affirmation that Theodoric the Goth, whose yoke was imposed on Genoa, previously despised as a nucleus of fisher-folk down on the Mediterranean shore below the hills, granted certain privileges to a body of Jews, whose synagogue had been demolished, of restoring their sanctuary. "No one is constrained to believe against his own conscience," were the words of the so-called barbarian.

Reliable history of Genoa is reputed to begin only with the tenth century. The Archbishop Jacopo da Varagine has been severely censured by later critics and historians for losing himself in the fog of early fables. On the other hand, partisans of the learned ecclesiastic of 1292 attribute

to him the glory of having first translated the Holy Scriptures into Italian. He published many sermons, a brief chronicle of Genoa, and compiled the lives of the saints, under the title of the "Aurea Leggenda," which was rendered into all vulgar tongues, and won the author much reputation, despite certain defects of style. The fame of this poor archbishop with posterity has been clouded by the fact that another of his name, century, and religious order, bishop or monk, also wrote. To the latter is ascribed a chronicle of the Holy Land, and a dissertation on the game of chess, in Latin, discovered by Muratori in the recesses of a library.

Pause near the window, and glance over these old volumes. The white light of the fog renders the casement like ground glass. Here is a fragment of shrivelled parchment, with psalms, prayers, and orisons printed on both sides of the sheet in Latin. One is reminded of the anecdotes about early printing, when Laurence cut characters on a bit of bark and wrapped it in paper, in the woods of Harlem, only to discover that the covering, moistened accidentally by the rain, had reproduced the letters; or Maso di Finiguerra of Florence suffered the damp linen to be thrown over fine metal-work, which would ultimately lead by the impression received on the stuff to line engraving and aquaforte design. An illuminated scroll of a sonnet, doubtless inscribed by some Ligurian poet to a fair Genoese lady, beautifully written by a copyist of the fifteenth century, possibly blooms in the window beside the ancient parchment, framed with golden arabesque and zones of blue between interlacing foliage, with allegorical device of Venus, the Graces, and rosy cherubs fluttering down the page. The cherubs have a piteous and faded mien, as if demanding of a world where printing had been established by three men, Gutenberg, Fust, and Schoeffer, and was already flourishing in

nine cities of Italy, what fate of oblivion was in store for the graceful craft that had delineated their dimpled limbs? The Genoese copyists petitioned the municipality to continue certain privileges of work in favor of their impoverished families. What became of the copyists and illuminators later? The monks of certain great religious orders might still dream over the rainbow-tinted sheets of missals and choir-book, but the secular workers evidently went to the wall, as hand labor ever yields to machinery, — the spider's web of Belgian lace cushions to the whirring bobbins of great factories, the individual toil of the husbandman to the mechanical rapidity of the steam-driven plough or reaper in vast harvest-fields, in the revolutions of progress of the centuries.

The amateur paleographer has placed his treasures, these stray fragments, on a table near the window. He prides himself on recognizing the date of a manuscript by means of the ink employed, and is learned in the discussion of the uncial lettering of the fifth century, the Runic of the tenth, and the quadrate of the twelfth. To the uninitiated visitor the first bit of printed paper possesses the value of a link between the most perfect modern volume of Boston, New York, or London and the earliest inscriptions on the walls of Hindustan tombs and Scandinavian caverns, in Sanscrit and Runic characters, the writing on papyrus, bark, and palm leaves of other races.

It is the festival of Saint Anthony, patron of the cattle and the friendly pig. Time was when the latter domestic favorite roamed at pleasure about the streets of Genoa, — no doubt in honor of the saint. In the towns, the cabmen of the public squares offer their patrons the loaf of blessed bread carried on a dish by an attendant hostler, while few masters of stables will fail to have the premises sprinkled with holy water; and the young grooms place

a flower behind each horse's ear to celebrate the auspicious day. In the country, no doubt, these ceremonies have more gravity, and the farmers invoke the intercession of good Saint Anthony to avert accidents or distempers from the oxen, cows, and mules for the ensuing twelvemonth, with the aid of priest and acolyte.

Up in the Val di Polcevera, one of the two valleys trending inland from Genoa, the fog is less dense. The main features of the hamlets scattered through the country are unchanged from a description of them written in the Middle Ages:

"Around the parish church of each village was a little square planted with oaks or beech trees, where they hunted the cock, played ball, and danced some national dance to the strains of the *piva* (bag-pipe), the most popular measure being the Ruggero. The houses of the *contadini* consisted of four walls, divided at a certain height by a mid-story of thin boards. The upper chamber was connected with the lower by means of a wooden stairway. The entrance door gave ingress to the domestic hearth, the abode of the cow, the calf, and the ass, together with the utensils of labor, and the store of provisions. Here the mother of the family wove and spun, when not at work in the fields. The daughters also labored in tasks of the household, making the pot boil over the fire filled with herbs, seasoned with oil and salt, a portion named Prebugion. The upper room was the general sleeping chamber of the household."

Such must have been the home of Agostino of Piedimonte, in the parish of Izo in this same Valle di Polcevera, who in the year 1501 or 1506, as variously stated, took spade or pick-axe, and dug deep in the soil of his own little farm. He unearthed a tablet of bronze. The tablet, cast in bronze mingled with some silver, was a finger in thickness, nearly square in form, and in size

less than two *palmi*, the Genoese measure. The letters were cut in large capitals, with a chisel, and in a manner to leave no doubt of its antiquity. Is there not a phase of fascination in the event even now? Hidden treasure, buried in the ground, forgotten, or the owner long dead — is not the finding of such booty still the feverish dream of the modern Egyptian along the borders of the Nile, and the explorer of the coral islands? Agostino of Piedimonte unearthed an object of bronze with excitement and curiosity, as the British ploughman may turn up coins wherever Cæsar formed a camp; the French peasant come on an unexpected hoard at Narbonne or Arles, of rings, weapons, and armor; and the Italian *contadino* disclose on the Via Emilia at Verona the head of an elephant in bronze exquisitely modelled, earthen vessels, vases, and cups of burnt clay suggestive of the religion of Numa and the incense of the altars in the Romagna, and a jewel lost in the sacking of Rome by Alaric on the Campagna. Agostino took the tablet to Genoa, and sold it to the authorities. The senate of that date perceived the value of the historical record, secured it, and affixed it to the wall of black and white marble beside the Chapel of St. John the Baptist in the Cathedral of San Lorenzo.

The peasant may have returned homeward to the Val di Polcevera somewhat ruefully after the transaction, regretting that he had found no pile of gold, or sealed urn full of precious stones. The learned men of the period spied at the tablet with becoming interest, discovering from it that Rome had sent to the Valle di Polcevera two jurisconsuls, Q. M. Minutius and F. Ruffius, to settle a dispute as to the line of demarcation between the land of the Genoati and the Viturii. The Genoati inhabited Polcevera, with Langasco for their chief town, while the Viturii occupied the region of Voltaggio up

to the summit. The learned men were scarcely able to determine the period when Latin writing was placed side by side with Etruscan and Greek in the Roman world, as the fact has long remained an enigma of history; but the adoption of wooden tablets, stone, iron, and lead, and of waxed surfaces, had evidently succeeded the use of the bark of trees, especially of the linden tree, as the stylus must have yielded place, in turn, to quills of the goose and swan, and the reed. The ancient oak mentioned by Pliny was covered with Etruscan characters. The Annals of the Pontiffs, a species of chronological tables on wood, painted white, recording briefly public events from 350 to 623, were not destroyed during the Gallic invasion.

The leaders of the tribes back of Genoa were summoned to Rome to adjust their differences. The precise date is vague. One chronicler gives the year 290 B.C. and another 633. If the latter is correct, Rome had already become a great and vigorous power, despite wars, invasions, earthquakes, and pestilence. Romulus had been created the God of Shepherds, with the Sabine worship of the wolf in propitiation of the divinity Lupercus to spare the herds, while the Aventine had been the scene of fearful mysteries. To the reign of the kings had succeeded the Decemvirate; the great Lars Porsenna of Clusium had fallen like a tree; and the soldier Virginius had aroused the populace against tyranny, with his dead daughter hanging limp over his arm. Niebuhr compares Rome to the sea that receives all the rivers in absorbing the peoples along the Mediterranean shores. After the Tarentine War, Rome remained the master of Italy. Already the city rose in more spacious proportions from the ashes of early fires, and the indomitable race of insatiable conquerors rapidly developed a fondness for the power of riches as well. An order of capitalists was established,

bankers and builders were numerous, and in 316 taxes were imposed on fisheries, salt, mines, and pasturage. Each Roman reported himself to the authorities, his residence, and the amount of his fortune, in a manner that reminds one of the modern Russian. A new-born babe was enrolled on the list in the temple of Lucine, the adolescent when he put off childhood's garments for virile raiment at the age of fifteen years in the sanctuary of Juventas, and the dead in the register of the Libitina. (The goddess Libitina presided over funerals, and had a temple at Rome where a certain piece of money was lodged for every person who died, and whose name was entered in a book called *Libitinæ ratio*. This practice was adopted by Servius Tullius in order to obtain an account of the number of annual deaths in the city, and consequently the rate of increase or decrease of the inhabitants.)

A people capable of formulating enlightened laws for themselves were sure to make stringent regulations for all tributaries. Thus Rome is said to have had her system of police in each province, while a senate in every town was exacted by the most ancient laws. Luxury already sapped the Commonwealth, although Curius and Fabricius were accepted as models of the austere old stock. It will be remembered that the former received the Samnite ambassadors at his modest farm in the Sabine hills, while eating in a wooden bowl the beans which he had cooked in the ashes, and declined their gifts of gold. The senate was becoming effeminate. In the year 600, the Consul Elius made a law that an assembly need not be held during thunderstorms, and especially when the thunder was audible in the east, while for a member only to see a flash of lightning was sufficient excuse to break up a council. Was this extraordinary regulation a question of nerves, or of superstitious terror of the elements?

The human race was young and naïve in credulity and ignorance, for all its wonderful vitality of ambition and progress. One of the laws of the Twelve Tables was the penalty of death for practising the blight of enchantment on a neighbor's field of grain. The Edile Curule Sp. Postumius Albinus brought such an accusation before the people.

The affair of the tribes of the Genoese territory was settled thus: they were ordered to pay Rome a yearly tribute of wheat and wine, and the bronze tablet defining their rights was erected in the Val di Polcevera, that all who ran might read. When did the tablet fall into the dust of oblivion and disuse? How many years had it been buried in the ground when unearthed by the spade of the peasant? Giustiniani has rendered the record into Italian. It runs as follows: —

Q. M. Minutius and Q. F. Ruffo, having been sent officially to the spot, have heard the controversy between the Genoati and the Viturii, and in their presence have adjusted the dispute existing between them, declaring by the vigor of this law how they shall possess the country, and by what regulations they shall abide. To define the boundaries and order what shall be the exact limits, the parties must come to Rome. At Rome the parties presenting themselves, a sentence was given with the authority and as decreed by the senate on the thirteenth day of the month of December, in the time of the consulship of L. Cecilius, son of Quintus, and of Q. Minutius. Know that the country in detail from Castello belongs to the Viturii, which land they may sell, and bequeath to their heirs: this region need not pay taxes. The confines of the country in detail of Langasco are on the lower side, which begins at the spring of Iunna, and follows the river Edem; and this is the limit. From the river above to the stream Lemuro, and from the Lemuro up along the bank of Comberana, and from Comberana to the valley Ceptiena; these two terminuses form a circle to the Via Postumia. From these limits the rights of

country are the bank of Vindupalo, and from the side of Vindupalo to the river Neviasca, and from thence to the river Porcobera, down to the brook Vinelasca below, shall be the confine. From this point directly above the brook Vinelasca to the Via Postumia is another boundary, which also extends to the spring Immanicelo, and the river Edem. These are the terminations of the public lands belonging to the Langaschi. Edo and Porcobera together may be added, and here is the limit. From here by the river toward the Monte Lemuro, the lower slopes; here is the boundary. From here above directly to the Monte Procavo, and to the summit of Monte Lemuro, the highest peak; this shall be a border line. From thence directly up to the summit of Castello, which is named Aliano; this is a limit. From here up to the top of Monte Sovenzione; such shall be a boundary. From here to the height of Monte Apennino, called Boplo; this is a limit. From Apennino to the summit of Monte Tuledone; this is a margin. From hence descending by the stream Veraglasca with the Monte Berigema; here is the terminus. From here above to the top of Monte Prenico; this is the boundary. From here below to the river Tulelasca; such is the confine. From here by the height of Blustinelo to Monte Claxelo; this is the limit. From here direct to the brook Eniseca and the river Porcobera; such is the limit. From here down to where the river Porcobera and the Edo unite; this is the confine. This country is adjudged public. This country shall be possessed and enjoyed by the Castellani, the Langaschi, and the Viturii, and for the same reason the Langaschi shall pay to the Viturii, in public at Genoa every year four hundred *vittoriate* of money. If the Langaschi fail to give this indemnity, and are not satisfied with the arbitration of the Genoati, and the Genoese do not receive it in time, or there is any other impediment in the rendering of this indemnity, in that case the former shall furnish every season in public, at Genoa, the twentieth part of the wheat, and the sixth part of the wine grown on this territory. All such as possess fields within these confines, whether Genoati or Viturii, and all who did

possess them in the calends of the sixth month under the consuls L. Cecilius and Q. Minutius, being licensed to hold and cultivate, shall give indemnity to the Langaschi like the rest, and all who enjoy land. No one can have possessions in this territory without the consent of the majority of the Langaschi and the Viturii with this law, and none be introduced to cultivate the soil if not Genoati or Viturii. Whoever fails to obey this sentence, whether of the Langaschi or of the Viturii, shall not hold and enjoy fields. Animals may be pastured on the public grounds by Genoati and Viturii, as the Genoati pasture their cattle in other places. It is prohibited, no matter who attempts to do otherwise, either by force or evasion, to take wood and other materials from this territory for building purposes. The Langaschi must pay the tax of the first year to the Viturii, in public, at Genoa, in the calend of the second of January, if those who have enjoyed privileges have not paid voluntarily in the first calends of the month. The meadows in the vicinity of the boundary, according to the Consuls L. Cecilius and Q. Minutius, in the public property held by the Viturii and the Langaschi, and in which the Odiati, Dettumini, Cavaturini, and Mentonini also have a share, shall not be sown or used as pasturage by any one against common consent. If the Langaschi, whether Odiati, Dettumini, Cavaturini, or Mentonini, wish in this territory to take other fields, to defend and sow them, it is permitted to do so, with the exception that they do not take the largest portion of the meadows from those which have been held and cultivated by the Viturii in past times.

Those Genoese who for reasons of this controversy and of insult have been judged and condemned, if they have suffered imprisonment, shall be released by the Genoese, and set at liberty by the sixteenth day of the first month. If this seems iniquitous to any one, they may appear before us on the first day, and are free to contest the matter, and to state any public grievance by the law of Maconia. This tablet is dictated by Meticanius, the son of Meticone, and is inscribed by Planco di Peliano, son of Pelione.

Should we sally forth in the fog, and grope our way to the Palazzo del Municipio, we might examine the bronze tablet in our day, as the most important record of antiquity of the fair city of Genoa amidst the shifting mists of fable and tradition.

CHAPTER IX.

A TIGER LILY.

THE little Colomba, with the sun shining on her crisply curling black hair and bright face, youngest of the childish brood of Lorenzo at the gate, approaches the terrace of the villa at Pegli, followed slowly by the grandmother, who knits as she walks. The baby proffers shyly the gift of a flower, prompted by the smiling grandmother.

"A tiger lily!" you exclaim in some surprise, as you receive the offering.

"It is the flower of the Imperial Crown, Signora," the grandmother explains. Then the little Colomba runs back to the gate, quite proud of her mission fulfilled, and the old grandmother strolls after her charge, ever knitting as she walks.

The tiger lily is not a flower of preference, with its deep hues and strangely mottled petals, and is further associated with the humblest garden-patch of the country-side in America, in company with the purple and white convolvolus draping low windows, the sun-flower, and the practical cabbage-patch near at hand. How did the plant become so abundant in America? Why does Italy give it the dignified title of the Imperial Crown? Evidently the bloom is respected here, and the present you take between your fingers has been bestowed as some rare exotic in a land abounding in beautiful and richly fragrant gardens. Hold the lily up to the radiant light of sky and sea. After all it is a splendid flower, with the sun glorifying the tawny gold and copper red tints of anther, pistil, and petal,

and the yellow pollen-dust shed abroad by every vibration on the stiff green stalk. The Imperial Crown — surely the flower is curved in shape like a royal coronet. Did it spring up, unbidden, in the footsteps of the German emperors, who marched into Italy for centuries, as certain plants are said to accompany the progress of mankind across continents, and deadly nightshade, or black hellebore begin to grow on a deserted gypsy encampment? The history of Italy in the past has been more closely interwoven with that of the great Teutonic princes than any other country, from Henry II. to the young Empress Augusta of our time, who embarking at Genoa for Greece and Constantinople, a few years since, expressed a wish to have the relics of the cathedral brought for her inspection. Genoa, accustomed to great ladies and their whims, sent the canons of San Lorenzo with the treasure.

The Sea City shines in a clear atmosphere as a walled town. The flower of the Imperial Crown becomes symbolical at the moment of the Emperor Frederic Barbarossa, and the notable period in Genoese history when the entire population, imbued by a sentiment of ardent patriotism, aided in strengthening the walls in defiance of a much dreaded conqueror.

Genoa had passed through the successive stages of growth of a confederate town under Roman dominion to an independent republic. In 934 the city is reputed to have been divided into three portions: first, the Castello, comprising the higher eminence to the east, where stood an ancient castle with three towers; second, that of the centre; and third the west, or Borgo di Prè. In the year 950 the place had grown until it numbered eight quarters, those of the Castello, the Borgo, the Piazza Lunga, of Macaguana, San Lorenzo, della Porta, of Susiglia, and of the Porta *nuova*, or Portoria. Each parish had a chief, a gonfalone, and a volunteer guard for the five important

posts to defend, — the hill of Carignano (Calignano) in the extreme west, Castello in the middle, il capo, or reef of the lighthouse in the east, and the country hearths along the channels of the two streams of the Polcevera and Bisagno inland.

On certain days the citizens met for the exercise of arms. They wore helmets with iron visors, to raise or lower at pleasure, a chin-piece of metal, which was connected with a collar extending to and covering the shoulders, a tunic of iron rings (mail) with a vest of wool embroidered in taffetas, or leather, and on the back a plastron woven of pack thread. Their shields were oval or round in shape, and made of oak, leather, or steel. Their weapons consisted of a sword by the side, a dagger or a javelin thrust in the belt, a lance or a mace in the hand, the bow with arrows, or a cross-bow, held in a rest of wood, furnished with a leather stirrup, on which the foot was placed, with two double cords. Men-at-arms did not use the cross-bow, and the cross-bow men, in turn, did not handle the lance or the javelin. The first formed the body of cavalry, on occasion, and their horses had the flanks protected with leather coverings, while the latter trusted to their own agility in combat.

Such were the citizen ancestors of Christopher Columbus.

In 950 the large bell of that date was hung to the highest tower in the town to give the alarm in disasters, and ring for great events. The public crier blew his trumpet three times in the square of St. Lawrence to announce to the population that the consuls had some important matter of public welfare to discuss.

In the time of the Emperor Augustus Genoa was the first city of Liguria, and estimated as older than Rome. Later the circuit of the boundary was stated to be six miles, the length of the Mole, and all bridges being included in the measurement. The town was small, having

one gate near the Church of San Pietro di Banchi, where the wall rose to the archbishop's palace; a second gate was placed at the point of descent of the fortifications, by means of a little valley, on the site of the Church of San Matteo, while a third opened near San Ambrogio. The wall was continued up to the castle, where the scutcheon was placed on the three towers of the *Griffo*, — a griffin being engraved as a municipal emblem on the city seals.

The Genoese were estimated first as an association of mariners, rudely republican in spirit; then of a commonwealth, more or less turbulent; and later of a splendid and ambitious nobility that brought about the ruin of the city by their fierce contests of rivalry, until total anarchy demanded the intervention of foreign rulers. Bold navigators, merchants skilful in traffic with the infidels of Egypt and the Mauritius, they had ever to solve the difficult problem of owning and holding a few leagues of sterile shore at home.

In 1088, Genoa is represented as a narrow town, without territory, occupying the eastern side of the promontory which terminates to the west in the beautiful arc of a circle since built upon. The habitations clustered on the hill of Sarzana from south to east. In the waters below, the galleys cast anchor, or were drawn up on the sands of a small beach, unprotected by a mole. The ravine between the heights of Sarzana and Carignano formed the limit of settlement on that side. On the north, the city reached only the square where stands the Cathedral of San Lorenzo and the Municipal Palace, then descended to the sea. The first episcopal seat of Genoa, the Church of San Siro, with its relics, was situated outside of the circle of walls. After the boundaries were enlarged, a mole was erected for the protection of vessels under the eminence of Sarzana, and the port established as it now exists, without modern enlargement and modification. Building ex-

tended westward to the verge of the suburb of the Borgo di Prè.

How curious and vivid to the stranger of to-day is the item in the book of the "Giuri della Repubblica" of 1159! A new street opened from the Rio Torbido, near the Acquasola, to the hospital of San Stefano was stipulated to be eight feet in width. Many streets were three and four feet wide. The best thoroughfares were outside of the port on the sea, between the ancient church of Grazie and the valley of Carignano, and between the Fossatello and the Porte di Vacca. A portico, or shed, not elegant in appearance but very convenient in rainy weather, extended around the port above the beach and along the walls, where the ships were modelled, from the Borgo di Prè to the Piazza del Molo, and an equal distance on the other side. The structure has long been demolished. In the fourteenth century there were certain edifices on the Via Regia which no longer exist. As the wealth of the community increased, the squares and streets were more imposing, notably those of San Matteo and San Lorenzo, the Via Balbi, Via Nuova, or Giulia, and the Piazze dell' Acqueverde and della Cava. Buildings were at first made entirely of wood; but they came to be roofed with tiles of the slate of Lavagna, while the windows were divided by little columns, chiefly made of brick, because stone was too expensive to excavate before the discovery of gunpowder. When true palaces of wealthy citizens were erected of stone and marble, the materials were brought from Polcevera and Porto Venere, and not from Carrara. The basements of such mansions were encrusted with black and white marbles, and the façades often colored. At one angle rose the tower, square in form, with a terrace on the top protected by battlements, two large casements below, and small apertures at intervals in the solid masonry. Those residences around the Port were the most

ornate. The Italian historian, imbued with enthusiasm over these evidences of early refinement of taste, and wishing to sweep away all the dirty little alleys which have sprung up on the site of so much magnificence, exclaims, —

"This is the superb city, the Queen of the Sea!" ("*Questa è la città superba, la regina del Mare!*")

In 1134, the Marchese Negroni was accorded the privilege by the councillors of building a palace twelve feet from the sea, with two square columns at the extremities, and the other pillars round in form. This mansion was in the Piazza de' Marini.

No vehicles passed through the town. Men rode, women were carried in litters or chairs, while asses and mules bore all burdens. In the middle of each street a gutter of bricks formed a sewer conduit.

Genoa increased in size until she numbered thirty parishes, gathered around their respective churches. First ranked San Giacomo di Carignano, and the monastery of the Frati Osservanti of San Agostino, built near the sea. The hill of Carignano was ever a favored spot from the date when it belonged to the Roman citizen Carino, from whom it derived its name. The Genoese built no less than fifty magnificent palaces with enchanting gardens here, the most notable being the residences of the Fieschi, Pietro di Negrone, Rolando di Ferrari, Giovanni Battista de Fornari, or Madonna Mariola, the mother of Cardinal Sauli. These families decorated especial churches with pious zeal, the little Church of St. Sebastian having been erected by the Sauli, while the Fieschi lavished money on the Assumption of Our Lady called Santa Maria Inviolata. At the summit of the promontory were quarries utilized to obtain stone to build the Mole. Second was the parish of St. Stephen, the largest in the city. Descending from Carignano, one of the most spacious gates, dell' Arco degli Archi, was in

this quarter. The abbey of St. Stephen, with the Olivetan monks, was situated here, and the ancient church, containing many relics. There was, also, a monastery of the Frati Minori, with a large hospital, an infirmary to cure those of the province, and a foundling asylum, which was long unique in Italy, where one hundred maidens were brought up, taught to work in silk, and given a dowry if they wished to marry. Third, the parish of San Salvatore comprised the Piazza Sarzano, where they made rope, Piazza della Marina, the field of the Pisans, and the monastery of Margaret of the Rock. Fourth, the parish of San Silvestro began at the Piazza Grande of Sarzano, and included the monastery of San Silvestro as well as the oratory of the Disciplinanti of Santa Croce. Fifth, the parish of Santa Croce bordered on Sarzano, and held the Churches of San Antonio and of Our Lady of Castello. Sixth, the parish of Santa Maria di Castello embraced the Piazza degli Embriaci, Piazza de' Guarchi, Piazza Lunga, the monastery of the Madonna di Grazia, the new one, and the oratory of San Giacomo della Marina. Seventh, the parish of St. Nazaro and St. Celso held the Piazza del Molo, with the prison of the Malapaga. Eight and ninth were the parishes of St. Mark, and of St. Coscimo and St. Damian. Tenth, the parish of St. George included the Piazza of St. George, formerly of the market, with the squares of the Leccavella, Bozani, Sauli, and Stella families. Eleventh was the little parish of San Torpè, where was the Piazza Cattanei, and the houses of the noble Cattanei della Volta. (Lorenzo Cattanco was a rich merchant.) Twelfth, in the parish of San Donato were the hospital of Calegari, the Piazza of San Donato, and the Piazza de' Salvaghi. Thirteenth, the parish of San Andrea, where was an ancient gate of the city, was very magnificent, had the front of the aqueduct, the monastery of the Donne Osservanti, and some open fields. Fourteenth,

the parish of St. Ambrose had the Piazza Nuova for the market, the public palace, where the soldiers of the guard of the city were quartered, a chapel of St. Sebastian, and the oratory of St. Ambrose. Fifteenth, in the parish of St. Lawrence was the metropolitan church, with the archbishop's palace adjacent. There was noted in this locality, besides numerous squares, a house with a very rich and beautiful stairway built by Jerolamo di Valdettaro. Sixteenth, in the parish of Santa Maria delle Vigne were the temple of St. Francis, the fountain named Pozzarello, the churches of St. Raphael, St. Paul, the old St. Sebastian of the Augustines, St. Catherine and St. Martha, the city gate of Acquasola, and the Piazza Lucoli of the Spinola. Here was, in addition, the public entrance to the aqueduct, the corn exchange, the room of the Mint, and the bridges for the transport of merchandise. Seventeenth, the parish della Maddalena had a city gate, by means of which one ascended to Bachernia. Eighteenth, the parish of St. Matthew had the Piazza d'Oria, many fine and ancient houses, the priory of St. Matthew of the order of Benedict, and the portico of the Capitano Dominicaccia. Nineteenth, the parish of San Piero de' Banchi could boast that the Ponte di Chiavari was larger than the Venetian Rialto. In addition it had a city gate, the Piazza de' Banchi, a warehouse for grain called La Reba, adopting a Moorish word, the deposit of oil, fish-market, bridges for timber, or scaffoldings, the palace of St. George, the Piazza de' Marini, and the Piazza dei Lercari. Twentieth, ranked the parish of San Siro, with the monastery of St. Benedict, the Church of St. Luke, the squares and loggie of the Grimaldi and the Spinola, the Piazze dei Sardena and Pallavicini, patrons of the oratory of San Siro. Twenty-first and twenty-second were the parishes of St. Pancras and of St. Marcellino, while St. Sabina was the

twenty-third. The twenty-fourth was the parish of St. Agnes, with a city gate ascending to the Carbonara; the twenty-fifth the parish of San Fede; the twenty-sixth, the parish of San Sisto; twenty-seventh, the parish of San Vito; and twenty-eighth the parish of the Commandery of St. John of Jerusalem, with four oratories, two hospitals, and the arsenal. Twenty-ninth was the parish of San Tomo, containing a Doria palace and a gate leading to Lombardy. Thirtieth, the parish of St. Michael had the Church of the Consolate, the city gate of Michael leading to Origina, and the fortress of the city, and the Piazza del Molo.

Jacques de Vitry, the annalist of the Crusades, pronounced the French and the Germans the very strength of nations on land, while the maritime populations of Italy were the most constant on the sea. He wrote: —

"The men of Italy are grave, sober, and prudent. They are polished and graceful in their speech, circumspect in their counsel, active in their business, calculating, foreseeing future events, persevering in their aims, distrustful of others, and jealous above all things of their own liberty. In all places they follow their own laws under the direction of chiefs whom they elect, transporting with them the spirit of association, and the institutions of their own commune."

If this description may be accepted as a just portraiture of the Genoese of centuries there is a shade of the coloring of partiality as regards the perplexing question of self-government. The Genoese were incapable of governing themselves in permanent form, with all their energetic qualities of courage and worldly wisdom.

The early influence of the bishops was succeeded by the consuls, or councillors. The thread of their rule runs through the complicated pattern of public and private interests of the town. In 1039, Guglielmo di Bombelli,

Ogerio di Guidone, Guglielmo della Volta, and Guglielmo Rovere being consuls, the city obtained a right to coin money. In 1190 the consuls were six, Raimondo di Fressia, Morino, son of Rodoano, Simone Vento, Ido di Carmadino, Lanfranco Rovere, and Enrico Piccamiglio. Philip, King of France, having been detained in Genoa for twenty-five days, set sail on the festival of St. Bartholomew for Soria, with many galleys, and a numerous retinue of princes and barons, to join Richard Cœur de Lion of England. The latter touched at Genoa, with fifteen galleys, and remained for one day. That same year Genoa sent eighty vessels, with pilgrims and cavaliers on board, to aid in recovering the Holy Land from the Infidel. The consuls sat to administer justice in the archbishop's palace. The Republic decided to change the ancient usage, and ordered the Council to meet instead, for three months in Santa Maria del Castello, three in San Giorgio, three in San Donato, three in the archbishop's palace, three in San Siro, three in Santa Maria delle Vigne, and three in San Pietro della Porta.

Giustiniani notes the state of affairs in 1190 thus: —

"The city had increased in power and riches, but much more in ambition, and there reigned in the town discord, disunion, and conspiracy full of hatred and malevolence. Many strove to get themselves elected consuls, without any mask of assumed modesty, wishing to rule the Republic in their own fashion. For which reason the wise men and councillors, together with those who had already made laws, decided not to select consuls of the Republic for the coming year, but to choose a foreign podestà (mayor) to come and rule over them."

This curious custom of the Italian States was accordingly adopted. The first podestà was Messer Manigoldo del Tetocio of Brescia. His rule bore immediate fruit of sedition. One of the councillors under him was assaulted by three persons of Castello. The podestà harangued the

populace, then proceeded to demolish one of the richest palaces of the city, that of Fulcone di Castello, as the home of the murderer, who had fled from justice.

To anticipate dates, in 1194, Giacobo Maniero, a Milanese, was appointed podestà, with four councillors. In 1196, Drudo Marcellino, a Milanese, succeeded, with eight noble gentlemen. This podestà was deemed a valiant, prudent, and honest man. He considered the towers built by the citizens for the protection of their homes, as well as for purposes of hostility, too lofty for public safety, and ordered them lowered to eighty feet. He further emulated the example of his predecessors in razing to the ground the mansions of rebellious subjects, as that of a certain Idone Malone for the crimes of his son. He was incorruptible in office, as to receiving gifts from the ships of gold, silver, and gems. He had the public goods carefully stored in the common warehouses of the Republic. In 1198 Alberto di Mandello, a Milanese, was podestà, and Beltramo Cristiano of Pavia in 1199. In the year 1200, Orlandino Malapresi, of Lucca, was podestà. He was obliged to sally forth to San Remo and San Ampelio to re-establish Genoese authority in those places. In 1205 Fulcone di Castello, a Genoese citizen, was elected podestà, with four councillors and rectors of the commune; and in 1207 the city again omitted to choose a foreign mayor, while in 1215, under consuls, the wall of the arsenal was begun, three galleys and other craft bringing the requisite materials. In 1217, Oberto Bocofollo of Pavia was podestà, and in 1222 Spino of Soresina.

The chain of municipal rule thence extends, swayed by the civil strife of Guelph and Ghibelline, to the introduction of foreign governors, and the rise of the first Doge, Simon Boccanegra.

In all these years Genoa, bold and successful in commerce and colonization in the Orient, naturally intrigued

to enslave vassals along the coast, wishing to extend her boundaries to Ventimiglia in the west, and to the frontiers of Tuscany in the east. Genoa met with many difficulties in the struggle for supremacy, for the natives of the Littoral were ever turbulent and restive under the yoke of tyranny. Albenga had been one of the chief towns of maritime Liguria in the time of Roman dominion; Noli was stanch in upholding her own rights; and Ventimiglia, after the reign of Charlemagne, was proud to adhere to the *débris* of his government in the counts and marquises of ancient lineage, who still claimed to belong to the Empire while dwelling in their feudal castles built in the defiles of the Apennines.

The part of Genoa in Italian politics was eminently selfish. No effort for liberty in the wider realm of Lombardy moved her to lend her aid, and she evaded the cupidity of Teutonic invaders as long as possible, sheltered by her mountain barrier. Her prudence was all in vain. Only too soon was the fair city drawn into the vortex of rivalry with Pisa and Venice, and the fierce contest of the Guelph and Ghibelline wars.

The tiger lily, tawny gold and copper in the sunshine of the terrace, recalls Barbarossa, and the strengthening of the city wall in a tumult of popular patriotism.

The doughty little cities of Lombardy were developing each in its own fashion, one claiming superior advantages of situation, another as the centre of a fertile district, a third to riches, or the ancient prerogatives of a civil or an ecclesiastical inheritance. Milan and Pavia were the most important, and hated each other as rival nations. How droll the contemplation in the nineteenth century of this mimic warfare between neighbors! Cremona fell foul of Brescia, Milan pummelled Lodi, and Asti defied Tortona. Occasionally several towns allied themselves together to fight a common enemy. Such union was the first germ

of the Leagues which should have ever cemented together the independent republics of Italy. When the harvests had ripened, each sought to steal the grain of a rival. Then ensued recriminations, affrays, and the meeting of the men sufficiently mature to carry arms, on a fixed day, on the frontier of one of the territories, surrounding the *carroccio* (car) of their respective commonwealths.

The adoption of the *carroccio* in warfare has been traced to the remote origin of the Hebrew Ark. That of Florence was painted vermilion, and drawn by oxen covered with rich, red draperies. A mast in the middle of the vehicle terminated in a gilded globe; banners were attached, and a crucifix, while a body of chosen warriors surrounded and defended it. To have the *carroccio* seized by the enemy was the supreme climax of ignominy in defeat. These battles usually terminated in parting volleys of abuse and ridicule on the part of the victors.

Milan, having beaten the Pavians in 1108, made many prisoners, conducted them to the public square, tied their hands behind their backs, placing a lighted torch between the fingers, and drove them out of the city gate to find their way home with hootings and insults. Poor little Como, plucky in spirit from her vicinity to Switzerland, suffered nearly perpetual oppression from more powerful Milan, so that a local poet has compared the siege of ten years sustained by the town on the famous lake with that of Troy.

Renan suggests that the internal revolutions of the small municipalities of antiquity and of mediæval Italy still move our enthusiasm because such men as Miltiades, Aristides, Dante, and Savonarola were involved in them.

Is there not an element in these encounters of the Lombard towns like schoolboys teasing each other, with Milan as senior scholar, and — it is to be feared — chief bully, relying on an exchange of fisticuffs in the main, yet ready

to carry their grievances to the master on occasion? Such a master frequently approached over the Alps in the august person of a German emperor.

Frederic I. of Hohenstaufen, called Barbarossa, son of the Duke of Suabia, was born in 1121, elected emperor on the death of his uncle Conrad III. in March, 1152, and in 1155 appeared in Italy with a considerable army, coming by the route of Trent. The ultimate aim of his visit was to be crowned at Rome by the Pope Adrian IV. He is altogether a superb figure of history, the man with the red beard, a warmly colored vitality like the tiger lily, a formidable antagonist, haughty, choleric, often cruel, yet endowed with heroic qualities of courage in adversity, and much sagacity as a sovereign. Genoa watched his progress with bated breath, cowering under her mountain rampart, as he put towns to the sword, pillaged the country for the maintenance of his troops, met with manifold delays and dangers of floods, hunger, and defeat, and only reached the Eternal City after the Pope had burned Arnold of Brescia at the stake, as well as made arrogant terms which Barbarossa could ill brook. To enter the deserted streets of Rome with the Pope was only to have the Romans revolt and attack the Leonine city. Then followed the withdrawal to Spoleto, with his soldiers in dread of the pestilential fevers of the season prevailing around Rome, and subsequent overtures, half treaties, half threats, with southern Italy. The emperor then returned to Germany.

In 1157 the fear of Barbarossa's advent had induced Genoa to send Guglielmo Vento and Ansaldo Doria to make a treaty with William, king of Sicily. The terms of the contract were these: A right to enter the port of Messina should be accorded to Genoese vessels, and in exportation they should pay a tax on every two bales of merchandise and each four sacks of wheat; but the grain

must be taken only to Genoa. Ships arriving in Sicily from Syria or Alexandria, whether Christian or Mahometan territory, must pay three per cent of value on the cargoes sold. Entry to the port of Palermo exacted a tax on one hundred pounds of leather and on one hundred pounds of cotton, as well as twenty per cent on all Genoese cloth, and egress free.

In 1158 Barbarossa entered Italy for a second time with a large army. Does he not resemble some great and magnificent creature of the cat tribe, fearful when aroused to wrath, with glistening eyes, unsheathed claws, and plumy tail slowly lashing the air, yet with moods of purring affability as well? In such a moment of magnanimity he made stringent regulations as to the conduct of his soldiery in pillaging unduly, killing natives, or firing settlements. These restrictions did not inspire too much reassurance in towns like Cremona and Asti. It may be at this time that he blandly composed the lines attributed to him: —

"Plaz mi cavalier Franzes
E l'ovrar del Genoes
Lo cantar Provenzales,
E la dama Catalana,
E la cour de Castellana,
E la danza Trevisana."

The powerful paw was stretched forth, and crushed revolted Milan with an overwhelming defeat, even to taking away her *carroccio*. The land, terrified and subdued, bowed before the conqueror as those harvest-fields of millet and Turkish wheat, so often pilfered in the season of fruition, swayed before the north wind. Ambition was stimulated by victory. Frederic remembered that the islands of Corsica and of Sardinia owed him fealty, and sent a command to Genoa and Pisa to convey an imperial commissioner to those distant places to remind them of

their duty. Both Republics hesitated to obey. Then the anger of the monarch was kindled, and he turned his frowning glance on Genoa. The Sea City awoke to a full realization of her danger. Would the irate invader forthwith lead his troops to the attack, and punish temerity by laying vigorous siege to her boundaries, as he had done to so many other towns? The situation was eminently critical, yet the spirit of the people rose equal to the occasion. The town was governed by six consuls that year, Ansaldo Malone, Ogerio di Guidone, Ionato Crispino, Rubaldo Bisaccia, Ansaldo Spinola, and Lanfranco Rovere. In the existing crisis, four citizens were added to the number of rulers as notable for their prudence and sagacity. These were Boemondo di Odone, Corso Serra, Guglielmo di Marino, and Opizo Sardena.

The record of history is sober in detail: These men because of their diligence completed the city wall, now known as the old wall, around the Church of St. Sabina, ascending to St. Francis, then to St. Catherine, and then to St. Dominick and St. Andrew, terminating at the Piazza of Sarzana. The length of this wall was five miles, the height twenty feet, and the summit furnished with battlements for convenience and strength in action offensive and defensive. Four-fifths of the labor was achieved in fifty-three days. The whole population worked with zeal, divided into their respective parishes. Masons and the poorer classes received wages, while the wealthy volunteered their services. The boundaries were strengthened by palisades and redoubts, timber and ships' masts being even adopted for the purpose. The consuls placed troops, consisting of archers and halberdiers, on the mountains, to watch and oppose, if essential, the advance of the much dreaded foe. Thus as much work was done in a few weeks as might have required a year elsewhere.

What a tumult of excitement blended of fear and defi-

ance must have palpitated in a passionate southern race, the men toiling with feverish ardor, the women and children looking on, thrilled with sympathy, and helping in the common cause as they could, — fetching food and drink, or aiding the bruised and wounded. Genoa reached an elevation of true grandeur in that momentous hour of her history, her citizens proving the truth of the lines, —

> "All are architects of Fate,
> Working in these walls of Time,
> Some with massive deeds and great,
> Some with ornaments of rhyme."

How the voices must have hummed in the native dialect! This dialect, copious in sound, accentuated with the voice cut off in many inflections, soft in avoiding harsh letters, rich in the use of the diphthong like the Greek, and mixed with many other dialects of very old origin, was used by the people at home, and in traffic with Lombardy, Provence, Spain, the Arabs, and Greece. Less musical and open in pronunciation than many of the Italian idioms, while varied and characteristic, it is better adapted to proverb than to poetry and forcible utterance in action. Alas for the universal Italian language! The Tuscan servant is helpless and bewildered in the fishmarket of Genoa to-day, and the soldiers of the garrison, if Piedmontese, Sicilian, or Neapolitans, equally at fault to understand the flow of speech eddying about them, or to make themselves intelligible.

Barbarossa did not appear, and the storm passed. The natural reaction from patriotic fire in a community so long wrought to a high pitch of self-sacrifice was worldly prudence. Genoa despatched an embassy to the Man with the Red Beard, full of conciliation and address. Caffaro is said to have been one of the number. They propitiated the emperor with sumptuous presents, — silk tissues from the

spoils of the Saracens at Almeria, and lions and parrots from Africa. Barbarossa was pacified.

In his subsequent career Genoa maintained the cautious attitude of a respectful ally. The League of the Lombard towns was formed, the rival Popes, Victor IV. and Alexander III., were elected; and Barbarossa, recognizing the claims of the first, was excommunicated by the second. The disastrous defeat of Legnano took place in 1176, and the Peace of Constance with Lombardy was concluded in 1183. The emperor joined the Third Crusade, with an army of one hundred and fifty thousand men, and marched into Asia Minor. He was drowned, or killed by an icy-cold bath in the river Calycadnus.

The patriotic spirit of self defence on the land side did not become extinct in the breast of Genoa. Sixty years later the population had increased to the extent of overflowing the earlier limits to the north, as well as along the border of the sea. The new wall, built of solid and durable stone, cut in cubic form, was five thousand, five hundred and twenty feet in length, crowned by ten thousand and seventy crenellations, and with towers at stated distances apart. Starting from the base of the height of Sarzana at the spot where the old wall touched the water margin, the new one took a serpentine form on the heights above the churches and monasteries of San Andrea, San Domenico, and San Francesco, redescending at the Church of San Agnese to San Sabina. This was an immense increase of fortification. The churches of San Siro and of the Vigna were no longer outside of the town. The sea was the western limit of San Pietro dei Banchi, under the name of Porta dei Vacci, while on the shore-line the Borgo di Prè, the settlement of the fishermen and sailors, became included in the suburbs.

A walled city, Genoa still basks in those heroic memories of the past. In site, as an impregnable fortress,

she may not be impressive, like the hill towns, — Siena, glowing a rich red in the sunset; Volterra, gray and grim on her Etruscan foundations, overlooking an arid country, eaten away by earthquakes; or drowsy Cortona, bathed in the amber haze of summer heat, — but she may ever boast of that matchless gateway of sea.

The flower of the Imperial Crown, or the homely tiger lily, fades and shrivels in the hot sunshine of the terrace at Pegli, even as the earthly power of the great Emperor Frederic Barbarossa has long crumbled to dust.

The old German tradition lingers with the fading flower of how Barbarossa is not dead, but sleeps in the rocky fastnesses of the enchanted mountain, clad in armor, with his elbows resting on the stone table, around which his beard has grown nine times. When the bold shepherd intruded on his retreat the great emperor inquired, —

"Do the crows still fly about the mountain?"

"Yes," stammered the shepherd.

"Then I will slumber again," said the drowsy monarch, relapsing into silence.

CHAPTER X.

AN IDYL.

THE Romans delineated February, usually a rainy month in Italy, by the figure of a woman holding an urn from which water flows abundantly.

On the Wednesday of Ashes, the beginning of Lent for the Catholic world, the nymph of the Roman poet, symbolized by the clouds gathering low over the heights, pours torrents down on Genoa from the hills. The stranger is invariably aggrieved by a period of blotting mists, leaden vapors, and dripping moisture in the realms where winter sunshine should prevail. Is February the month of rain? The feminine divinity of the Roman calendar has held her urn tilted over Genoa since November this season.

After all, it is a parched and thirsty land. No water! such is only too often the lament of drought-stricken towns and dusty country in the autumn. Now the grumbling peasants must be contented with brimming wells and swollen rivulets. Many records of past centuries reveal that race and climate are unchanged. Is it not chronicled that in the year 327 all fountains and springs within the territory of Rome were dried by scarcity, until animals and plants alike languished and perished? Was not this fearful misfortune succeeded by another of equal severity thirty-six years later? As another extreme, in October, 1407, the rainfall at Genoa was so heavy that the gate

of the Fonteamorosa was thrown down, and a portion of the wall ruined, the adjacent houses invaded, the subterranean conduit of Susiglia broken, the boundary above the Church of Santa Brigida demolished for a space of eighty-four feet, and the water stood in the streets at a depth of six feet.

Unfurl the umbrella and sally forth into the streets of Genoa. The gutters of high roofs spout threatening cascades down on the glistening pavement with a monotonous music; the horses of the tramway slip and stagger around steep corners; yonder a fragment of cornice has fallen, and a little crowd gathers about a man wounded in the head. There is a certain element of variety and excitement in walking forth in Genoa in bad weather akin to following the labyrinth of by-ways of Venice on foot under similar circumstances. Umbrellas clash together unexpectedly, carrying off hats and imperilling eyes in narrow alleys, or the vendor of sponges and shells causes the unwary pedestrian to stumble on a flight of broken steps.

The *Salita* of San Matteo leads to the small Piazza and church which still enshrines the memory of the Doria family. A few yards only apart from the crowded squares and thoroughfares of the town, the spot is secluded, and full of memories. How massive the carvings of the doorways of the old palaces of the fifteenth century! How sombre the casements from which scheming statesmen, blooming youth, and laughing childhood have each gazed forth in the lapse of years! Here is the little Church of San Matteo, founded in 1125, by Martino Doria, and restored by Andrea Doria as the chosen tomb of himself. Rain drips on the striped black and white marbles of the edifice used in public buildings, and allowed the four great families of Genoa, the Doria, the Spinola, the Fieschi, and the Grimaldi, as well, and the shields of the town

SENAT CONS ANDRE
AE DE ORIA PATRIAE
LIBERATORI MVNVS
PVBLICVM
DIVIETO
DI AFFISSIONE
17

supported by the pilasters of the façade. In the interior of the temple the gloom of the day is scarcely dispelled by the cluster of golden tapers forming stars on the high altar, above which hangs the sword of the Doge, sent to him by the Pope Paul III. for his services rendered to the church.

A priest is celebrating Mass at a side altar, and a few worshippers come and go in a desultory way. A slender and graceful lady, enveloped in black lace, glides into the place, accompanied by a middle-aged attendant. The fair devotee, after kneeling at a shrine, passes out into the cloister. To the idle and musing stranger this Genoese furnishes the key-note of harmony in the Church of San Matteo, and the fame of the remarkable race enshrined here with so much pomp of gilding and decoration.

A cloister is full of charm in dull weather. The pervading gray hue of the heavens subdues fading frescoes still more to the tones of tombs, chapels, and paved quadrangle; the rain whispers and patters softly on adjacent roofs, with manifold, half-articulate voices; and the rude gusts of wind do not penetrate the sheltered enclosure.

In the cloister of San Matteo, the sepulchral inscriptions of the family from the suppressed convent of St. Dominick have been collected and arranged, while the mutilated statues of Andrea and of his great-nephew Gian Andrea, which were overthrown before the Palazzo Ducale in the Revolution of 1793, seem to mount guard over these traces of a former renown. Here are inscriptions to Dorias who were governors of the Republic of Genoa, ambassadors to France and Spain, admirals, captains, and warriors, — a brilliant company of the past. Here are the names of the doubtless great ladies, Isolta Malaspina, wife of Brancaleone Doria, and of Teodora Spinola, consort of Galeotto Doria.

The black-robed form of the fair Genoese flits between

the columns of the cloister. She pauses before a mural tablet, with clasped hands and head slightly bent forward a moment, then returns to the church, and disappears. Is she mere commonplace flesh, a worshipper at San Matteo on Ash Wednesday, or a vision of the maiden who founded the race, and whose memory even is an idyl? The entry made by the historian of the church reads thus:

"Pietro Rubaldo Doria was the son of Ardoino, Count of Narbonne, who married Oria di Corrado della Volta in 992, from whom the family of Oria dates its origin."

Behold! Do not grave modern authors assure us that history is very hard on romance, and disdaining all courtesy, lifts one veil after another, opens closed doors, reveals secrets, and breaks open seals? Beautiful theories are reputed to crumble, and old dreams to vanish away before the cynical and practical tests of calm investigation. Here is the thread of pure gold in romance of Oria shining undimmed in the little Church of San Matteo after so many centuries. We do not know too much about her, hence an added interest of conjecture in the very intangibility of her image, delicate, human, and mocking. Women did not play a conspicuous part in the history of Genoa, as far as we can learn; but rather were blended into the common growth and power of the Republic. As wives and daughters either they were jealously secluded from public affairs, in a semi-Eastern fashion, or their annalists repressed much mention of them as unseemly. We do not read of a Genoese Joan of Arc rushing into the breach of any besiegement of the city, or taking part in the crusades, disguised as a page or a sailor. Yet the mother and possibly the grandmother of Columbus must have been women of superior qualities.

Ardoino, a count of Narbonne, once visited Genoa, *en route* for Jerusalem, after the manner of French gentlemen

of his day. He lodged at the house of a "gentildonna," a widow of the family Della Volta, who had two daughters, and one was named Orizia, or Oria. We are not vouchsafed satisfactory explanation of the circumstance. Was it a patriarchal phase of hospitality in fashion that the widow received the stranger into her domestic circle? Did he bring letters of introduction from his native France which led to the step? Was she an ambitious matron, with marriageable and dowerless daughters, and designs on an eligible suitor? The guest fell ill, and was tenderly nursed by the ladies of the family. Is there no romance in history? The Frenchman recovered, but during convalescence, at least, began to experience an attachment for the fair Oria. Whether the patient was treated or not by a leech as learned as Master Simon of Genoa, who took journeys to distant lands in the interests of botany, and in Candia made the acquaintance of an old woman learned in simples, who accompanied him up the slopes of Mount Ida, we are not informed. Whether or not a monk renowned for his sanctity was induced to quit the laboratory of some monastery of the town, and bring to the couch of the sufferer the golden and white ointments, the cordials and unguents, the herbs of magical properties, hellebore and pimpernel for melancholy, and absinthe and tarragon for fevers, we may only conjecture. Cupid seems to have been the chief doctor on the occasion. Did Oria mingle a subtle love-philtre with the drink of the sick man, secretly obtained from a wizard or a witch, famous in her quarter of the town, and thus weave a spell about his awakening senses? Was any other potion necessary to quicken the current of his blood, and awaken fresh hopes in his heart, than her own captivating presence? Was she beautiful, this Oria? The cavalier was a Frenchman, and we must infer she possessed bright eyes, the bloom of early youth, or some especial grace of tact and distinction of manner.

He departed for Jerusalem, returned to Genoa, again lodged with the widow, and married Oria. The conclusion of the history is curious. The bridegroom then went to Narbonne, where, after waiting for three years, he received his portion of the paternal goods. The Italian girl and the Sea City lured him to abandon native land and kindred, and to dwell henceforth at Genoa, as the men of all nationalities have been captivated in succeeding centuries. The pair dwelt near the Porta d'Oria. He built no less than two hundred houses; and yet Genoa seems to have recognized him only as the husband of Oria. The couple were blessed with four sons, called the sons of Oria.

The cloister of San Matteo treasures the sepulchral inscriptions of the race, founded by the woman whose youth bloomed in the year 992; and a descendant of Oria, (d'Oria) in the person of a very old gentleman, walks the streets of Genoa to this day.

CHAPTER XI.

"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"

THE Romans represented October by a hare with a basket of grapes at its side.

Autumn glows on the villa terrace at Pegli, and the inhabitants of all the towns of the vicinity are scattered through the country revelling in the fruition of the vineyards. A plaster copy of Michelangelo's youthful Bacchus stands half-embowered in laurel near the wall. The youthful Bacchus is not a pleasing composition in the golden atmosphere of the autumn day, or in the vast hall of the podestà in the Bargello at Florence. The limbs of adolescence may be supple and beautiful, the pose of the figure graceful; but he is of the earth, earthy, and he sips the cup of wine held to his lips with a deliberate, even cynical intention of getting tipsy rather than any foolish, boyish eagerness of inexperience and healthy thirst. The frisky little goat slily nibbling the clusters of grapes depending carelessly from the grasp of the god has a more attractive animal innocence of appetite.

Many years ago in the annals of Genoa, in 1102, among the six consuls elected for a new magistracy was a certain Guido Spinola, who with his brother Oberto, is mentioned as a son of the "vicecount" Belo Spinola. The father of the latter was another Oberto, and he in turn the offspring of a first "vicecount" Guido, who dwelt in the Valle of Polcevera at a place named Carmen, or Carmadino. To

him the noble House of Spinola traces its origin. The name is one of the jests of history, meaning the spigot of a wine-cask. No charm of romance attaches to the jovial host to whom it was applied like the interesting fact of the sons of Oria (*figli d'Oria*) retaining the Christian appellation of their fair mother in founding an illustrious race.

This Messer Guido of a remote date seems to have been a country gentleman of the traditional type of boon companion of all ages. He may have actually belonged to the superior class of hospitable proprietor of the Florentine citizen, Agnolo Pandolfini, who received Pope and poet at his villa at Signa, the English squire, the Irish nobleman, and the Virginian planter of Colonial days, and some witty and ungrateful guest have made sneering allusion to a fondness for winebibbing on his part which attached to him for life, like the nicknames so readily given in Italy still.

Messer Guido kept open house up yonder in the fertile and smiling region of the Valle di Polcevera. He entertained the strangers (*forestieri*) in large numbers and in a liberal, even magnificent, manner. Were these *forestieri* Italians from Lombardy, Piedmont, and Tuscany, or aliens in the land, French, German, and Spanish? The host invariably broached a new cask of wine on the arrival of fresh guests. In Geneose the word to *spinolare* was to draw wine of various vintages from pipe or barrel, as the Tuscan term for tapping a similar receptacle is to *spillare*. The visitors of Messer Guido, going their way laughing a little in their sleeves, — like the bevy of ungrateful wasps they were, — came to designate him *il Spinola* (the spigot) from the frequency with which he opened his tuns of precious and various wines, amidst the feasting offered in all the abundance of a country estate. His descendants adopted the name and the emblem. Above the twenty-

four quarterings, white and vermilion, of the scutcheon of the Spinola there is a design affirmed by the initiated to be a *spina* (an awl, a puncheon), an instrument by means of which wine is drawn from a cask. Other authorities maintain that the *spina* was added on the termination of certain litigation between Spinoli and Spinoli and with the Marquis of Monferrato, whose insignia was a *spina*, perhaps in the sense of a plant, a white thorn, or a hawthorn. Who does not prefer to trace the *sobriquet* to the roystering count, the ancestor of the race, who was so much addicted to testing the qualities of his own vintage if he could find an excuse in the arrival of a guest? Does the expansive host of any land with a good cook and a well stored wine-cellar ever lack the visitors? Do they depart from his well-spread board in London, Paris, and New York disposed to criticize his mode of entertaining them, designating him as *il Spinola*, or its equivalent in other tongues?

One is reminded afresh of the Red Book of King Réné and the blazons of a punning character. If Provence had a castle for the family of Castellane and a grasshopper for Grille, or Rome the short column of the Flagellation for the Colonna, Florence a tuft of garlic on the arms of the Agli, and Verona little ladders sculptured on tomb and palace to the glory of the rulers Della Scala, why may not Genoa have boasted of a spigot in her turn? The very name of the restless lords Malaspina of the Lunigiana, who intrigued now with Lucca and Florence, and then sold castles to Genoa, may have suggested Thorn-in-the-Flesh, while there can be no doubt as to the evil wrought in their day of power by the Malatesta (the Badheads) of Rimini. Who applied these names and emblems originally? They must have been dictated by the sovereign pleasure of emperor, king, or prince from the seriousness with which vassals and their descendants accepted the fiat, dubbing

themselves forever Garlic, Spigot, or Ladders. The mockery in jest of court dwarf or rhyming troubadour, casting about in the mind for some fresh witticism at the expense of a luckless courtier, would scarcely have been meekly submitted to even by posterity. Mankind in our time would not be christened Mr. Onion or the family Grasshopper without a struggle, appealing to Pope, King, or Republic to be created instead Marquis of the Golden Mountains or Clarence Sydney Montmorency.

Whence came Count Guido of winebibbing propensities? He seems to have emerged from the dim and misty borderland of tradition as a landed proprietor in the valley near Genoa. He may have been a lineal descendant of one of those tribes of the early inhabitants, the Genoati and the Viturii, summoned to Rome to settle their disputes, and at whom the senate shook the finger of admonition in erecting the bronze tablet. He may have been granted the property by a German emperor for his loyal services as a soldier, and had Bavarian, Tyrolese, or Suabian blood in his veins. The most picturesque figure of the Middle Ages is the Teutonic cavalier seeking Italy in the train of his liege master the emperor, owning only his horse, his armor, and his sword, like Eccelino of Treviso, progenitor of the tyrant of the name. A marquis of Pallavicino came to Genoa on a mission from King Robert of Naples, and was commended as a courtier full of grace and courtesy. The feudal lords of the vicinity held their own with a high hand, and were apt to levy tribute on the weak and helpless, in the mode of the bold barons of the Rhineland. The counts of Ventimiglia, of the family of Caretto, held the marquisate of Final; the Marquis of Ceva and of Clavesana ruled above; in the north the formidable robber the Marquis de Gavi, and in the high mountains the powerful seigneurs the counts of Piedmont and the Marquis of Monferrato, cast a haughty defiance at all the world, except

when they saw fit to make good terms with republican Genoa by sharing in the expeditions to the Holy Land. The Marquis of Gavi closed the Apennine gorges from his castle at the base of the mountains and the stronghold of Voltaggio at pleasure, or levied oppressive toll on his neighbors. The podestà of Genoa was forced to sally forth with an armed band, and give him a lesson for his misdeeds. Eventually the Sea City purchased of him Voltaggio, with all revenues, for the sum of four hundred golden livres, in 1121.

Our country gentleman appears to have contented himself with enjoying the fruits of his own land. His descendants came to dwell in Genoa, their habitation being first in the Contrada San Luca; and later the two brothers Guglielmo and Giacobo Spinola left San Luca for the Contrada Lucoli.

Hallam writes: —

"The philosophy of history embraces far more than the wars and treaties, the factions, the cabals of common political narration; it extends to whatever illustrates the character of the human species in a particular period, to their reasonings and sentiments, their art and industry."

The youthful Bacchus basks in the October warmth on the terrace at Pegli, languidly sipping the brimming cup held to his lips, with that smile of sinister anticipation. The children of the gate-keeper, Lorenzo, crouch around a heaped-up basket of grapes, eating the luscious fruit, like the little goat on the pedestal of the statue. A soft haze broods over the slopes at the base of the hills, like the transparent tissues of silver and gold brought by Genoese merchants in their galleys from the Levant of old; and through this medium of atmosphere the country reveals richly blended tones of color. In the drowsy stillness of the day bursts of song and laughter are occasionally

audible in the distant vineyards, where proprietor's family and *contadini* alike are busy severing the heavy bunches from the vines, carrying the fragrant burdens to the vats, and treading out the juice in these huge receptacles.

How many years ago Count Guido of convivial fame on such a day rambled through his own vineyards, and watched the process of wine-making! Truly, "What 's in a Name?"

CHAPTER XII.

A CHURCH LAMP.

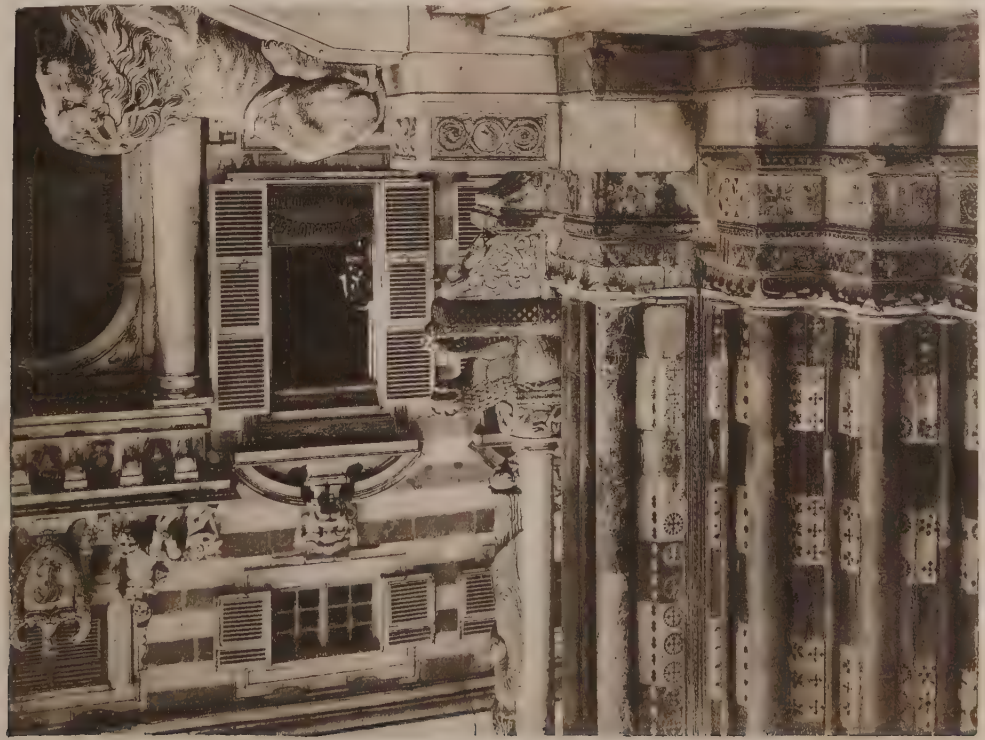
EASTER DAY at Genoa! The resurrection of the Springtime is visible in sky, sea, and earth, with flowers blooming everywhere, in the courtyards of the town, on the terraces of olive plantations, and beside the dusty highway. The Mediterranean is the sapphire gate of the East. The play of the waters has an element of the alluring and caressing in the rippling sparkle of each wave-crest. The vessels abroad are more buoyant in movement than usual; little fleets of fishing-boats from both Rivieras tack on the horizon line, with white sails cocked at a certain angle, like the wings of insects of the gnat tribe, or isolated craft with lateen sheets of a warm, crimson-brown hue scud nimbly across the entrance to the port.

In the harbor a modern steamer is preparing to depart for Bombay, Aden, Turkey in Asia, or the Black Sea. In the year 1064, Ingulphe, secretary of William the Conqueror, made a journey to Jerusalem, thirty-five years before the Crusades, and met a fleet of Genoese vessels at Joppa. He took passage on one of these for Europe. The Genoese galleys in the eleventh century thriftily took passengers from port to port, or fetched home the weary and fainting pilgrims, who had sought the shrines of the Holy Land, imbued with religious zeal. The Genoese were the Florio and Rubattino lines, the French Messagerie, and the Peninsular and Oriental in one, of those days.

The Italian philosopher exclaims: "Nothing on the earth is new, or which has not before occurred in some remote time; all in this world resembles that which has been, and those events still to transpire will be like the present, as Nature invariably conducts affairs by the same thread."

The holiday tide of town and country has mingled at earlier hours in the churches at Genoa, and revelled in the noonday feasting of the family board, at the favorite café, and the humble suburban inn, on such national dishes as *pasta* stuffed with forcemeat, eggs, and cheese, goat's milk cheese, *taglierini* (the ribbon vermicelli), and sour wine of Monferrato. The pervading mood is noisy, gay, and innocent enough, — a part of the genial spring warmth, the flower in every man's coat, or decking the glossy hair of each maiden if she belongs to the lower classes, and may not boast of a fashionable hat. The public creed is clearly: "Let us eat, drink, and be merry in the Easter season. Let us strive to forget heavy taxation, military conscription, the building of great ships of war, and the personal Genoese grievance of having had the naval station removed from our waters to the Gulf of fair Spezia."

When the crowd ebbs away a little, in the late hours of the afternoon, to public garden or square, to enjoy the concert of a band, and prepare for the diversion of evening, let us seek the Church of St. Lawrence. The square has a few groups of country people straggling about in an aimless fashion, — stout and buxom women clad in woollen gowns of purple or brown plaid stuff, such as Italian peasants, at least of Lombardy and Tuscany, invariably adopt for best attire, irrespective of the season of year, and sun-bronzed men smoking the long, thin native cigar. If the youth of Italy offered on the altar of country the tobacco consumed in airy cigarette, cigar, and pipe, what would be the annual balance of money, now vanished in smoke, leaving the



problem of insufficient food, debt, and lack of work unsolved ?

A flower girl proffers the contents of her basket at the church steps, with a coaxing smile, — creamy roses, violets, sprays of pink hyacinths, and yellow, double narcissus, favorite of the poets, fragrant enough to make Arcadian shepherds swoon of the cloying sweetness.

San Lorenzo has a stately aspect, such as renders it the most fitting expression of the day amidst the life of a careless multitude. The modern lions guard the steps with a dignified mien of massive strength ; the different phases of architecture in the building above harmonize in the radiant atmosphere of spring; and the zones of black and white marble of the lower portion of the façade, dating from the thirteenth century, have a smooth and lustrous appearance. This was one of the earliest and most renowned temples of the Middle Ages, "built of the best proportions, and with a façade without parallel in all Italy," according to the boast of Genoese pride. It was erected in the twelfth century, out of the materials of a much earlier church. In the year 1118 Pope Gelasius II. fled from the persecution of the Frangipani at Rome, and, embarking at Gaeta, reached Genoa in safety, where such fugitives were almost invariably respectfully received, and warmly aided. He consecrated the Church of San Lorenzo with much solemnity of ceremonial. In 1389, Urban VI. visited Genoa, and granted plenary indulgence to all citizens who performed their devotions at San Lorenzo on the day of St. John the Baptist, similar to the privileges accorded to the Venetians who prayed in the Church of San Marco on Ascension Day.

The interior of the cathedral is silent and deserted at this hour. The air is heavy and stifling with incense, candles, and the thronging crowds of earlier services. Here and there a devout penitent glides to some favorite

shrine, or a group of canons cross the chancel. A cicerone demands in hollow tones if the visitor wishes to be shown the treasures of the sacred edifice, and vanishes on receiving a negative response. The intruder experiences that sensation of tranquillity, if not of religious awe, of being alone in a vast, dim church, in the waning hours of day, before the vesper bells begin to ring, which is so attractive. All the light of the place seems concentrated in the lamps of the shrine of St. John the Baptist, on the left of the entrance, with rich effect, as the twilight increases. These lamps are reputed to have come from the plunder of the Saracens at Almeria. Instinctively fancy selects the one swaying on the right as the most beautiful, and lending still, by its trembling ray, a fresh nimbus of glory to the records of the Sea City. Was it wrought by a Moorish silversmith for a mosque? Did it ever serve to softly illuminate a Moslem shrine as splendid as that of Cordova? The witchery of the lamp consists in this symbolism of two religions blended in a fantastic way,—the pure and steady flame of Christianity burning at the core, like the life-germ in the chalice of a flower; and the fretwork of sparkling rim and wrought chains emitting an elusive and fitful radiance in a complicated shadow pattern, not unlike a visionary and poetical creed, on the variegated marble of Corinthian columns beyond, and the tombs of archbishops and dignitaries of the Republic long since buried here with all the pomp of an imposing ritual, shrouded in cloth-of-gold in the deeper obscurity of arch and nave.

San Lorenzo may not attract, or indeed overwhelm the imagination of the new-comer, as do those vast sanctuaries, the Pisan Cathedral, built of rare marbles brought from the Orient by her renowned architects, the golden-toned shrine of San Marco at Venice, and the severe spaciousness of the Florence Duomo; yet it has a claim of interest in the associations of the Sea City with the East. In addition, the

Metropolitan church of Genoa forms an element of value in the remarkable impulse of the thirteenth century to embellish and enlarge possessions which stimulated Italy, city in active emulation of rivalry with city. The walls of towns, churches, and municipal palaces rose at this date. Milan constructed the great canal which utilized the waters of the Tessin at a distance of thirty miles between the years 1179 and 1257. Genoa built two dockyards and the great wall of the Mole from 1276 to 1285, bridges of stone on both Rivieras, and paved the streets and squares with large stones. In 1295 the aqueduct brought an abundance of pure water from the high mountains, when no other town of Italy had accomplished a similar undertaking.

The lamp's beam falls on the Baptist's shrine, which no woman may enter except on one day of the year, and where is treasured the stone reliquary, brought from Palestine, containing his remains. Let us regard the relics of San Lorenzo with all possible respect, if the sandal of the great preacher in the wilderness came to the Empress Galla Placida at Ravenna, as in a vision, and the holy coat of Treves is exhibited on occasion. The historical value of Genoa's relics would alone redeem them from the imputation of being puerile trifles. Behold! Is not a fragment of the true cross kept in San Lorenzo? This precious object and the ashes of the Baptist were brought forth to calm the tempests of the sea, to quell popular tumults in the city, and were employed as ministers of reconciliation by the archbishops. The crosses of different churches and oratories ever played a very conspicuous part in Genoese pageants of a religious character, and the young men had a pedestal of precious metals made, at their own expense, whereon to carry the treasure of San Lorenzo in processions. Apart from the consideration of any veneration inspired in the faithful by such things, a

strange picture of the times is afforded by the vicissitudes which befell this morsel of the true cross. About the year 1232 a rascal was given shelter in San Lorenzo, and in the night broke open the coffer containing the crosses, stole them, and fled. The loss spread consternation through the city, as a public calamity. Possession of the heads, arms, or hands of saints signified some victorious struggle with Venice or Pisa in the East. The thief was pursued, and overtaken at Alexandria, but he had been despoiled of the booty, in turn. At length the missing articles were traced; Genoa repurchased her sacred Palladium for four hundred livres, and replaced it in a coffer bound with iron. The archbishop instituted a solemn anniversary to celebrate this restoration, and the revenues of that day were devoted to the redemption of captives. Otherwise the income of the sanctuary from the crosses was given to the Commune to aid in the construction of the Mole, and the improvement of the port. Several centuries later, in the Spanish and German siege of Genoa, a Teutonic captain attempted to force the sacristy of San Lorenzo. The canons are reputed to have defended their jewelled shrines with courage on the occasion, and ultimately gave the soldier of fortune one thousand ducats to leave them unmolested.

The lamp's ray weaves shadows across the pavement. No church of Europe more vividly recalls the brilliant, romantic, and curious episode of the Crusades than this one. The ardor of human passions, the frenzy of religious enthusiasm, and the cold calculation of political ambition have all waged their fierce conflicts in this silent place. In the wavering glimmer of the lamp slight effort of imagination is requisite to people the temple with phantom throngs, pressing to the goal of the Holy Land, — the early Christians; illustrious Romans, fleeing from sacrilegious Rome to seek in Galilee and Judea that peace which the

world cannot give; pilgrims from the forests of Germany, Gaul, the Rhone, the Rhine, the Moselle, and the Danube, prepared to brave encountering the invading armies of Huns and Goths if only they might gain the shrines of Palestine, and be baptized in the waters of Jordan. The mania has a parallel in the annual journeying to Mecca of Moslem fanatics in modern times. The Emperor Constantine and the Empress Helena decorated the cavern venerated by Christendom as the Holy Sepulchre with incrustations of marble, and columns, to the wonder and awe of the simple folk flocking hither from the barbarous regions of northern Europe. The longing for pilgrimage did not diminish with the lapse of years, as all sins committed by crime-laden Europe could be purified at the sacred sources of repentance in Palestine. Numerous penitents, like Robert, Count of Flanders, and Berengarius II., Count of Barcelona, traversed the burning road in humility of expiation. At Easter, sinners especially thronged to Jerusalem from earliest times, to witness the miracle of the lighting of the lamps of the Holy Sepulchre from Heaven, and without human aid. Then followed the rise of Mahomet, with the subjugation of Persia, Syria, Egypt, Carthage, the borders of the Caspian Sea; and Constantinople threatened a new creed, overturning nations and customs. The Christian pilgrim-tide, receiving a check in the invasion of Judea, flowed back across the sea with tears and lamentations. Europe, fearing that the hour of conquest and annihilation for western States by this mighty host would follow, trembled in the balance.

Single figures and groups become detached from the multitude in the lamp's radiance. Peter the Hermit, wan, enraptured, consumed by fiery zeal, one of the most remarkable personalities of history, if only for the influence he wielded, traverses different countries, mounted on his mule, his coarse robe fastened by a cord, feet and head bare,

crucifix in hand, preaching the First Crusade. In response the host arose, princes with their vassals, bishops, veteran warriors, artisans and merchants quitting their trades, monks vowed never to abandon the seclusion of their cloister, anchorites from isolated retreats, women and children, the old and infirm not to be left behind, assassins and thieves, — all intent on rescuing the Holy Land from the usurpation of the infidel, with the common badge of the red cross sewed to their garments. May one wonder, in our day, if, when Peter the Hermit retired for sixteen years of prayer and meditation at the close of his life, the fever and madness of the enterprise over, his mind was ever troubled with misgivings as to the blood shed, the pestilence engendered in camps, the sufferings endured by the humble and the ignorant, and the violent deeds committed by the wicked in that angry sea of humanity of which his eloquence unloosened the floodgates? What is the earthly fame of Godfrey de Bouillon now, more than the scintillating spark of the lamp? Most valiant captain of his age, Godfrey de Bouillon is still the brilliant chief of the rich page of the Middle Ages, controlling skilfully the heterogeneous elements of his army, from the quarrels over gaming in the sumptuous tents of the nobles to the rash sorties of youth; besieging Antioch, where the followers of the Nazarene were first called Christians; storming Jerusalem with the famous wooden towers so largely built by the Genoese, and being elected king, but solely in name, as he declined to be crowned with gold on the spot where Jesus was crowned only with thorns. When the Emir of Cesarea brought him the gift of the fruits of Palestine, he accepted the poisoned citron, and died. The lamp calls into being once more, with flash of steel and ring of mailed tunics, those cavaliers who flocked to the standard from Languedoc, Provence, or Auvergne, — Pons de Balazan, Raymond de Lille, William,

Seigneur of Montpellier, Roger, Comte de Foix, and Gaston, Viscount of Bearn.

The first crusade took place in 1096, under command of Godfrey de Bouillon, the second in 1148 with the Emperor Conrad and Louis VII. of France as leaders; while Frederic Barbarossa, Philippe Augustus, and Richard of England shared the third in 1189. Other forces sought Judea in the intervals of these campaigns. How probable it is that all of these valiant crusaders have walked the aisles of the Church of San Lorenzo at Genoa, going or returning on their mission, as well as the Count of Narbonne, who espoused the fair Oria. Richard the Lion Hearted and Frederic Barbarossa certainly visited the Sea City, while the Emperor Conrad granted Genoa certain privileges of coining money!

Surely the interior of the sacred edifice is suddenly illuminated with a splendor not due to the Baptist's shrine, a sparkling prism of colors, as of the purity of a beryl stone, or the green tints of sea water rippling over tropical coral reefs. This glistening light can only emanate from the *Sacro Catino*, the most precious object of the treasury. Taken by the Genoese in the plunder of Cesarea, it is variously estimated to have been a gift of the Queen of Sheba to King Solomon, the dish which held the Pascal Lamb of the Passover, and the vessel in which Joseph of Arimathea received the blood from the pierced side of the crucified Saviour. Whether the sacred dish ever held the head of John the Baptist, as has been stated, also, served Judas at the Last Supper, or was given by King Herod to Cæsar Augustus, it loses little of interest from a historical standpoint, if only a specimen of glass by means of which ancient races counterfeited gems, especially the emerald, in vases, half columns, and the adornment of the statues of deities in temples.

The ambitious Baldwin, brother of Godfrey de Bouillon,

succeeded the latter as king of Jerusalem. The timely arrival of a Genoese fleet emboldened him to punish the city of Assur for rebellion. He then laid siege to Cesarea, a town built by King Herod in honor of Cæsar. The investment was so closely pressed that in fifteen days all was ready for an assault. The signal was given of a peal of trumpets, when the soldiers confessed their sins and received absolution. The patriarch, clad in white vestments, crucifix in hand, led the troops to the base of the walls. Cesarea fell, and the garrison was put to the sword. The horrors of the sacking of the city, the rapine and brutality of the invading host, remain a blot on the fame of the participants.

The Genoese won a very unenviable reputation on the occasion; for while the soldiery reeled about the streets until satiated by every phase of destruction wreaked on the helpless inhabitants, the former are accused of evincing the unscrupulousness of plunderers and the calculation of merchants in taking slaves, pearls, hoards of stuffs, precious cups and vases and statues. William of Tyre narrates that the Genoese seized the *Sacro Catino*, believing it to be a jewel, and attempted to sell the dish for a large sum; but failing in this carried it home to their own city to show to all great visitors as a rare treasure. Probably the Genoese won the reprobation of Dante for the siege of Cesarea as well as any other crime in their career when he exclaims, —

"O Genoese! Men strangers to all good, guilty of all misdeeds, why are you not scattered through the world!"

The *Sacro Catino* may be relegated to the sacristy of San Lorenzo, although Giustiniani stanchly maintained that it was a precious object in comparison with which all the heirlooms of princes were mere rags and rubbish, to be kept with that fragment of the true cross, set in jewels, gift of an illustrious Genoese family, the Zaccaria, with

possessions in the Levant, now extinct, whose memory has no other claim on posterity than this relic with Greek letters sculptured on it stating that it was placed in the ancient church of Ephesus at Natolia, opposite the island of Nicarea.

The lamp of the shrine once more holds full sway in the church. The words of the crusader recur to memory at such a moment: —

"The Genoese returned to the port of Joppa toward the Holy Week of the New Year. The people all landed, drew their vessels to shore, and hastened to Jerusalem. It was on the Saturday of the Resurrection, two years after the conquest; and it was the ancient custom, when the enemy granted a truce, that townsfolk and strangers flocked, annually, on this day to witness a prodigy; namely, that the lamp of the Holy Sepulchre would kindle unaided, and communicate a spark to the sixteen other lamps outside. The holy Basilica was thronged with crusaders of every nation to be present at the miracle. None of these had eaten or drunk. At three o'clock in the morning, the Patriarch Dagobert made a sign to the curious ones to commence the office of the day-book founded by the pious Godfrey. A part belonged to one rite, and a portion to the other; the Latins chanted in their tongue the lessons for Holy Saturday, and the Greeks repeated after each other in harmonious tones their discourse. They recited in this manner a great portion of the psalms, a Greek intoning, according to the ancient custom, *Kyrie Eleison* (Lord, have mercy upon us), and all repeating the same refrain. The description of this solemnity for all those who had not previously witnessed similar things made them rise hastily from the ground to witness the miracle with their own eyes; but nothing unusual occurring, they resumed, somewhat in confusion, their former attitude of humility on their knees. Three times the *Kyrie Eleison* was intoned, in accents more and more imploring, and then succeeded profound silence. The hour of *nona*, which is our midday, passed, and of the miracle there was no sign. Then the

chaplain terminated the service, the minor clergy chanted the lessons and the daily ritual; three other priests and friars, accompanied by the populace, cried *Kyrie Eleison*, and all in vain. The patriarch bethought him that the light of Christ — for this prodigious kindling was thus named — might already burn in the Chapel of the Sepulchre, although unfortunately invisible outside. He therefore took the keys, inasmuch as the chapel, a little house within the church, had only one means of exit. He opened the door, entered, peered into every corner, and, the last ray of hope becoming extinct, issued forth again, closed the portal, and on the threshold fell on his face and wept in the presence of all the populace. He accused himself for the transgressions of his own youth, but the King Baldwin was obstinate in inculpating himself, as well. What sighs, what groans, what tears! He made overtures of peace, many restitutions and benefits, hoping by these virtuous measures to appease divine wrath. Night came; the command was given that each should retire to the house where he lodged, and that the holy sanctuary should remain cleared of all impurities for a time at least. On the following day, Easter, the patriarch convoked the crusaders on the public square, with serene brow, and said that the lack of the celestial light, if one thought about the matter, need not be a source of grief, but rather of joy, because if the miracle occurred to convince unbelief, it was just the prodigy should take place in the times when the infidels contaminated the Holy City; but it was unnecessary in the midst of Christians who had always a light more steadfast and resplendent, — faith. Aware of the public disquietude, and wishing to comfort all, he suggested that they should go in procession to Mount Sion, where the promise had been made that any devout supplication would be heard. There on the heights they could pray to the Most High that if His glory would be enhanced thereby, the renewal of the miracle might take place once more, on the present occasion, in order that the weak of faith might not prove a scandal to the good. He spoke thus, and the King Baldwin and the Papal Legate followed him to the mount, drawing behind them the multitude of crusaders;

but the Greeks, Syrians, and Armenians who found themselves in Jerusalem held back, and returned to singing psalms, tearing the beard, as when in great affliction. Jerusalem is situated in a valley between Mount Sion and Moriah. To the north is a hill called Mount Calvary, or Golgotha, and below is the Church of the Resurrection, containing in a quadrate chapel the Sepulchre. On the other side of the slope of Mount Moriah is a plain where the Hebrews twice built their temple, and the Mahometans erected their mosque, converted by the victorious crusaders into a church, under the title of Sanctuary of Our Lord. The procession had finished praying, and descended the mount with slow steps, when the patriarch, who preceded the rest, saw a spark of flame scintillate in a little window of the chapel. The prelate hastened across the valley, climbed the high mountain, opened the sanctuary, recognized the prodigy, and, lighting the blessed candle, showed it to the multitude. The crusaders arrived. Candles were illuminated, one after the other, until the vast basilica glowed with splendor; the hymn of thanksgiving was intoned, and the Mass of the Resurrection celebrated on the spot, and almost at the same hour when the innocent victim actually arose. Each then retired to his own house, constrained by long fasting, and the Pascal Lamb was eaten, after which all returned to the Sepulchre, where the first of the exterior lamps had already taken fire, while the others began to ignite in the presence of the throng, who, provided with new tapers, hastened to approach the lamp not yet extinguished. Thus the Lord comforted his people, and ordained that the glory of so many miracles should descend from generation to generation."

The words of the Genoese crusader seem to echo through the Church of San Lorenzo on Easter Day. The bells of the city ring out softly, and it is evening.

> "God gives each man one life, like a lamp, then gives
> That lamp due measure of oil."

THE STEM.

CHAPTER XIII.

A FRUIT FROM THE COLONIES.

IN that charming contribution to modern French literature, Pierre Loti's "Roman d'un Enfant," the tiny son of the Huguenot family on the coast of Brittany, who had been taught to jump by the flames of the wood fire in winter, and undergone the changes from sleeping chrysalis to butterfly in the garden of a summer day, waving his little white pinafore for wings, eats a marvellous fruit brought from afar by the sailor uncle, and forthwith begins to dream of those distant lands beyond his ken across the wide expanse of sea, longing to visit them.

In a narrow street at an angle of the Piazza Nuova of Genoa, near the Church of Sant' Ambrogio, there is a tiny fruit-shop. The slanting sunbeams find their way at certain hours athwart masonry to gleam on piles of golden oranges and lemons, baskets of purple and green figs, apples, plums, cherries, fresh almonds in furry, immature husks to be devoured whole, or overflowing from plethoric bags flanking the doorway, dried, and bunches of grapes hanging in pendant clusters overhead, each in their season of abundance. Such is the average stock of the fruiterer of Italian towns; but Genoa is a rich seaport, and the little shop on the dark alley may contain rare and curious delicacies if you search for them.

"Enter," is the bland invitation of Adelina to a customer.

The smiling creature is rosy and fresh beneath her gray hair, and so comfortably stout in her purple and yellow gown protected by an ample blue apron with capacious pockets containing all sorts of odds and ends, from copper coins, bits of string, a sheet of paper, to a handful of filberts, that she resembles a pincushion. Adelina keeps the shop, — indeed inherited the business from several generations of fruit-selling ancestors in the narrow by-way, while her husband Antonio, a mild and somewhat deprecating person, like the father spider in the domestic web, haunts the shipping and the market for the most part. All day the plump fruiterer stands in the entrance of her shop, with her hands in the pockets of her apron, amiable, even benevolent to any stray mendicant, yet shrewd, capable of holding her own in all transactions, and a thorough cosmopolitan, astonished at no folly or eccentricity which street gossip may bring her. The world changes, and she must change with it. Her son is a dashing young officer in the Infantry, his uniform and sword the pride of her maternal heart; her daughter has been educated at a convent school, and is a proficient performer on the pianoforte and the harp. Alas! the wheel turns so swiftly. If these young people gain much, do they not lose a little of the old spirit of contentment in a humbler sphere?

The stranger enters the shop of a morning. "If you had anything novel to tempt the appetite, for example, Adelina!" is a favorite form of badinage, in assumed scepticism of such an eventuality between customer and shopkeeper.

"Possibly!" laughs Adelina, glancing over her shoulder into the recesses of her kingdom, without quitting her post in the doorway. "The signora must favor me by looking about at the *roba* quite at her leisure."

Dates, such as Lady Duff Gordon ate with Nile water as an accompanying, symbolical beverage, are piled on the

shelves, with moist Malaga raisins, small, dark-skinned Egyptian bananas, black currants of Smyrna, a pineapple, the tiny Japanese orange of bitter flavor, pistachio nuts, and even that much esteemed luxury, the American peanut. The .eye of the *habitué* is attracted by a yellowish ball suspended from a nail in a network of cord to preserve the rind from bruises.

"What is this?" curiosity promptly demands, nibbling at the bait doubtless prepared in advance.

Adelina manifestly enjoys the surprise, approaches, lifts the ball from the net of cord, wipes it on her apron, and presents it for inspection, unconsciously repeating the words of Pierre Loti: "A fruit from the colonies. Eh! It came from Sumatra, and is called a *giuruc.* What do I know of the outlandish tongues of those black people? My husband got it of Jacopo this very morning. Jacopo is one of our sailors, and an honest boy. I have known him ever since he was a baby. He has, also, a monkey and a parrot for sale this voyage. Will the lady have the fruit?"

Of course the signora carries the treasure home,— chiefly because Pierre Loti has been so aptly quoted,— up many flights of stairs to an apartment, where the *giuruc* is placed on a sideboard and forgotten until a later hour of the day, when, weary and thirsty from an excursion in the environs of the town, it is taken out to the narrow balcony overlooking Genoa to be consumed at leisure.

Gibbon states that the apple was a native of Italy, and when the Romans first partook of apricots, peaches, citrons, and pomegranates they named them all apples. If the ancient Roman could formulate no expression of praise superior to "apple" for these novel articles of food, the American schoolboy, wont to revel amidst the abundance of sweet, spicy, and acid fruit of the orchards of his native land, must sympathize with the stern warrior over whose

mighty deeds of valor he is obliged to cudgel his juvenile brains, often in weariness of spirit.

A fruit from the colonies!

Seated on the balcony, with Genoa outspread below down to the water, you separate the rind, and discover that the purchase of the morning is a gigantic orange, probably a species of shattuck. The pulp, richly tinted like an opal, has a flavor of honey and sugar with a lingering refreshment on the palate, at once piquant and bitter, as counteracting cloying sweetness of insipidity, and is protected by a tough, thick layer of skin, having the smooth texture of a cream-colored kid glove. Nature in the burning tropics thus ripens her fruits for man where water is brackish and insufficient. One is reminded of the delicious milk secreted in the shell of the cocoanut, the juicy flesh of the prickly pear, the sap of forest trees, and the graceful cups of leaves that have caught the falling raindrops to present to the parched lips of the wayfarer, — all in eating the orange from the Malay Archipelago on the Genoese balcony. This delicate globe of refreshment grew in the realm of the teak-wood, cassia, pepper, gold, and diamonds. How little we heed from whence came the articles of luxury which serve as the veriest small coin of commerce? Does Genoa, to-day, ever turn, in retrospection, to the memorable enterprises of her ancestors in founding colonies?

THE ARAB IN THE GATE.

The cook of the Italian engineer returned from Egypt sallies forth to make his daily purchases in the busy thoroughfares of the town.

"How ugly he is, the *Moro*," is the public verdict of the street, even in a seaport accustomed to strangers from all quarters of the globe.

He is not ugly. He is a tall and erect Arab, with regu-

lar features, and a skin of a dark bronze tint. He wears a fez, a long garment of dull maroon cloth for the cold climate of Europe, and curiously shaped shoes of yellow leather. Indoors he expands into a robe of striped cotton, red and white like the petals of a tulip, a crimson sash, and a white turban, when he resembles one of those painted Venetian statues of the Moorish slaves, holding vases or candelabra on their heads. Devotedly attached to indulgent employers whom he served for many years in divers posts of the Red Sea, the poor alien is reputed to be very unhappy in the bleak winds of Genoa, and to perform his devotions morning and evening as a stanch Moslem.

"He is a very good Christian in his religion," an Italian servant once stated with reference to a Hebrew, punctilious in attendance at the festivals of the Synagogue.

If the soul of the Arab cook longs for the palm-tree and the desert, he none the less does his duty by his master in driving thrifty bargains over poultry, lobsters, fish, onions, or peppers with the townfolk, smiling, the while, with a dignified affability, and revealing twin rows of white teeth.

The abode of the retired engineer is a bit of the East, where his wife, a handsome Italian, born at Aden, dwells in indolent contentment, extended in her *fauteuil* near the open window, smoking cigarettes, or eating strange sweetmeats, and petting her inseparable companion, a tiny terrier with a silver collar and bell. The atmosphere of the chambers is redolent of perfumes, musk, amber, and attar of rose, with a subtle blending of the scent of cabinets, caskets, and boxes of sandal-wood, teak, cedar, or aloes, fragrant tobacco for Turkish pipes, and even an additional odor of aromatic gums, as if some precious remnant of that balm once gathered about ancient Heliopolis, valued by the Christians because of the Legend of the Well, where the Madonna washed her linen in the Flight into Egypt, having served to water the shrub, and the oil, obtained in

pious pilgrimage, being used in the rites of baptism. The eye is delighted with the rich tones of curtains, rugs, cushions, and embroidered draperies, the fabrics of Persia, India, and China.

Ali the cook, returned from market, prepares to sacrifice on the domestic hearth with curries, *pilaus*, some patriarchal forms of dressing mutton, little balls kneaded of sesame, fowls served with sweet-smelling drugs and coriander-seeds, and mysteriously compounded dishes of barley paste, honey, milk, and almonds. He takes from the folds of his girdle and the interior lining of his robe various tiny packages of the spices bought in the shops. Does not Genoa vend an ounce or two of cinnamon, cloves, and ginger without a thought of the fables associated with these articles of commerce by her ancestors, the merchants who strove to compete with Pisa, Venice, and Amalfi, to obtain them? Thus cassia was believed to grow in a shallow lake which was guarded by winged animals on the banks, resembling bats, and that screeched fearfully at the approach of all intruders. To obtain the commodity the Arabs were obliged to protect the head and body with hides and skins. Frankincense was a product of certain trees surrounded by winged serpents, and only to be collected by burning storax, first imported by the Phœnicians. Cinnamon flourished in the land where Bacchus was nursed. Large birds brought rolls of it to their nests, which were made of clay, and attached to the rocks of high mountains. The natives cut heavy portions of ox, and placed the bones so that the greedy parents would seize the food to carry up to the nests, which would then break with the additional weight, and the rolls of cinnamon be scattered on the ground.

The Arab in the Gate! Many words were borrowed from the Arabs, not only by Genoa but all Italy, and especially in terms of trade. *Arzanà* in Arabic became modi-

fied into *arzenale* (arsenal), the locality where ships were built, previously denominated in Latin *navali;* while *darcenaa* was adopted as *darsena* (dockyard), the place near ports where vessels were repaired, tarred, or laid up. *Amiras* became *amiragli* (admirals), the commanders of fleets, formerly called naval captains, or guides; a ship was divided into twenty-four *kirat*, by the Arabs, who weighed gold and diamonds in *kerats*, or four grains; Italy divided a vessel into *chirati*, and weighed gold, diamonds, and gems in *carati* (carats); the chamber where tribute on merchandise was paid was called *dohane* in the East, and *dogane* (custom-house) in Europe. The Arabs fabricated sumptuous draperies of gold and silver thread in their famous *Baldach*, from which resulted the *baldacchino* of Christian churches. In the kingdom of Fez vast meadows of grass fed fat cattle, and the hides made the leather long known as "morocco," as the skins cured by the Moors of Cordova had the name of "cordovans," and certain silks woven in Italy in imitation of the stuffs of Damascus became "damask." When the Arab merchants united in large numbers to traverse the desert, with their goods and camels, the company was termed *karavani*, readily adopted to trains of mules as "caravans." Still more curious are the proverbs grafted on modern tongues. "With patience the mulberry leaf becomes satin," is familiar. "The world is a ship, and every one on board is in danger of wreck," is another. A third is: "The prudent man is like pure gold, only he should be aware of his own value."

Ali the cook sings a ditty taken from one of the seven *casside* suspended in the temple at Mecca, in which he affirms that his love has a neck like the gazelle when she lifts her head to gaze in the distance, and always ornamented with elegant necklaces; the tresses floating on her shoulders are ebony black, and undulate as the branches of the palm-tree wave; her form is supple as a bow, while her

face would illuminate the shadows of night, and her garments recall the azure of the sky.

"In the name of the Prophet! I have found a good sheep in the market this day, and lentils," he exclaims in French, and his voice echoes through the open windows of the inner court of the house.

"Bravo!" retorts the engineer, a stout gentleman, bronzed by the sun to the hue of an Oriental, who dons indoors a fez, babooshes, and a jacket with flowing sleeves, made of pink and green silk.

"Allah is gracious! There is a ripe and sweet melon for the mistress," adds the Arab in the Gate.

AN HEIRLOOM.

In all lands some old lady dies, long deemed eccentric by her neighbors, whose last testament, or habits of the magpie of secreting valuable objects afford a topic of gossip until swept away into oblivion by the next wave of incident.

Such a person was the countess, who dwelt in the palace of the fifteenth century near the Church of San Matteo at Genoa. The event was a nine days' wonder to the town, and the envious or impecunious might gaze their fill at the narrow casements of the old mansion, marvelling at the riches it contained. Several nephews inherited the accumulated wealth of a noble family; the countess did not forget the church, being very *dévoté*, nor to give alms to the poor of the various parishes in which she held property, while she bestowed twenty thousand francs on the Benedictine nuns, who should prepare her mortal remains for the grave. Of gold, bonds, and other securities there were none. A diamond, set in dull silver, served as a clew to the mystery. The brilliant was an heirloom in her family. She assured her kinsmen that the stone rendered the owner invincible, — as the agate of India and Candia made a man prudent, the amethyst averted drunkenness, the cor-

nelian and topaz appeased anger, while the pearl imparted gayety, and coral preserved from lightning. Here was a development of ancient superstitions derived from antiquity, the Greeks, and sung by Pierre de Boniface, the troubadour of the fourteenth century.

The heirs pronounced the old lady mad, and began to search the palace, with the aid of executors and servants. They found jewels hidden in cabinets, recesses of the wall, boxes, and even thrust into embroidered bags and satin cushions, tied in pocket-handkerchiefs. For many years she had converted money into the purchase of precious stones, with the utmost secrecy. The spendthrift youth of another generation found in this hoarding instinct merely the feminine caprice of a woman once beautiful, and fond of sumptuous apparel. There was another solution of the eccentricity, revealed by a leather book in her writing-desk, a sort of diary made the intimate companion of her daily thoughts. She was a Genoese, and her interest reverted to the past. She had collected volumes and documents relating to the part filled by her ancestors, not only in the Crusades, but among the Christian merchants in the East, and the founders of the colonies of Pera, Galata, or Tana on the Black Sea. She believed she might have repurchased some of the identical jewels brought by her forefathers in her treasure of turquoises from Persia, pearls from the Island of Bahrein and Ceylon, diamonds from Deccan, emeralds from different portions of Asia, as well as the borders of the Red Sea, rock crystal of Gasna, cat's-eyes of Malabar, and lapislazuli of Tartary. Possibly the old lady watched the play of rainbow lights in these translucent gems in her solitude, and dreamed of the fables told by Eastern jewellers to enhance the value of their wares, the marine monsters that hindered the pearl fisheries, or the dragon guarding the valley of diamonds. A link between past and present in her reveries may have

been the longing of those early Genoese to plant their standard where Paros yielded marbles, Cythera shell-fish, Melos sulphur and alum, Siphnus gold, silver, and lead, Nisyrus millstones, and the entire Ægean Islands their honey. Did not the very sparkle of sapphires and rubies suggest to her mind the possessions of that sultan of Egypt, Mostanser-Billah, sacrificed to his troops, — the statues and vases of amber; the tapestries, wrought with portraits of the Kings of Egypt; the steel mirrors set in silver and gold, with coral handles; the piles of pearls; the pieces of camphor of the size of a melon; the stuffs of Damascus, Tennis (where the veil of the sanctuary of the Kaaba at Mecca was woven), and Bahnesa; a library rich in manuscripts, and ten thousand jugs filled with naphtha?

To the Phœnicians trading with all known nations, the Carthaginians had succeeded as furnishing the markets of Europe and Africa; Greece built towns even on the borders of the Black Sea, and Rome crushed both of the latter powers, in turn. Alexandria under the Roman Emperors traded with Thebes, Nubia, Ethiopia, and the Red Sea. Roman money circulated in India. By the Nile and the Red Sea, the wines of Italy were carried, metals from Asia Minor, arms, tissues, and vestments, receiving in return pearls, gems, myrrh, nard, silk, pepper, and slaves. In the fourth century Persia and China held important relations; Byzantium was the key to the Black Sea. The Arabs who sought Mecca, and the Christians hastening to Jerusalem, were often merchants in their day.

To the Hindu the life of a mariner was comparable to a drop of dew on a lotos leaf in fragility.

A web of industry and emulation was woven between Europe and the Orient, and the shuttles perpetually shot and returning through the complicated meshes were Venice, Genoa, Amalfi, Pisa, the French, the bold Catalonians, and the Aragonese. Intrigue, competition, jealousy, open quar-

rels, and defeat characterized the contests for supremacy, in which few of the Christian virtues were practised.

That rich flower of opulence, Amalfi, had bloomed suddenly down on the southern coast, boasting of being the first Italian republic to engage in trade with the Levant; having streets, wharves, and warehouses at Acre, Cairo, Constantinople, and even in Laodicea, while her flag floated in all Syrian ports, beside the banners of Genoa, Pisa, and Venice, where the Arab and Persian merchants from the interior brought nutmeg, dyes, gems, indigo, perfumes, ivory, and gums to barter. Lovely Amalfi, now fallen asleep in extreme decrepitude of old age above her blue gulf, could play the host to passing prince or Pope with luxurious banquets, revelry, and draperies of cloth-of-gold. Her chief claim on posterity consists in the invention of the marine compass by her citizen Flavius Gioja in 1290, a discovery also claimed a century later by Antonio Beccadelli, who lived at the court of Alfonso V., King of Naples and Aragon. Amalfi had on her scutcheon the marine compass, and the Lily. This flower of the arms of France was much used in Italy. In 1252 Florence struck the gold florin, ornamented with the *giglio*. It seems probable that the Italians first utilized the magnetic needle.

Venice attained the greater power by means of her resources, skill, and address in forming treaties to her own advantage with emperors and Saracen rulers; but there was a robust fibre of energy, courage, and audacity in the keenness of Genoese competition that overcame obstacles, and made the more effeminate Greeks marvel at fragile craft launching into the Caspian and Black Seas during winter storms. Occasionally a Genoese, or Catalonian corsairs, shot across the web, seizing a richly freighted Venetian argosy, or making a descent on a fertile island to plunder and destroy a rival. Deceit and violence marked the intercourse with the East. The fair side of

the picture is the admirable system of appointing consuls, regulating taxes and tariffs by law, and adhering to the book of the Consulate of the Sea, with its articles. Venetian diplomacy had gained full sway at Constantinople under Latin rule; Genoa schemed and ultimately succeeded in restoring the Greek princes, by which means the commerce of the Black Sea was accorded the latter. In 1261 the treaty of Galata was concluded with the Emperor Michael Paleologus, granting the Genoese exemption from certain taxes of the palace and shops, as well as rights in Smyrna, Salonica, Scio, and Mytelene, the islands of Negropont and Candia, driving out the Venetians. Genoa ratified another treaty of July, 1260, in which she complacently declared herself to be on amicable terms with the kings of France, Castille, Aragon, and England, as well as of Cyprus and Armenia, princes, Christian barons, and religious orders of the Holy Land, and allied with the sultans of Egypt, Damascus, Aleppo, Turkey, and king of Tana.

In the colonies the foreign merchants had their *fondachi* (the warehouses with the name adopted from the Arab *alfondiga*, *fondaco*, *fondachi*), church, municipal palace, public bath, and furnace for baking their bread all under the jurisdiction of their own laws and consuls, and enclosed in a wall. The ruler of the city ordered the gates closed on these foreigners at night. Did the old lady ponder on the towns of Caffa and Tana in purchasing lapis-lazuli with which her cabinets, tables, and ebony boxes were lavishly inlaid, the rise of Tamerlane, and the merchandise brought from Tartary and Armenia, the ermine, sable, and marten, wools, and metals? Thus the shuttle flew across the web for centuries, and a tide of wealth flowed into the coffers of Genoa, Venice, or Pisa.

Will the inherited heirloom impart invincibility to the youth of the present generation?

A BRANCH OF CORAL.

The pedler, a small and yellow man of persistent ways, opens his box, and offers his stock of coral for inspection. You shake your head sternly, and hasten on into the Church of the Annunziata, while a foolish young father, with his hat on the back of his head, and an expansive smile which seems to invite all the world to admire his first baby, — a mite of humanity in the perambulator he is wheeling along, — pauses, and consults his wife, already a sedate matron with the sweet placidity of a Madonna. The baby will need a coral necklace made of those irregularly shaped bits strung together and deemed suitable for juvenile wear. How can such a baby be expected to begin life without coral?

The interior of the Church of the Annunziata is the richest in Genoa in marble columns, painting, and gilding, although the façade has been left unfinished. The sacred edifice was rebuilt in 1537, and decorated at the expense of the Lomellini family. Pausing beneath the golden dome of this temple, the history of the builders assumes a characteristic feature of the Sea City. The Genoese Republic granted them the right of the coral fisheries of the island of Tabarca in the gulf of Tunis for two hundred years. The origin of the race is traced to a count palatine, one of the electors of the empire, whose two brothers, Gandolfo and Otto by name, sought Italy, where they became great lords. Their descendants dwelt at Pavia, and held a property named Lomellina. Wars dispersed the gentlemen Lomellini, but they held everywhere their titles as counts of Mede, Langesco, Gambarana, Rovescala, and Valegio. Many of the branches remained in poverty and obscurity after reverses of fortune, while the Lomellini of Genoa had a good reputation. Now beaten down in the struggle of party factions, and again

acting the wise part of peacemakers between rivals, the name is interwoven through the pattern of Genoese history. In 1197 a Lomellini was one of the councillors under the Podestà Drudo Marcellino, while in 1402 Battista Lomellini was a councillor with Cardinal Luigi Fieschi in the insurrection of the Dorias and the Mari; and in 1409 Lionel Lomellini, implicated in the intrigues of the Guelphs and Ghibellines, after the four years' war was sent with Etienne Spinola as ambassador of the Republic to England. In 1535 the Emperor Charles V. made an expedition against Tunis, and claimed the right of Spain to the coral fisheries forever. At the same date Giovanni Doria, nephew of Andrea Doria, captured on the coast of Corsica the pirate Dragut. The prize fell to the share of the Lomellini of Genoa, who demanded the island of Tabarca as his ransom. Spain consented to fortify and defend the island with a garrison, and Genoa to pay five per cent on the commerce. In time Spain failed to send troops; the Genoese flag was substituted, and the Lomellini had the charge of all accounts. The colonists throve in spite of the depredations of Levantine corsairs, who swept away the fishermen from time to time, and raided to make slaves for their masters. At length this persecution induced the King Charles Emanuel III. of Sardinia to offer the Christians the uninhabited island of San Pietro on the coast of Sardinia. Thirty married couples accepted the refuge, where their descendants, numbering some four hundred souls, dwell to this day. They are known as the *Tabarcini*, still pursue the trade of coral-fishing, and aid in loading the vessels that seek their harbor of Carloforte for minerals. Another island of Tabarca is situated on the Spanish coast near the gulf of Alicante, where the king of Spain planted a second colony of these hapless refugees, ransomed as captives of the Bey of Tunis.

Beneath the ornate dome of the Church of the Annunziata at Genoa the picture forms before the mental vision of the sky of Africa, all golden, with the palms delicately defined in feathery crowns of foliage on the luminous background, the walls and fortifications of Tunis on the rocky isthmus between two salt lakes, and the mosques and bazaars, and network of narrow streets, where the silent Moor, wearing fez, jacket, and trousers of crimson cloth, smokes in the shadow of yellow and red awnings; the tall Arab, enveloped in a white burnous, passes with a file of camels; and vendors of sweetmeats, water, fried beans, and piles of purple fruit protected by leaves, come and go in the glow of white walls and the fretwork shade of arcades. The Italian republics emulated each other in holding amicable relations with the sultan of Tunis in their time of active enterprise. Venice, Genoa, Pisa, and Amalfi sought here wheat, dried fruits, oils, coral, gold-dust, morocco, carpets, and rich fabrics for Europe.

Nearer the frontier Tabarca rises to a peak of rock, with the ruins of a mediæval castle still visible on the summit, and a small harbor frequented by coral boats when the weather is too rough to admit of their pursuing their work at sea. Occasionally a native craft of piratical aspect glides near over the blue waters, the swarthy crew with gaudy sashes and earrings. Did the Lomellini cast their grappling gear down in the Tunisian waters to the realm of sardine, red mullet, lobster, sea-urchin, mussels, and tunny in quest of the coral sprays of the reef, whereof to fashion clasps for the Orientals, delicate ornaments to enhance the loveliness of fair Greeks or Russians, large red beads for the necks of negresses, the pear-shaped bits to serve as current money among the tribes of Africa, and fans with clustering shells attached to polish for museums? Did they pause at the Isle of Gerbi between Tunis and Tripoli, and search for the lotos which grows there, and grants to the finder immortality?

Outside in the Piazza the wily pedler has sold a necklace to the young father, who enjoys haggling over the transaction, and adds a pair of coral sleeve-loops as essential to the baby's toilette. Several sympathetic bystanders give their opinion, and the young father, entirely unembarrassed at being the cynosure of many eyes, takes them into his confidence. You depart; but the pedler swiftly pursues a fresh victim, brandishing a bracelet at the corner, extolling pins and eardrops at your side, and finally at your own door presenting a branch of coral of the pallid hue described by Dante. You buy the exquisite specimen, and climb the stairway, wondering if it came from the Island of Tabarca, and if, in their sphere, the Lomellini of Genoa did not truly eat the lotos of immortality.

CONCERNING FISH.

The apothecary eats salted codfish in Lent, and on all fast days of the church calendar. The cod acquires a religious significance in Catholic countries from Dunkerque, where prodigious quantities of the homely food are reputed to be consumed, served in smallest portions sold for a few farthings on the occasion of the great fête of Our Lady of the Dunes, when the fishermen have returned from their annual voyage to Iceland, to the dark and musty little pharmacy of Genoa. The cod has played an important part in history. The American may estimate the fish as a familiar subject for jest and song, the savory if frugal dish of the domestic circle of the bleak northern coasts, and scorned by the inhabitants of more southern shores as the haunt of oyster, crab, and terrapin. The opening of the fisheries of the great Bank of Newfoundland is affirmed to have changed the current of Mediterranean trade, the dried or salted article of food for seasons of fasting having been previously procured from the Black

Sea. The invention of gunpowder revolutionized war, the adaptation of the marine compass rendered possible the discovery of America, and the conversion of rags into paper adapted for printing swept away rare books. Florence boasted, at this date, of making glasses to aid enfeebled sight. According to Pliny and Seneca the ancients held a globe, filled with water, to the eye to render objects larger and more distinct. Roger Bacon experimented with the segment of a sphere, obtaining the same result. A Florentine buried in the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore, Salvino degli Armati by name, made a glass of lenticular qualities hitherto unknown, and ingeniously shaped to form two circles connected together and suspended before the eyes. At the same time, in 1285, Padre Alessandro Spina of Pisa made and sold similar glasses. Thus the pair of spectacles preceded the telescope of the heavens. In an age of discoveries and inventions, behold the excellent codfish of the Newfoundland Bank swimming into the notice of Catholic Europe in his turn! Has the large and vigorous *morrhua vulgaris* ever been accorded his due meed of praise in a busy world, except by the silent and grateful multitudes that devour his firm flakes of flesh? Have patron or sculptor erected a statue to the enterprising sailor who caught the first codfish on the Newfoundland Bank, as the Dutch honored the countryman who utilized the best means of curing herring?

The pharmacy is situated near the Porta San Bartolomeo and the Church of St. Bartholomew of the Armenians. The place is sombre and chill, and the atmosphere dry, as if a smell of herbs and drugs had lingered about shelf and drawer for years. There is no pretence of modern elegance in the premises, as imparted by sparkling plate-glass, marble, and chandelier. A sign of a golden pine cone (*Pina d'oro*) is still visible above the door. In the rear of the shop a tabernacle of the fifteenth century

is attached to the wall, containing a dilapidated relief of the Madonna in terra-cotta, surrounded by a wreath carved in stone to represent the leaves, flowers, and seeds used in medicine, poppies, pomegranates, and the much esteemed barley. A row of pharmacy jars of ancient majolica stands on brackets near the ceiling. These receptacles possess the charm of mystery, with scutcheons of yellow and brown hues painted on the sides, or allegorical designs, and patterns of blue and yellow interwoven, each with a cover fitting closely. What do they contain? They might belong to the centuries when Genoa dealt largely with Asia, bringing to Europe Chinese porcelain, Japanese metal-work, iron and gold of Cochin China, diamonds and gems of Golconda and Pegu, drugs from the Moluccas, opium, borax, and nitre from Bengal, camphor and the wood of Brazil from Sumatra, musk from Thibet, incense and balsam from Arabia, and saffron from India. They might still hoard the rhubarb once prized in the Venetian lagoons as imported from the Chinese province of Sechuen, the mountains of Siberia and Tartary, a plant gathered at a high degree of latitude over an immense extent of Asia; aloes, or the sugars of Damascus, Majorca, and Sicily. All suggests the day when the apothecaries and the grocers belonged to the same Guild. If the little shop is dingy and shabby, and situated in an out-of-the-way nook of the town, it enjoys much popularity. Priests resort hither, as a sort of club, and doctors, hopeful of clients. Sundry old gentlemen with weak throats have firm faith in the drops made of pine essence, and the strips of red jujube-paste, and the tar lozenges prepared here. Possibly the proprietor exercises a sort of spell over these customers. He may be initiated in those secrets of the eighteenth century, known to the fraternity of Montpellier, obtained from the Levant, or Jewish and Arabian physicians, and make comfits of honey, balm, and aromatic gums,

or cure headache and maladies of the stomach with compounds of ginger, pepper, cinnamon, cloves, and nutmeg. Who knows that he does not make electuaries to preserve the wearer from modern cholera, as his brethren sought to avert the pest by the same means in the Middle Ages?

The apothecary is a tall and cadaverous person of taciturn temperament. He was born in the shadow of the Church of St. Bartholomew of the Armenians, and has a firm belief in the gift of the Doge Montaldo, in dying, of the miraculous portrait of Christ, printed on a cloth, from Odessa, and not to be confounded with the napkin of Saint Veronica. He is very devout, — and surely a chemist, of all men, should be conscientious.

On a Friday morning the old Flavia, wife of the cobbler at the corner, who takes care of this bachelor establishment, thrusts her head in at the door.

"What shall I buy for dinner?" she demands.

The man of drugs replies, —

"Codfish (*baccala*); and do not serve it with white sauce and egg, Flavia mia, but dress it with a little oil."

Then he glances around at his customers as who should say: "Am I not an example, and a good son of the Church?"

CHAPTER XIV.

THE ROYAL ASPHODEL.

TRAVELLERS in the Maremma describe a strange plant that blooms amidst the insidious influence of the doomed region. It is a tall product of marshy soil, with long leaves, a reddish stem, loaded with delicate pink blossoms, the pistils and stamens having a warmer crimson tint, and bears the name of Asphodelia. There is a superstition among the country-folk that to taste the juice is to be smitten with madness and death. This is not to be confounded with the yellow flower of the sunshine, swaying a golden crown on an emerald-green stalk about castle walls, nor the weird bloom of the twilight, clustering on the meadows of Magna Græcia for the spirits and shades of the dead to dwell among, the true asphodel of the poets; but it may be a sort of wicked and outcast cousin of the species.

The Emperor Frederic II. resembled the plant of the Maremma. He was a rich and rare personality, unlike his fellows, sadly misapprehended by many of his contemporaries, and probably not clearly estimated by posterity at a true valuation. A great prince of liberal culture, and mental endowments far in advance of his day, his own royal path was plentifully sown with thorns of rebellion and private ingratitude by his adversaries, and he bequeathed an ample inheritance of discord, madness, and death in the feuds of Guelph and Ghibelline. He was the Asphodelia of the Maremma among Italian rulers, attaining a vigorous growth of power, with the delicate

blossoms of refined tastes and pursuits, and that rank sap of being drawn from the embittered sources of human wisdom and worldly cynicism. What do we really know of the actual character of this stately emperor? Little, or nothing! "The actions of princes are like those great rivers, the course of which every one beholds, but their springs have been seen by few." Son of Henry VI. and grandson of the great Barbarossa, Frederic II. was born in Italy in 1194. His mother was Constance, daughter of King Roger of the Two Sicilies, from whom she inherited the throne. She died during his infancy, and intrusted her illustrious offspring to the guardianship of Pope Innocent III. Possibly the Empress Constance sought to avert by this measure the hostility of the Vatican to the great House of Suabia for the son who was to incur the fullest measure of the animosity of the court of Rome. To the great abilities of the Pope Innocent III. as guardian, combined with diligent study, may we not attribute the educational advantages which rendered Frederic proficient in Greek, Arabic, French, and other tongues? To the energy and austerity of character of a pontiff who sought every means of increasing his own temporal power, — placing France under an interdict because the King, Philip Augustus, had attempted to repudiate his wife in 1199; excommunicating Otho, Emperor of Germany, in 1212, to elevate Frederic II. of Sicily on his throne; quarrelling with King John of England over the appointment of the Archbishop of Canterbury; and waging war in 1214 on the Albigenses, — may we not attribute a rebellious waywardness in a pupil with the blood of the Hohenstaufen race in his veins? Frederic was crowned as emperor at Aix-la-Chapelle in 1214, after the defeat of his rival Otho, and was supported by the Ghibelline party in an attempt to unite Germany and Italy in one empire, while the Pope and the Guelphs opposed him. In 1220, he

removed his court to Naples, which belonged to him by inheritance. Gregory IX. succeeded Honorius III. to the Papacy in 1227, and insisted on Frederic's undertaking a crusade, in accordance with a vow extorted from him in earlier youth by the Pope. Here is a curious trait in the rich and strange Royal Asphodel; not lacking in bravery or energy, Frederic embarked on the expedition, but turned back before reaching Jerusalem, for which Gregory promptly excommunicated him, schoolboy fashion. The emperor ultimately made the crusade in 1228, obtained possession of Jerusalem, and thus soothed the Pontifical ire temporarily. The term of Gregory's rule was marked by conflicts with Frederic and the Ghibelline faction on one side, and Pope and Guelph on the other.

Genoa was inextricably involved in these events. Henry VI. had given Genoa all rights over Monaco, and Frederic II. graciously confirmed the act of his father; but the Sea City, dedicated to the Madonna, and usually very respectful to the Pope, soon vacillated from allegiance to the grandson of Barbarossa. Pisa was loyal to the House of Suabia, while Venice and Genoa were hostile. In 1232, a parliament was held in the Church of San Lorenzo at Genoa, to read the letters addressed to the Republic at that date by the emperor. A clamor arose, and the assemblage was dispersed. German historians maintain that the Genoese podestà gave the missives a false interpretation, calculated to irritate all listeners on the occasion, reading aloud that Frederic exacted of the people an oath of fidelity and sovereignty instead of fidelity and vassalage.

Then arose the Genoese Pope Innocent IV. Sinibaldo de Fieschi was elected to the Holy See in 1243, as successor of Celestine IV. He soon became involved in the standing quarrel with Frederic II., and retired to Lyons for greater safety from so bold an adversary. Genoa

thoroughly espoused the cause of the new Pontiff. He visited his native city, and was received with every demonstration of respect and patriotic interest by the citizens. He fell ill in the midst of imposing ceremonies, and was removed to the Badia of Sestri for the benefit of purer air, where he recovered sufficiently to be carried in a litter to Savona, and thence made his way to France by Piedmont and the Alps. In June of the year 1245 Pope Innocent IV. held a council in the Church of St. Just at Lyons to confirm all previous condemnation of the emperor of Germany and king of Sicily. Was the act one of individual temerity, or a fixed determination to confirm the dominion over a wayward pupil attempted by Innocent III. during his guardianship of Frederic? The Pope enumerated to the senate of the church the misfortunes of Christianity at that hour. He stated that in the north the Mongol Tartars had invaded Russia, Poland, and Hungary, while the successors of Genghis-Khan also held China, Persia, and Asia Minor. In the south the people driven from their own country by the Mongols, had invaded Jerusalem, and put the Christians of the Holy Land to the sword. The Latin Empire of Constantinople, enfeebled by wars, did not venture outside of the city fortifications, and the sovereign was forced by poverty to rob the roof of the palace of his ancestors of the tin and lead used in building. Western Europe, menaced by all these dangers, could do nothing because of the feud existing between the emperor and the Pope.

Pierre des Vignes and Taddéo de Suessa appeared at the council in defence of Frederic II. The latter spoke, while the former, the favorite of the sovereign, was silent, — another enigma of history.

One of the grievances alleged to have been urged by Innocent IV. was the fact that Frederic II. had received the sultan of Egypt in Sicily with every courtesy, and

liked association with the Saracens. Perhaps the culprit displayed a diplomatic policy emulated by modern sovereigns, and possibly the Orientals were as agreeable companions as the Christians of those times. Frederic haughtily and firmly refused to submit to the fresh excommunication of the council of Lyons, and renewed the conflict with Innocent, which lasted until the death of the former.

Frederic II. seems to have possessed a dual nature, which is remarkably rich in a manifold suggestiveness. He was a Hohenstaufen in his qualities of ambitious ruler and German in all spiritual and profound mental gifts, and Italian in the softer graces of attraction toward the beautiful or sensual in classical forms of art. He was the grandson of Barbarossa when, after his collision with Gregory IX., and the council was ordered to be held in St. John Lateran, he armed all his ships in Sicily, joined the Pisan fleet under command of Ugolino Buzzachérino, and waylaid the Genoese *en route* for Ostia with the French cardinals on board invited to the conference between the islands of Giglio and Meloria. Four thousand Genoese were made prisoners by the forces of Frederic, and carried to Sicily, — a defeat long remembered by the proud Republic. The cardinals, bishops, and deputies taken by Pisa were placed in the chapter house of the cathedral in silver chains as a mark of respect.

He attains a majesty worthy of a Cæsar in the scene described by Matthew of Paris, when the favorite Pierre des Vignes has a physician present a cup of medicine previously poisoned to the royal patient, who is indisposed. Frederic takes the fatal potion in his hand, glances at his intimate confidant, and remarks jestingly: "You would not poison me." Then with the sudden frown of the great House of Suabia he passes the cup, untasted, to the physician, commanding him to drink half of the po-

tion. The latter complies in terror, drops the chalice, and soon after dies. "You would not harm me, I am aware." The words of Frederic addressed to Pierre des Vignes, the man of talent raised from obscurity to posts of honor, in their profound cynicism and scepticism of all human gratitude, come down to us through the lapsing years like the echo of Julius Cæsar's "Et tu, Brute," or the mocking query of Augustus on his death-bed: "Has the farce been well played? Then applaud!" These wearers of imperial crowns grasped shadows, and fathoming Bossuet's depths of disillusionment, found — nothing.

Frederic was southern and Latin in his fondness for poetry and music, luxurious, living amidst favorites and strange animals. He wrote verses in Sicilian and Provençal, and had tasted of the wondrous fruits of Persian and Arabian poetry. Belonging to the mystic school, by nature, of Saint Francis of Assisi, Guillaume de Lorris, Cavalcanti, and Dante, he did not request Rome to tune his lyre. He was superstitious, and his armies were reputed to move only after consulting certain astrologers, and the position of the stars in the heavens duly noted. Frederic II. died in 1251.

This event was followed by the return of Innocent IV. from France to Italy. The Pope coasted Provence and western Liguria, escorted by six Genoese galleys. He disembarked one mile from Genoa, and pausing on the right bank of Polcevera, gave the apostolic benediction to a kneeling multitude. This is one of most picturesque scenes in Genoese history. Innocent mounted on a horse, and proceeded towards the city, accompanied by many cardinals, where he was met by the podestà carrying a gold staff of office, and the rectors of the people supporting a magnificent canopy of state. Thus the ambitious scion of the race of the Fieschi entered his native town, doubtless imagining at the moment that he was the great-

est of Genoa's sons, — and Columbus was not born. The crowd surged around him, moved by religious enthusiasm, and the casements and balconies were hung with tapestries and velvet in his honor.

Once more reinstated in power, Innocent IV. excommunicated Conrad, the son and successor of Frederic II. The House of Suabia was persecuted by Rome for an entire century, and according to Sismondi accused of the most improbable crimes. Barbarossa was said to have caused the death of two children of his son, Henry VI.; Manfred of stifling his father, Frederic II., under cushions in illness, at Ferentino; Conrad of poisoning the young Henry, and Manfred of poisoning Conrad.

Frederic II. was the Royal Asphodel, a strange plant, product of the rank Maremma of humanity.

CHAPTER XV.

A CARRIER PIGEON.

IN the Street of the Watermelon (Via Ricasoli) of Florence exists a Pigeon Society, of which one occasionally reads the announcement in a local journal that a conference will be held in the rooms of the association, at a stated time, when some member, learned on the subject, will deliver a lecture.

A Florentine noble, who has purchased of the Italian government the little island of Monte Cristo in the Tuscan Archipelago, rendered famous by Alexandre Dumas, intends to establish a service of carrier pigeons between this charming retreat of pleasure and the mainland. Who would not scorn steam-yacht communication, sail, or prosaic submarine cable, if winged postmen could be employed, kindred of the feathered flocks haunting the roof of the Florence cathedral, or San Marco at Venice?

To become a carrier pigeon in spirit, as George Sand embodied a leaf, a bird, growing grass, and fly down to the margin of the Mediterranean in fine weather, what a closely written page of Genoese history lies outspread before the gaze in the islands visible on the shining track of waters! Elba is a rock, bathed in purple mist; Pianosa stretches low on the surface of the sea; Giglio is gray in hue, as revealing in the distance the granite quarries whence Rome drew columns for the Forum of Trajan and the Temple of Venus; Gorgona rises in a sharply outlined

cone; and Capraja cherishes still historic fame of many centuries, from the early Christian occupancy of the fourth century, the defeat of the Saracens, by the Genoese, Lamberto Cibo, in the eleventh century, to the occupancy of Lord Nelson, and the final residence of Garibaldi; while Sardinia and Corsica are blue clouds on the horizon.

Saint Ambrose wrote:—

"These isles cast on the sea by God, like a collar of pearls, became the refuge of such men as wished to hold aloof from all ill-regulated pleasures, to flee from the world. Here they lived in austere moderation, and escaped the snares of evil. The sea afforded them a veil for their penances, and aided them in acquiring a perfect and constant continence, all surroundings suggesting elevated reflections. The mysterious music of the deep mingled with the chanting of psalms, and while the waves broke on the shore with a low murmur, from their bosom was heard ascending to the sky the peaceful tones of the choir of the elect."

These communities of early monks left traces of the monasteries and chapels built by them on nearly every island. Here they devoted themselves to prayer and meditation, their food consisting of a little barley bread and a handful of herbs.

Pisa basks in golden sunshine, and a sense of depression creeps over the frame of the loiterer in her streets; yet there is no element of sombre melancholy in her desertion, — only a stillness of warm light steeping pine woods, and sandy wastes in an atmosphere of soft revery. It is difficult to associate a stirring and valiant past with the present tranquillity of Pisa, left far inland by the ebbing sea. A mart of importance under the Romans at the beginning of the eleventh century, Pisa became one of the chief towns of the Mediterranean in maritime and commercial importance, and a rival of Genoa and Venice. Her zeal in aid-

ing the Crusades and establishing relations with the Levant equalled that of Genoa. There was an early and modest Pisa, where the citizens lived economically, without display of luxury in the table and household furniture, owning nearly the whole of the island of Sardinia, with Elba, and having colonies at Constantinople and St. John d'Acre. Such was the fertility of the province and the prosperity of all enterprise of trade, that a few years of peace filled the coffers of the town. In 1276 Florence obliged Pisa to take back the nobles she had banished in the exile of political conflict. A change ensued. The Pisan nobles began to assume the pomp of Italian sovereigns, with vassals. The counts Ugolino, Fazio, and Anselmo, as well as Gallura, judge of Arborea, had each a little court and army. Pisa became proud of all this splendor. Rivalry with Genoa resulted, with collisions of interest in the East, quarrels over Corsica, the seizure of a Genoese galley near Sicily by Pisans, and even the incitement of the inhabitants of St. John d'Acre to drive out the Genoese merchants, and plunder their warehouses. Evasions, skirmishes, and provocations followed between these irritated neighbors. In the diplomacy of worldly wisdom Genoa and Pisa may have played a wary game of chess at that date; but they also resembled those crustaceans, the lobsters and the crabs, that rush out of a retreat, brandish a taunting claw in the air to attract the attention of a rival, and then sidle back to a crevice in the rocks to meditate on the situation, until provocation proves too strong, and the combatants close with each other in mortal conflict. Thus, in August, 1282, Niccolo Spinola approached the mouth of the Arno, with a fleet of twenty-six galleys, and retreated when the Pisans came forth to greet him with thirty galleys. Eight days later the Pisan Admiral Ginicello Sismondi, in turn, set sail for Genoa, advanced to Porto Venere without encountering

the foe, pillaged the shore and adjacent country, and prepared to return home in triumph, when a tempest overwhelmed the victors, on the ninth of September, and the ships foundered between Viareggio and the river Serchio. The Pisan admiral was not discouraged. He called a council, demanded funds, and urged the building of one hundred and twenty new ships. The two cities sent emissaries, accompanied by four commissioners, to each other, to ascertain the extent of warlike projects entertained at home. Pisa learned the number of galleys being built by Genoa, and constructed the same, in active emulation. In 1283 the Pisans chose Admiral Rosso Buzzacherini to command their forces; but the year passed without decisive action, although the Pisans advanced to the port of Genoa with sixty-four vessels, and the Genoese confronted them with seventy galleys; hence the usual retreat. The ensuing season found the rivals mutually determined to terminate such fruitless warfare. On the first of May a battle took place, a Pisan vessel sank, and three others were disabled. The victory belonged to the Genoese, eight galleys and fifteen hundred prisoners having been captured by them. Pisa returned home crestfallen, but determined to avenge her humiliation. Alberto Morosini of Venice was chosen podestà, a notable sailor, while Count Ugolino della Gheradesca and Andreotto Saracini were appointed captains of the fleet. The public treasury was nearly exhausted by former armaments, but the Pisan nobles staked their private fortunes to recover their national honor. The Lanfranchi armed eleven galleys; the Gualandi, the Lei, and the Gaetani six, while less opulent families united to equip one vessel. This generous devotion created a fleet of one hundred and three galleys, which sailed to the Port of Genoa, and provoked the latter to combat by shooting three silver arrows. Genoa prudently declined the challenge until such time as she could muster one hundred

and seven galleys, and sail before Pisa. The Pisans, full of enthusiasm, re-embarked on the fleet at anchor between the two bridges of the town; the archbishop gave his blessing, raising high the standard of the commune on the old bridge, and the crew descended to the mouth of the Arno. Next day, August 6, 1284, the two fleets met near the little island of Meloria, and the combat began. The Genoese had received a reinforcement of thirty galleys, commanded by Benedetto Zacchari, and hid them behind Meloria. Pisa staked the safety of her republic and the empire of the lower sea on the issue. The shock of battle was terrible, the struggle equal, and the number that perished very great, some falling on the decks, others cast into the sea, and still more striving to regain a place by clinging to oars and bulwarks, while the waves became reddened with blood, and helmets, arrows, lances, and bucklers were scattered on the current. The hot blood of the race was warmed at last; captains shouted to their soldiers, exhorting them to remember that the very existence of their country was in question, and never before had they been brought face to face with the enemy in these waters; and the troops responded with cries of fury. At the critical moment when Morosini had grappled with Doria, the thirty galleys of Benedetto Zaccheri appeared, captured the Pisan admiral on the other side, and the Count Ugolino beat a retreat. The Pisan loss was estimated at five thousand slain and eleven thousand prisoners. The Tuscan jest resulted that if one wished to see Pisa one must go to Genoa.

Pisa never recovered from this cruel blow. The women flocked along the roads leading to the sea, tearing their hair in grief and despair, and for six months desolation and sorrow for the dead brooded over the town.

Genoa showed that robust fibre in her triumph which her enemies found so hard to bear, returning thanks in the

churches for their victory, and then discussing the fate of so many prisoners. Some of the senators were in favor of demanding, as ransom, the Castle of Castro in Sardinia, the bulwark of the Pisan possessions, and others wished a sum of silver paid. Jealousy suggested detaining the captives in order that their wives might not remarry, and the population of Pisa thus be reduced. Disagreements continuing, the Pisans were not released for sixteen years, when their number was found diminished from eleven to one thousand by age, wounds, and illness.

The Guelphs of Tuscany were still more ungenerous. Pisa was the only Ghibelline city, and they proposed to form a league of Florence, Lucca, Siena, Prato, Pistoia and Volterra, inviting Genoa to join them, to raze the fortifications of this antagonist, and scatter her population through the country. All Florentines dwelling at Pisa were ordered to depart, and six hundred Florentine horsemen approached by way of Volterra, ravaging Pisan territory, even inciting the lords of several castles to revolt. Note the skill and address of the times! Pisa nominated Count Ugolino captain-general of their city for ten years. A Ghibelline by birth and a Guelph by alliance, ambitious to rule, suspected of treachery, and in accord with the enemy in secret, Pisa availed herself of this tool, and escaped destruction. What manner of man was Count Ugolino of the Famine Tower? Was he thoroughly unscrupulous and depraved, merely meddlesome and fussy, or unequal to the game of skill he strove to sustain with his contemporaries? He was accused of sending the Florence priors bottles filled with gold pieces instead of the wine of Vernaccia, promising Pisan castles to diverse foes, treating with Genoa for Castro in Sardinia as a ransom for the prisoners, making overtures to Lucca until he became odious alike to Guelph and Ghibelline. He banished powerful Ghibelline leaders and destroyed ten

Pisan palaces. The magistrates bade him retire from the palace of the magistracy, and a new podestà was appointed. His nephew Nino di Galluro rose against him, and the Archbishop Roger shared the rule in 1288. The Count Ugolino was violent, the Archbishop Roger dei Ubaldini calm, until assured of Ghibelline support; and he succeeded in imprisoning his rival, together with four sons, in the Tower dei Gualande in the Piazza Anziani, and threw the keys into the Arno. Perhaps the fearful deed will stand in the immortal verse of Dante longer than the walls of Pisa, and Ugolino be seen in the sea of ice of traitors to country, gnawing ever the cranium of the guilty archbishop.

Pisa basks in golden sunshine. She ceased to dominate at Constantinople and in the Grecian Archipelago after her great battle with doughty Genoa, and she withdrew her houses of business from Syria. With the downfall of the princes of Hohenstaufen she gradually sank into lethargy. Silent forever are the valiant combatants of the rival cities. If the carrier pigeon wings its flight over the blue waves, the chants of the early monks may still echo above the murmur of the waters rising from the islands, jewels on the expanse of tranquil sea.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE VENETIAN PRISONER.

THE modern Alcæus dwells at Genoa on the first floor of a mansion of antique solidity rather than of magnificent exterior, with his casements overlooking the Via degli Orefici, where the goldsmiths have their shops. If the interior of the apartment is sombre in dull weather, a glimpse may be obtained down in the street in the rows of shop windows of glittering metal, wreathed in fantastic shapes, chains of delicate frost-work, and the favorite flower, the marguerite, attached to pin or aigrette. The bald head of the old man who is chief artisan in the opposite establishment is visible as he bends over a table covered with tools, fashioning a tiny Saint George on his steed for the hand of a gilt souvenir spoon. The venerable craftsman, born and bred in his sphere, has so often repeated familiar statues in the wee figures adorning the spoons that he has attained the proficiency of the Tyrolese in carving wood, or Prosperzia di Rossi of Bologna, who portrayed the Crucifixion with attendant groups of disciples, women, and soldiers on peach and cherry stones.

Alcæus is an invalid with nerves, but of a mild disposition, who would not harm a fly; and yet his thoughts turn on warfare, and his conversation is of the secret of smokeless powder, dynamite cannon, and the campaigns of ancient nations. The hand-to-hand conflicts of Genoa with Pisa and Venice of old inspire him with enthusiasm, and he rehearses the scenes of carnage with historical accu-

racy. The world is full of such anomalies. He is a collector of armor, or rather of obsolete engines of destruction. Like the lyric poet Alcæus, he has his armory, where polished helmets with plumes of white horsehair attached, and burnished brazen greaves hang on the walls; bucklers and breastplates lie in heaps with tunics and girdles in corners; and halberds, sabres, and lances are interlaced, fanwise, on shields. Knives with curved handles of a sinister aspect, rapiers, blades of Damascus and Toledo, and poniards in cases of exquisite workmanship, or studded with precious stones, abound, suggesting unpleasantly that if the amiable host, or the dusky servant of unknown nationality, who glides about perpetually polishing steel, were smitten with sudden madness and decided to "run a muck," in the Malay mode, it might go hard with the inoffensive visitor.

An inner sanctuary may be compared to a Chamber of Horrors. Quaint woodcuts are framed on the walls, depicting early Genoese craft engaged in battle, whether drawn up in a circle on the high seas, or haunting hostile shores to destroy by means of throwing stones, soap, sand, and the dregs of oil from the prow, or shooting arrows. A model of cork stands in a niche, reproducing the wooden castles as machines of war, for the construction of which Genoa was celebrated, and employed in the sieges of Jerusalem, as well as purchased by the Milanese to attack Como in the twelfth century. Other ingenious designs are treasured here, — a miniature catapult for hurling stones before metal artillery was invented or gunpowder had blown away forever the knight in mail; billhooks, and arquebuses, and a Liliputian battering-ram. The host, in a moment of confidence, displays a dilapidated lance, and tests the point on his finger, explaining in a musing tone: "This was taken in battle with the Venetians, and I have reason to believe it once belonged to Marco Polo."

Venice rises on her brink of sea, divided from Genoa by intervening mountains and plains, and gazes at her own reflected image, soft rose tints and pearl white, in the silent lagoons. Several years ago a scientific exhibition was held here, and in the procession of gondolas one fairy craft represented Geography, with draperies of blue silk, glittering fringes, a silver nymph at the prow, and a boy studying a globe in the stern. In the rooms of the Exhibition a rude and grotesque statue created much amusement. This was a figure seated in a chair, clad in Tartar costume, with one foot lifted, as if about to walk, and was reputed to be a very ancient portrait of Marco Polo.

Rivalry had long existed between Genoa and Venice, and collisions of interest were frequent at Constantinople, Cyprus, Candia, Tunis, and in Sicilian waters, with ever increasing irritation on the part of the adversaries. Venice excelled in glass-making, delicate goldsmith's work, and the magnificence of her woven stuffs, lending a grace and elegance to all the industries she undertook which was innate in her people. The wood-carving and turning of her artisans became renowned in European markets, while she is said to have furnished the purest wax known to all the Catholic world, owing to the salubrity of her climate, or the absence of dust on her islands.

In 1295 taunts were exchanged by the foes. Genoa sent word to Venice that if pride led the latter to seek the former, so long a voyage as separated the two cities was unnecessary, since a rendezvous could be given at Sicily.

In 1298 Lamba Doria, of the same family as Uberto who destroyed the Pisan navy, set forth for the Adriatic with all the speed of sails and oars, to settle existing differences. The Doge sent out ninety-five galleys under Andrea Dandolo to meet them. Venice staked all on the result, as Pisa had done. The famous Marco Polo, just returned from China, without leisure as yet to impart to Italy his

own marvellous adventures, hastened to volunteer his services in the cause of country. Dandolo stationed his fleet near Curzola and other islands of the gulf toward the coast of Dalmatia, and northwest of Ragusa, to await the arrival of the Genoese. The enemies exchanged messages, measured each other's strength, and manœuvred to gain some advantage of position in attack, forming the usual lines and circles. The signal of battle given, the shock was tremendous, as from ship to ship the engines hurled stones, showers of arrows flew, and the grappling hooks caught in the gear. A strong land-wind blew, and the Genoese availed themselves of it to waft clouds of pulverized lime into the eyes of the Venetians from the castles of their decks. There could have been no doubt of the fibre, resources, and skill of the Genoese that day in the struggle to win. They kept to the windward, using the store of plaster to create confusion, or wheeled about to attack weakened flanks. The Venetians, hard pressed, began to yield; galleys sank, others caught fire, and still more, crippled, were captured. Victory crowned the Genoese, as in the disastrous reverse of the Pisans at Meloria. Consternation reigned at Venice.

The Genoese fleet lost no time in departing with the prisoners. Well might they withdraw with prudent speed, however marked the present success! for future years would reveal all there was to fear from such a foe, — as when the siege of Zeno took place in 1380, or Pietro Doria, in 1379, pointed out Venice to his men, with the admonition that the gaze of Europe and the East was on them: "There in the recesses of those stagnant waters are hidden in ambush our enemies. There behind that enclosure of dykes is an opulent and superb city, the rival of Genoa."

Genoa exulted in a day of great triumph over the return of Lamba Doria as destroyer of the Venetian fleet, with many prisoners, and the Admiral Andrea Dandolo, wounded

and silent, chained to the main-mast of his vessel. Is he not one of the great figures of history, the proud captive, thus bound? When the fleet came in sight, Genoa hoisted all her banners, the bells rang, and the shout of the populace was responded to by the victors. The people flocked from the streets and suburbs to the border of the sea, or crowded on the walls and roofs to witness the disembarkation. The haughty Dandolo could not brook the spectacle of rejoicing, and, unarmed as he was, dragged himself the length of his chain, and, turning back, dashed out his brains against the mast.

Marco Polo became an inmate of the prisons of Genoa, where the Pisans captured at Meloria had languished for many years. This capture and incarceration of the great traveller so near home reminds one of the member of the Alpine Club who broke his ankle leaping a ditch in England, or Captain Speke killing himself by dragging a gun carelessly through a park hedge. Marco Polo made the acquaintance of Messer Rustichello, an educated Pisan and fellow-prisoner, who wrote down the narration of the Venetian's wanderings. Does not the romance of Marco Polo's recital still linger about Genoa? Will not new generations of all races ever arise to attend that rich banquet given at Venice by the returned merchants, when they retired to change their robes for more sumptuous raiment of damask silk and brocade between the courses, and finally cut the coarse garments in which they journeyed for heaps of gems to fall out of concealment in the lining before the eyes of their dazzled guests?

The thread of Venetian enterprise was varied. The Venetian Niccolo di Conti travelled to Damascus in his prime, learned Arabic, and joined a caravan of six hundred merchants bound for Arabia Petrea. He traversed the deserts, visited Chaldea, the Euphrates, and ancient Babylon, arriving at Ormutz by the Gulf of Persia, and

Kambalec, the port of Persia. Here he acquired many tongues, adopted the Persian dress, and, entering a maritime company of Moors, voyaged to India and Camboge. He found the Indian towns full of traffic in silk, drugs, dyes, and gums, while the resources of Malabar, Coromandel, and Ceylon were familiar to him, as well as the canes of the Ganges used for boats. He penetrated the mountains, descended the river Menan, explored the kingdom of Ava, Pegù, Cochin China, Java, China, Calcutta, Aden, the Straits of Babel Mandel, and reached the Red Sea. He had been absent for twenty-five years.

Alvise da Ca-da-Mosto, also a Venetian, in the service of the Infante of Portugal, passed the confines of the Mediterranean, and touched at Cape St. Vincent. He took specimens of sugar, wine, and cedar-wood from Madeira, already colonized by Portugal. Ca-da-Mosto explored the African coast for eight hundred miles, penetrated the interior, met the Arab caravans with gold dust, slaves, dates, barley, and camel's milk for Morocco, and taking copper, horses, and stuffs to Barbary and Senegal. The Venetian drank palm wine, hunted leopards and goats, tracked the elephants in the woods, collected shells, cotton, and gold dust, and caught parrots and Guinea fowls to fetch to Europe, where they had been much prized since Lucullus gave his famous suppers. The Moors ate the honeycomb, esteemed the first food of man after a primary diet of milk and fruit. The Venetian taught them to preserve the wax. Ca-da-Mosto again put to sea, and is reputed to have sighted the Cape-de-Verde group, as well as to have entered the Niger.

The travels of these men suggest the modern pilgrimages of Vambery, or Sir Richard Burton. Marco Polo bore off the palm of an enduring celebrity, and his famous volume of personal narrative was written in the prison of Genoa. His statements were doubted as exaggerations

for centuries by the sceptical element of the community that stays at home and criticizes the bold exploits of more adventurous spirits, but have been amply confirmed.

"Who knows if Marco Polo was actually kept in a dark and damp prison cell?" muses Alcæus, as he replaces the lance.

Blessed is the man with a hobby!

Down in the street of the goldsmiths the chains and flowers of frosted filigree sparkle, and the old artisan places a tiny Crusader on the last spoon. Saint Eloy of Noyon, goldsmith of Limoges, was the patron of all workers in metals, and wrought shrines and holy vessels for the churches. When he made a throne for the French king he said,—

"Let it be a ladder leading to Heaven."

A ray of sunshine quivers on the shop windows; possibly the beam is Saint Eloy's celestial ladder for the street.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE FIRST DOGE.

THE Church of San Siro reveals all its scars and wrinkles of old age in the hard, bright light of day. The bells of the tower are mute, and a half-paralyzed mendicant, with white hair and parchment skin, is seated beside the main portal to beg an alms. The place, in association, belongs to decrepitude and decay. San Siro is the most ancient church-foundation of Genoa, and was the scene of the most momentous events in her history. In 904 it was the cathedral of the town, known as the Basilica of the Twelve Apostles, and later was placed under the especial patronage of Saint Cyrus. Assemblies of the people, often animated and even tumultuous, were held within the walls. In 1339 Simone Boccanegra was created the first Doge here, as marking another crisis of revolution for the Commonwealth, in which the government was transferred from the nobles to the people.

The events narrated in the stem of growth of the Sea City are so closely interwoven that they become one. The poison draught quaffed by mankind of the juice of the Maremma plant, the Royal Asphodel, Frederic II., was to increase dissension between Guelph and Ghibelline, if not actually creating hostility. Victory crowned the arms of Genoa in the two encounters with Pisa and Venice, engendered by these political feuds, and yet she was torn, well-nigh ruined, by disastrous quarrels on the part of her citizens at the same time. That august couple, the Ger-

man Emperor Henry VII. and his consort, visiting Italy as peacemakers to a certain extent, had both died, the empress first; and the emperor, crowned in the Church of St. Peter and St. Paul at Rome, as well as collecting an army in Genoa and Pisa to punish King Robert of Naples, together with other rebels, smitten with the terzian fever, expired, and was buried in the Pisan cathedral, on the 24th of August, 1316. Robert of Naples thus remained the most powerful sovereign in Italy, and in alliance with the Guelph party. The Ghibelline faction was sufficiently formidable, numbering in its ranks Matteo Visconti, Can Grande della Scala, Passerino Bonacossi, lord of Mantua, Castruccio Castracane of Lucca, Frederic of Montefeltro, and the Duke of Urbino of Spoleto and the marches of Ancona.

The year 1317 found Genoa ruled by the Dorias and Spinolas (Ghibelline), and the Grimaldi and Fieschi (Guelph) in exile. These families had become rich and powerful, owning vast fiefs on both Rivieras and many strong castles in the hills, and their ambition and arrogance increased with their wealth. Jealousy of each other sprang up between the Doria and Spinola, resulting in an open riot at Rapallo, when the former called the exiled Guelphs, the Fieschi and the Grimaldi, to their aid, and drove the Spinola out of the city, after a conflict of twenty-four days. The restored Guelphs, evidently more suspicious than reassured by the magnanimity shown them by their enemies, pardoned the Spinola, whereupon the Doria quitted the town. Later the Spinola, also distrustful, departed. The Fieschi and Grimaldi were left to govern their fellow-citizens in their own fashion. Lo! once outside of the walls the Doria and Spinola became reconciled, and wished to regain the power thrown away. Companions in misfortune, they fortified Savona. The Ghibellines of the mountains of Liguria espoused their cause, while Can Grande of Verona and the Visconti of Milan promised

aid in the recovery of their rights. In 1318 Marco Visconti marched to besiege Genoa, while a fleet gathered at Savona to aid in the attack. The Fieschi and Grimaldi, fearing that all Italy was about to unite to annihilate them, appealed to King Robert of Naples in their extremity. The response was characteristic of the age. King Robert came to Genoa, accompanied by his wife and two brothers, with twenty-five galleys, and landed with an escort of twelve hundred soldiers. Genoa was puzzled whether to be honored or terrified by this gracious interest in her affairs.

Here is a remarkable scene for the historian or the painter: Castruccio Castracane of Lucca, Marco Visconti, the Marquis of Monteferrato, Pisan forces, and even a contingent of troops sent by the Emperor of Constantinople, gathered to besiege Genoa; and King Robert within the walls, supported by the Florentines, Bolognese, and the Guelphs of the Romagna. The situation became desperate. At the expiration of ten months the king, thus pent up with a large force, comparatively inactive, sent a corps of eight hundred horse and fifteen thousand infantry to Sestri Ponente to cut off communication with Savona, thereby compelling Marco Visconti to raise the siege, and retreat, abandoning his baggage. King Robert did not venture to pursue him in the gorges of the Apennines. He commanded the Guelphs to destroy the country property of the Ghibellines, after which the relics of Saint John the Baptist were borne forth from San Lorenzo, with chanting of rejoicing over the victory. The Neapolitan then departed from Liguria for Provence. The Doria and Spinola struggled to regain their place in Genoa for four years, and the great Ghibelline leaders did not again encamp before the walls of the Sea City, having other dissensions of their own to adjust. The civil battle raged on both shores, and in the colonies of distant seas. The walls of the old Church

of San Siro tell no tales. In 1331 Gerardo Spinola, in a letter to Salagro di Negro, laments: —

"Oh, how many are impoverished by this war! How many young men have left the path of virtue for a career of robbery and roguery! How many marriages will not take place such as would have peopled the territory with worthy offspring! How many matrons and maidens previously held in respect by the community are constrained to fall!"

The town was the theatre of perpetual discord; brawls occurred in the streets, house fought with house, and missiles were showered from tower to tower. Brothers slew brothers, nephews were arrayed against uncles, cousin trampled down cousin, and the father-in-law opposed the son. The pavement was littered with lances, crossbows, and shields. The Church of San Siro is silent, now, as to those days of horror when the tumult raged around the Piazza up to the height of San Francesco, the Porta nuova, and the Fonteamorosa, the wise striving in vain to pacify the combatants.

In 1338 Philip de Valois of France, who was at war with England, took into his service twenty galleys manned by the Ghibellines of Genoa. These vessels were sent into French waters under the command of Antonio Doria, and the Genoese sailors complained of not receiving their pay from this admiral. A mutiny resulted, in which Doria and his captains were driven off, and the crew elected new officers. This high-handed measure incensed the French king, who decided in favor of the ejected admiral, and cast into prison Pietro Capurro of Voltaggio, the ring-leader, with fifteen of his companions. Order was re-established on the fleet; but a number of mariners left it and returned to Genoa, where their fellow-citizens already cherished so many grievances against the aristocratic Doria, Spinola, Fieschi, and Grimaldi. For seventy years these four great

families had shaken the Republic by their disputes. Now fugitives and again rulers, they oppressed the rest of the nobles, as well as the people. They were suspected of the attempt to place Genoa under an hereditary oligarchy, and took to themselves all honorable functions of office in town and country, as well as the fleet and the army.

The inhabitants of Voltaggio first took up arms to avenge Pietro Capurro, chief of the mutineers of the fleet in France. Their example was followed by the dwellers in Polcevera and Bisagno, and finally by Savona, where the citizens met in the Church of San Domenico, and one of the leaders ascended into a pulpit, and, recalling the oppressive pride of the nobility, incited all to shake off the yoke. He exclaimed: "The arrogance of these nobles is so great that they are indignant if the people claim any rights, which our laws guarantee them. He who dares to raise his eyes to them, and who, remembering that he is a Genoese, invokes liberty, is dragged to prison, or punished with death as a rebel." He exhorted his hearers to assert their rights at last.

The people of Savona, roused by the eloquence of indignation, laid siege to the Pretoria, where Edoardo Doria, as governor, had taken refuge with the magistrates, and after obliging them to surrender, imprisoned them in the fortress of Santa Maria. Two plebeians were then appointed as captains of the people, and formed a council composed of twenty sailors. They marched on Genoa, where all was ripe for sedition. The Republic had been governed by two captains of the Ghibelline party, a Doria and a Spinola, and they had despoiled, or deprived the people of the election of their abbot, a magistrate who was especially charged with the protection and defence of the plebeians, like the Tribunes of Rome. The discontented populace of Genoa, when the insurgents of Savona came to their aid, demanded to be given back the right of themselves electing the mag-

istrate of the people, and the justice of this request was at once recognized by the government. Twenty plebeians selected by their fellow-citizens to elect the abbot assembled on the 23d of September, 1339, when an unknown man, raising his voice, proposed to confer the vacant post on Simone Boccanegra, who united great prudence to well-tried courage. The name was caught up with enthusiasm. Boccanegra demurred, but was forced to take his seat between two captains, and the sword of empire was placed in his hand. When he could make himself heard, he cried: "I feel, citizens, all the gratitude which such zeal and good-will merit; but the title you confer on me having never been in my family, I do not wish to be the first to bear it. I pray you to accord the honor to another more worthy to hold the office."

The citizens realized that the title of abbot of the people could only belong to a plebeian, while Boccanegra counted a captain among his ancestors.

"Be our Seigneur, our Doge!" they clamored.

The captains of the people feared a tumult, urged Boccanegra to accept his election, reminding him that Venice, a free State like Genoa, had a Doge. He consented.

In the Church of San Siro the first Doge of Genoa was created, and launched on the stormy sea of a difficult career. Genoa had been forced to listen to the voice of the people, that mighty undertone of the sea of life to which all governments, sooner or later, must lend ear.

THE FLOWER.

CHAPTER XVIII.

DAUGHTERS OF GENOA.

IN ancient sculpture the blending of beautiful forms in art led the builders to reproduce the semblance of woman's tresses in the rippling crests of certain marble columns of temples. The lives of the daughters of the race thus embellished the temple of Genoese life through the development of centuries. The fate of woman was often terrible in violence, suffering, and disgrace during siege, famine, and the conflicts of internal revolution which trampled her in the dust with the fall of her kindred; but she enjoyed a brilliant phase of existence as well.

On a morning of May the young Ida rinses the household linen at the public wash-tank beneath the arched vault of wall, singing and gossiping with other women as she works. Belonging to the people, she will marry the stalwart mason, Francesco, aged twenty years, in the summer, and the couple between them have scraped together sufficient money to buy a bureau, a bed, and a kitchen utensil or two. The good God will take care of the rest. A carriage with rich liveries drives out of the gate of an adjacent palace. The duke is accompanying his only child and heiress to the municipality for the civil contract of marriage. The *trousseau* was made in Paris, the furs came from Russia, the jewels of the bride are magnificent. Young Ida washing at the tank knows all about the matter,

and chirps like a bird, without a thought of envy. Both are modern daughters of Genoa.

Does the world change? In 1490, Giovanni Adorno married Leonora di Sanseverino. The ceremony was performed with much pomp. The bridegroom was given by the Senate silver vases made by the different guilds of the city, one design representing the earth, and a second the Riviera. There were games and other sports for the people on the Piazza Sarzana, and wedding festivities in the palace.

Genoa bloomed into the opulence and luxury that characterized the prime of each of the Italian republics. The citizens built sumptuous palaces, lofty towers, *loggie*, as the open air drawing-rooms of the family, and country houses at Nervi, Sesto, Pontedecimo, and in the valleys of Polcevera and Bisagno, surrounded by lovely gardens. They had their quarter, as powerful citizens, consisting of a group of dwellings called "un albergo" to the date of 1528, which gave the name to an adjoining street, or square, and laws of the family resembling those of the "Genos" of Athens. All household furniture became more costly; silver utensils abounded; the peacock, in his plumage, burning perfumes in his beak, adorned the table, amidst the fish, rare game, spiced dishes, and eastern wines served at the domestic board. It was the age of silk, meaning the spendthrift extravagance preceding bankruptcy. Genoa was not proof against the subtle intoxication of the time. The Romans imagined that the first silk they beheld was woven of the petals of flowers, or the lustrous texture of leaves. The Byzantine emperor Justinian brought the art from Asia, and the satiny woof was fabricated at Athens and Corinth. King Roger of Sicily in 1150 returned to his own dominions so dazzled by Greek skill that he transplanted the craft to Palermo. In turn Lucca, Almeria, and other towns unravelled the skein of rainbow-tinted threads, until

Venice, with the aid of those workmen who had fled from the tyranny of Castruccio Castracane, wrought the flowers, imparted the sheen of precious stones, and traced the arabesque patterns for which her looms became famous. Thus King Roger, having devasted the Morea, brought the precious secret of silk to Italy, where in a favorable climate the worms and their food, the mulberry tree, flourished to the extent of the rude natives of mountain districts learning to weave silk mingled with threads of gold and silver. Boccaccio states that the usual dress of the Genoese was silk. In old pictures the citizens wear a long tunic with stiff folds, red in color for high authorities, such as doge, captain, magistrates, and the podestà, and black for others. The first rank of citizens had under-garments, often embroidered with gold, reaching to the knee; a cap red or black, according to the grade; stockings finely wrought; shoes in the shape of slippers, but laced; a mantle of various tints for ceremony over the tunic, which supported a short vest, and corselet, whether fashioned for shore or sea. The attire of women receives small mention in early times, and seems to have been chiefly black. Under the rule of the Doge Tommaso Fregoso, in 1415, a poet of Asti celebrated the splendor of Genoa in Latin verse. He described a Sunday in the Sea City when the men appeared like Roman senators attired in purple robes, the women resembled Venus in their jewelled girdles, and the girls smiled on their balconies. The life of these people represented a volatile gayety. In the winter and spring they danced at balls continually, and their shoes were made of silk, embroidered with pearls, for these revelries. In summer the entire populace flocked into the country, seeking the hills or the seaside. The poor also followed, begging for alms among the vineyards.

Genoa acted the host to great guests with that urbanity and superb hospitality which was so remarkable in the Italian

cities. The Crown Princess of Sweden arrives at Genoa to embark for Egypt. How vividly the past recurs in the modern incident! In the month of October, 1311, the German emperor Henry VII. visited Genoa, accompanied by his empress Margaret, and four cardinals. The clergy and people went to receive them at the Porta San Lazzaro, holding a canopy of cloth-of-gold and silk, and attired in vestments of vermilion and citron color. The emperor was escorted by Opizzino Spinola, and was lodged in the Palace of the Republic, while the court occupied the monastery of St. Dominick. Henry used his influence to make peace between the Doria and Spinola, and the Guelph and Ghibelline factions. Genoa elected him her lord for the term of twenty years, and the oath of fidelity was sworn at the door of the Church of San Salvatore, on the Piazza Sarzana. Ugocione di Fasciola of Arezzo was appointed vicar of the Imperial rule. The Doria wished to bear the insignia of the emperor, some branches of the race having previously had a lion on their arms and others a tower, and for distinction half of the field of the Imperial Eagle was painted white. Opizzino Spinola was a type of the silken age. He was esteemed the richest Italian of his time, having inherited from extinct families much property in the Val di Scrivia. His palace was the most spacious in Genoa, decorated with statues on the exterior, and furnished luxuriously within. As head of the Ghibelline party he entertained with royal expenditure.

In September, 1344, the Dauphin of Vienna, with his wife, mother, many barons, and noble matrons, came with five galleys and a ship to Genoa, on their way to Jerusalem, and were honorably entertained. In May, 1367, Urban V., voyaging from Avignon to Rome with twenty-five galleys, paused at Genoa, and gave the town the apostolic benediction. In 1383 the King of Cyprus, Jacopo Lusignano, and his queen paid a visit to Genoa, and were received by the

Doge with games and spectacles, the most beautiful women of the city being richly adorned for the occasion. In 1403 the Greek emperor, Emanuel Paleologus, who had sought protection in Europe from the Turk Bajazet, entered Genoa from Lombardy, was welcomed by the governor and the people, and escorted under a gold awning, the citizens carrying the poles being dressed in purple or crimson. On the last day of January an entertainment was given in the large *sala* of the ducal palace, with the flower of the nobility present. The city further evinced her zeal by an advance of three thousand florins, and the arming of three galleys in his behalf. In 1416, the Doge Tommaso di Fregoso welcomed Oddo Lusignano, brother of the King of Cyprus, with a banquet, after which eight hundred ladies in silk, pearls, and jewels, with the youth of the town, received him in the great hall, and remained until four o'clock in the morning.

In 1405, when Leverotto dei Ferreti of Ancona was podestà, Pope Benedict XIII. came to Genoa, six galleys having been sent to Nice to meet him, and a bridge built to the principal entrance of the city. The archbishop and the clergy, carrying the relics of the churches, awaited him at the steps, followed by two hundred and sixty citizens clad in scarlet. The cardinals crossed the bridge, and mounted horses covered with velvet, after which the Corpus Domine was placed on a mule, richly caparisoned and surrounded by twelve dignitaries with tapers. Benedict XIII. rode a white palfrey, with the governor and the podestà holding the reins. The procession was closed by fifty councillors, wearing white togas. The Pope passed by the Piazza Lunga to San Lorenzo and San Siro to the monastery of San Francesco.

The daughters of Genoa shared these civic pageants, and began to be accused of absorbing the wealth of the family and the nation in folly and vanity, like their fair and frivo-

lous sisters of other towns. The women of Milan revelled in cloth-of-gold and silk, with gems on their breast, girdles set with pearls and having fringes of gold, their hair arranged in eccentric coiffures; the Pisans had rich draperies, and crowns of massive silver and gold, with a profusion of pearls on the head, zone, and robe; the Paduans and the Lombards decked themselves in splendid raiment of gold, silver, and flowered brocade bordered with ermine; the Florentines boasted of their store of garlands, chains, and buttons; and Sicilian dames rode their steeds pompously, with jewelled mantles, spurs, embossed bridles, and staff of precious metals. Of all these mediæval ladies it might be said, like Hecuba, —

> "She to her fragrant wardrobe bent her way,
> Where her rich veils in beauteous order lay,
> Webs by Sidonian virgins finely wrought."

The sin was imputed to the Genoese of casting aside habiliments of modest wool in favor of enveloping themselves with purple stuffs, golden tissues, and fabrics interwoven with rich gems. Then mankind began to frown in disapproval of the milliner's bills. The wise rulers of Modena issued this fiat: —

"No woman, whether matron or maiden, shall wear a gown in the house or the street with a train of more than a *braccia* (half a metre) in length, and no wreath of pearls, gold, and silver, and no jacket or tunic wrought with jewels."

Florence sternly ordained: —

"No woman may wear a crown, or a garland of gold, silver, and pearls, no net, no lace, no dress embroidered, no fringes of gold and gems, not more than two rings on the finger, or twelve clasps to the girdle, and the train not to exceed two *braccia* on the ground."

The head of the Pisan Republic on taking office affirmed: —

"I swear on the Holy Evangelist to not permit any Pisan woman to wear crown or garland, and no pearls except in rings, nor jewelry weighing more than one pound and a half, whether gilded or of silver. I will allow no woman to drag her tunic through the town of a greater length than a *braccia* and a half. I hold officially that the husbands of all extravagant wives shall be declared to have violated the law, and pay a fine out of the wife's dowry. Also all tailors and people that cut these robes to sweep the ground more than a *braccia* and a half shall incur a penalty. The podestà and council determine that at the expiration of a year the archbishop shall be requested to excommunicate the women who disobey these orders. Women may not wear delicate tissues, fringes, belts, or gemmed collars, — solely buttons of silver or amber to fasten their garments. If I do not effect these reforms I will forfeit two hundred gold *lire* of my salary."

The earnestness of the Podestà of Pisa was exceeded by the Eastern emir of crabbed renown. In 1390 the women of Cairo were so fond of Venetian fabrics that they draped themselves in folds of the new stuffs to the amount of eighty-four *braccia* a garment. The lower classes rivalled king's daughters in the display of finery. In the absence of the sultan, the Emir Cumash-Boga, enjoying a little brief authority, was so wroth with the folly of the times that he ordered the trains exceeding a prescribed length summarily cut off in the street, or the bazaar. The indignation of the fair sex must be inferred to have been both loud and deep, for after the sultan's return the emir dared not meddle further, and the clothing became longer and more voluminous than ever. Did the wise fathers of Genoa and Venice preach reform? Did the culprits tremble in their flowered brocades, chains, and garlands? Surely the men had set an evil example to these weaker vessels, like the

male bird, spreading silky plumage in the sunshine, in their mantles and tunics of state. When Margaret of England married Charles of Burgundy in 1468, at Bruges, the Genoese merchants walked in the wedding procession to the number of one hundred, clad alike in violet velvet, and wearing emblems of Saint George.

Modern moralists and satirists occasionally protest against the lavish feminine expenditure of their household; but, as a rule, they have given up the unequal contest to turn their attention to politics, public questions of finance, new railways, and the development of electricity. Mankind is attired sorrowfully in black, or, like the furry caterpillar, in raiment of rough cloth, fawn or pinkish in tint. We read in a daily journal: "The Princess of Wales wore a gold gown, trimmed with gold fringe and lace, the train draped with gold-spangled tulle; corsage to correspond. Ornaments, pearls and diamonds."

The daughters of Genoa were but daughters of Eve the world over; but they have an especial charm of splendor in retrospection, like a picture by Paul Veronese, as sharing in civic pageants and adorning their city. They were the columns of the temple of public and private life.

CHAPTER XIX.

SAINT GEORGE.

THE child climbs on a chair, reaches the shelf, and drops a small silver coin into the aperture in the roof of the money-box, while the smiling mother, with a group of other small, curly heads gathered about her knee, watches the accomplishment of the feat from a doorway partially screened by a partition covered with Cordova leather.

"Good!" the artist exclaims, without ceasing to wield his brush on the design for a large wall fresco which he is completing. "The money-box is the bank of St. George, and our boy, whose name is Giorgio, saves his pence for the yearly *festa* of the Greek martyr."

The little Giorgio nods triumphantly, and runs back to his mother.

The studio is a vast apartment in one of the suburbs bordering the sea, with a north light coldly penetrating the high windows. The artist is a quiet and modest man, with worn features, sallow skin, and bushy gray brows meeting over piercing eyes. In frugality and sobriety of life he seems to subsist on a piece of bread, eaten with the fine Genoese artichokes raw, and a tuft of fennel (*finocchio*), dipped in oil and vinegar. He is a son of Genoa, and has won an honorable fame by his talents and industry, in the modern school of Italian art. Already the Sea City and Liguria bloom with his work, the Hours dancing across the ceilings of theatres amidst rosy clouds, and the altars of

churches adorned with small pictures of sacred art of exquisite minuteness of finish. He reminds the observer of Donatello in the breadth of his scope of treatment from the coarsely effective draperies of the statue of *Il Zuccone* in the niche of the Florentine Campanile of Giotto to the low relief of Saint Cecilia. The Genoese painter excels in fresco, and in the rapidity and security of his execution *in tempera*. He is ever accessible to the world of visitors, with a courtesy and untiring patience at interruption and mere thoughtless intrusion on valuable time worthy of imitation by restive humanity. At present he is engaged in decorating the large *sala* of a new mansion on the hill above the public gardens, built by a Genoese millionnaire returned from South America to enjoy his wealth in his native city.

The artist shows his sketches. He has seen fit to delineate money, as mineral wealth in some form, for this sumptuous abode of Mammon. The ceiling will depict Columbus inspecting the gold ornaments worn by the American Indians, with much richness of detail in the warm, golden tones of the tropical scene, and solid modelling in the groups of attendant sailors. The first wall represents the discovery of silver in Spain by means of a vast conflagration that has raged for days, until streams of metal trickle through the soil, while the mountain ranges of the background, sharply serrated, arid gray or tawny orange in hue, seem to promise the land abundant in minerals to the ancients in lead, copper, iron from the mines of the Asturias and Gallicia, and gold-dust from the bed of the river Tagus. On the opposite partition the King of Tunis, in magnificent raiment, with a jewel in his turban, reclines among cushions, examining a gold florin struck at Florence, and demands of the Pisan merchants bowing before him a description of the city where such fine work was executed. The Pisan spokesman, with the

jealousy characteristic of the times, imparts a disparaging account of the Flower City, as a mean town far inland from the sea, with rude and wolfish inhabitants, whereupon a Florentine prisoner lifts his voice in indignant protest of the falsehood. The Tunisian court listen, while their ruler turns the coin between his fingers, indolently. The third wall, opposite the windows, is a gorgeous mingling of color and life, with the Emperor Caligula consenting to the alloy of silver money first introduced by the base Tribune, Livius Drusius, and the Triumvir Antonio, when the Roman world had long held temperately to copper in the Aes, Aes alienum, Aerarium.

"If I had the whole house to decorate I would choose only the subject of riches," the painter remarks, with a humorous expression. "After all, the theme is a varied one. I would begin with Janus as the first inventor of money, or the son of Deucalion. The patriarch Abraham surely used small coin, while the golden talent was in circulation with the Greeks in the time of the siege of Troy. The copper, mixed with tin and zinc, of the Etruscans and the Umbrians might furnish good subjects, as well as the silver of the south and Campania. I should insert lunettes, here and there, of the means of barter in exchange of primitive races, the bars of rock salt of the Abyssinians, the cowries and wampum of Indians, and the bits of coral of Africans. For vestibule or ball-room I should not fail to design an apotheosis of the mint of Genoa as it existed in the day of the Roman Republic."

Then this man of genius, whose brain teems with varied images, turns a half completed canvas to the light, folds his arms, and steps back a few paces to contemplate it in silence. He intends to send the work to the next Venetian art exhibition, and aspires to attracting royal commendation.

The picture represents a crew of Phœnician sailors on the coast of Syria, at the mouth of the river Belus, near

Acre. They have disembarked to cook their dinner on a sandy beach, and drawn up the rude vessel, while a fire is kindled for the repast. Flat stones are requisite to build a hearth and prop up the cooking implements; but finding none they take some blocks of *natrum* from the cargo for the purpose. The fire kindled, the *natrum* melts in the heat, mingles with the sand, and the first glass pours forth before the gaze of the astonished mariners.

The painter is right, and his irony not misplaced: wealth rules the world. Is Mammon more powerful than in the early days of the Genoese Republic? Surely then the instinct of every citizen was to get gain and live luxuriously. The money-box stands on the shelf, a narrow and high little house of porcelain, glazed or painted, and with a certain architectural resemblance in miniature to the once famous Bank of St. George.

What would Genoa be robbed of Saint George? The knight on his steed caracoles above ancient doorways, and is carved on the gates of palaces. The red cross and the standard of Saint George led on the Genoese troops in the Crusades. In 1570 Paolo Foglietta declared that there were no other horses in Genoa except the charger of Saint George, painted or carved, owing to the heavy taxes on horses and mules imposed by French rule in 1402.

The legend of Saint George of Cappadocia belongs to the realm of fairy tales, and yet is ever fresh in attractiveness. The youth was a tribune in the army under Diocletian at a time when a dragon dwelt in a marsh near Beyrout, and devoured the flock and herds at its leisure. After the cattle had been sacrificed to its insatiable appetite, the children had to be driven forth from the city walls to prevent a nearer approach of the monster. The victims were chosen by lot, and the share at length fell to the king's daughter, Cleolinda. At the expiration of eight days the maiden announced her readiness to die for the people.

Then up rose Saint George, pinned and bound the dragon with the girdle of the princess, and bade her lead the strange companion into the town; after which he prudently cut off its head. Diocletian issued a proclamation against the Christians, and Saint George tore down the placard, trampling it in the dust. He was tortured in the reign of Dacian, being burned with torches; ordered to drink a poisoned cup, without evil result; bound to a wheel studded with knives, and two angels broke it; thrown into boiling oil, and emerged unharmed; and required to make sacrifice in heathen temples, when thunder and lightning destroyed the altars, crushed the idols, and killed the priests. Finally Dacian ordered him beheaded, and he met death with joy. Charming young Saint George, spurring to the rescue of weakness and innocence in the jaws of evil! In the very ancient worship of the East the Greeks called him the great martyr; Godfrey de Bouillon claimed aid of him in the Holy Land; and Richard Cœur de Lion made him the patron saint of England; but none the less he seems to have been only another form of Bellerophon, Perseus, or Apollo.

In the history of Genoa, the first Doge, Simone Boccanegra, left a heritage of ambition to the plebeians. Gabriello Adorno was the second Doge, and Domenico Fregoso the third. In 1379 the campaign of Chioggia, when Venice remembered the previous defeat and capture of Marco Polo, resulted in still heavier taxation in Genoa under Leonardo Montaldo and Antoniotto Fregoso, holding the ducal office. In 1382 the butchers met in the convent of San Benigno on Holy Thursday to raise the price of meat after the fasts, or to suppress the existing iniquitous imposts. They rang the bell of the church, which not only startled the citizens, as bells were silent at that season, but was heard in the valley of Polcevera; and the country people flocked to the aid of the butchers, thus creating a popular demonstration. Montaldo placed himself at the head of

the insurgents, and cries resounded through the streets of "Viva il Popolo!"

A curious scene ensued in the ducal palace. Antonio Adorno, who came from Savona, and had much influence with the lower classes, marched to the palace, where Montaldo, scheming to grasp and retain power, was already established, his escort of populace proclaiming, "Viva il Doge Adorno!" The portals were forced; Adorno established himself in the ducal apartment, and received the homage of the citizens, while Montaldo, supported by ten notable men, held another portion of the building, feigning to ignore the situation. Both parties remained under arms for the night, and watched each other. The next morning Montaldo summoned a council in the Church of San Siro, and Adorno came to salute him with urbanity, but in the end triumphed. The Adorni, rivals of the Fregosi, had six Doges elected from their family between 1360 and 1530. Their authority was precarious, and according to the faction prevailing. Adorno during his term of office sailed to Tuscany on a galley to meet the emigrated Guelphs, and received on board the warrior-bishop of Vercelli, Cardinal Giovanni Fieschi. They returned together to Genoa, with a branch of olive attached to the prow of the vessel. In 1396, the Doge resigned, and a new standard of France was hoisted over the city with the acclamation: "Vive l'aigle, vive le peuple, et le roi!"

The French governor Boucicault arrived in 1401 with one thousand horse, and one thousand men at arms, and in the ensuing year he had strengthened the citadel of Casteletto, the arsenal on the sea, and fortified Spezia and Charivari. At the close of his rule the Bank of St. George was founded. The ancient Palace of St. George still stands down near the harbor, amid the traffic of the fish-market, and with the statues of noted citizens ranged

around the great hall, gazing down from their place on a change in the order of affairs; for the interior, long used as the custom house, will henceforth be preserved in the form of a municipal museum. Founded to gather into one the various interests of the Republic, it was the most ancient banking-house of Europe. The colonies in the East and the island of Corsica were under the administration of St. George at different times. Previously all great expenses of the Commonwealth had to be defrayed by means of a loan, an anticipation of some branch of public revenue, or the tax of the customs on an article of consumption increased. These affairs multiplied in excess from year to year, and each required a special commission of the Government to adjust with the united syndicate of creditors. In general the magistrates and the capitalists were the same men, which rendered all transactions less complicated; but a sufficient number of reliable persons for so many separate transactions became rare. It was reasonable, therefore, to collect the mass of business under the same supervision and a mutual responsibility. An immense economy of useless expense was the least of the advantages of this great measure. The bank assumed the care of all products of associations; replaced or distributed bonds, the titles of dividends, and the net sum of annual receipts, the custom having long prevailed of separating capital into parcels of one hundred livres. The rule of the house was established on the wisest principles. It was a representative financial republic. The sovereignty belonged to the shareholders, who nominated members of their government in a general assembly. A charter was decreed; the laws proposed by the magistrature were ratified, or rejected at pleasure. Eight protectors were elected temporarily, to compose the Senate of St. George, similar to the eight nobles to whom the State had so long confided the care of finances. Under these chiefs sub-magistrates

divided the details of work, and controlled all debts and contraventions. The tribunal of the protectors of the bank were a sort of superior court, on the decisions of which the Government had influence. Thus organized, the bank was in a state to command the respect of all classes, as the fundamental base of her system was absolute independence over her treasure and her rights. The chiefs of the Republic were capitalists as well as influential citizens, and they had the prudence to act as magistrates in consecrating the inviolability of their covenant to the general interests. In civil discords the rich were usually at the head of factions; hence the deposit of private fortunes was protected rather than despoiled. When tyrants attempted violation of such rights a public clamor arose. Distrust of the founders of all foreign rulers made them neglect no precaution of security. They are reputed to have made a reserve fund, which became a secret of the administration. The annual dividends distributed were far from exhausting the resources of this deposit. Under pretext of debts overdue, and of settlements of long term, they gained exemption from revealing all the riches of the bank. In 1444, thirty-seven years after the foundation, a new magistracy was added with a patent to watch over all investments in arrears, but, in reality, to administer secretly this accumulated treasure in reserve.

Such was the money-box of Genoa. Large sums flowed into the coffers from private families, and the institution exercised a most salutary influence on the accumulation of patrimonies. Churches, confraternities, and hospitals placed their donations in this savings-bank; corporations deposited here their economies, monasteries their alms, and parents the dowries of daughters or the patrimony of sons, with due heed to the needs of posterity. St. George was deemed one of the most solid foundations in the world, and favorable to the development of an

opulent aristocracy growing day by day. The bank employed these funds of revenues in the interests of the owners. If a family built a chapel, a road, or a bridge, the note of the house was used to defray the expense out of the deposit in perpetuity. Often the clients took care to order that bonds should not be applied to their destined use for a certain number of years, or to await a definite combination of values, in order that the aggregation of money thus insured should have other investment as well, in the increase of inalienable capital. The bank was one of deposit, and not of credit. Paper was never emitted, no loans were made, sums of gold and the dividends were held in trust. Funds could be transferred on the books, and the bills, or notes, held by the owners or put in circulation, were readily paid. In time of need the Doge and the Senate could borrow of this treasury. St. George bore the burden of the Republic, and gained a reputation in the outside world like the British East India Company. Is not the example unique in history of two republics ruling within the boundaries of the same city, — one seditious, turbulent, and full of discord; and the other rich, peaceable, well regulated, and conservative of ancient probity: such were Genoa and the Bank of St. George. The walls of separation between these full coffers and an impoverished public treasury became weak, and spendthrift descendants found the restrictions on private property irksome.

The artist has resumed his work, and the little Giorgio creeps back into the studio silently. He gazes at the money-box on the shelf, once more climbs on the chair, takes it in his hand, and shakes it, impatiently, to listen to the music of the coins within. Ah, if he might only count them before the *festa!* The child drops the box on the pavement of cement; it breaks, and the money rolls about the floor in all directions.

The artist shrugs his shoulders and laughs.

"That is the way the French served our Bank of St. George in the end: they broke the money-box to see what it contained," he says, laying aside his brushes for the night.

CHAPTER XX.

AN AIR-CASTLE.

THE clerk of the money-changer has bought the third of a lottery ticket with two friends. He invariably plays in the lottery, staking very small sums. His world plays in the lottery, both high and low. He is confident of making the right combination of numbers yet, and of winning the first prize. In the mean while he waits, hopes, and loses himself in the mazes of calculation, in leisure moments. He is a careworn little man, with an increasing family, and the wife's dowry consumed long ago in necessary expenditure.

The broker's office is a mere cell, with a counter, a desk, and a window in which to display crisp bank-notes, and piles of shining gold and silver coin artistically arranged on a black cloth. The atmosphere of the interior is always blue with tobacco smoke. Situated near the Loggia de' Banchi, the proprietor is ever ready to give an advanced premium of exchange on the drafts of other countries, and to furnish the travellers about to cross a frontier with French or English gold.

In the twelfth century the multiplication of business affairs in Genoa necessitated some system of brokerage, such as throve in Florence and Siena, managed by citizens called usurers. Genoa accordingly exchanged statutes with those cities. A quarter became known as the Piazza de' Banchi. Each money-changer sat in his shop

during hours of traffic, with a bench or table before him, covered with a cloth, an open ledger for the daily accounts, and bags of money placed about him. Strangers could exchange here all foreign coin.

How one would have liked to peep into the money-bags of the ancient broker of a seaport like Genoa! The wealth displayed to-day has a certain hard and practical prosperity about it, whether British sovereign, French napoleon, or German twenty-mark piece. These tourists, perpetually moving on the world's highway, carry their Murray or Baedeker under one arm, are well fed, ever welcome, and thoroughly informed on all topics. They recall the sober bread-winning merchants of Marseilles and Toulouse who put an end to the follies of troubadour's song and mandolin strumming. The possibilities of the old money-bag were endless as food for conjecture. It might contain the Milanese *Grani* of the eighth century; or a hoard of the *Bruni* and the smaller *Brunetti*, the brown pieces of copper or silver, of little value, of the tenth century; the gold *Genovino*, or the *Danari* of Pavia and Lucca, the latter signifying wealth, in time, over Europe. The Saracenic *Marabottini* of Spain and the Greek *Bisanzj* might be counted out of such a receptacle. Again the bag might be full to repletion of the *Lira*, that *livre* of Charlemagne which was long the ideal coin of all countries, and the silver *Marc* of Barbarossa. In the famous mart of the town of Wisby, on the Island of Gotland, the cufic money of the Samanides, reigning at Gihon, on the borders of Lake Aral, of the ninth or the tenth centuries was found in circulation. Perhaps these primitive pieces came from Samarcand, destroyed by Tamerlane, or by way of Russia and the Baltic Sea, passing from hand to hand; but the solution was accepted as more probable that they had circulated by the counters of Venice and Genoa from the Black Sea.

The day is Saturday, and the little clerk awaits the putting forth of the placard containing the number drawn in the lottery at noon, from the doors of the offices dedicated to the Goddess of Fortune. He is of a peculiar class of mind, to be found in all countries, with the capacity for manipulating figures rapidly and accurately known as a "lightning calculator." Penniless himself, he has often followed the scheme of Francesco Vivaldi, on the margin of a daily journal, with the aid of a pencil, in applying to the emolument of the State the placing of capital on the columns of Saint George, as the system came to be designated; and worked out, to his own satisfaction, the problem of Ansaldo Grimaldi in the sixteenth century, with the accumulation of property, under certain favorable conditions, from 1407 to our time. He would be capable of pondering on how many Eiffel Towers would reach from the Paris boulevard to the sun; or how many franc pieces piled up would reach to the top of the existing structure; or what would be its actual value if made of gold. To-day he is fascinated to estimate the fortune of an American capitalist, on an old envelope.

"If the American receives sixty million lire a year income, how much does he enjoy a month, a day, an hour?" he soliloquizes.

The church bells ring for noon. The little clerk hastens around the corner, and reads only a blank for himself on the placard of the lottery. He walks homeward to his family meal, and glances ruefully at his shabby boots.

CHAPTER XXI.

A PINCH OF SALT.

THE head of the family upsets a crystal salt-cellar on the cloth, and insists that every person at the table shall take a pinch between finger and thumb, and cast it over the shoulder.

"I do not wish to have my temper tried by useless quarrels," he affirms, with suitable seriousness.

Who ever values the pinch of salt thus cast to the winds? The prosaic article pertaining to the domestic hearthstone has served an important part in the history of Genoese commerce. From the window the guard of a city gate on the hillside may be seen at his post. All day he waits at the receipt of custom. No element of old Italian cities is more curious than the walls enclosing them, with the massive portals, whereby a rill of money has flowed into the coffers of the municipal treasury, and a counter current of merchandise flowed out to meet the requirements of other towns. If the disciple Saint Matthew was a custom-house officer, this system of collecting revenues must have been sufficiently ancient. In the annals of Florence one reads that the taxes (*gabelle*), which must have included the gates, were devoted in a certain year to the wars of Lombardy. Venice established relations with the interior for her trade by the Adige, the Po, the Piave, Mincio, and Oglio; Pisa by the Arno, through Etruria and the Apennines of the Romagna; and Lucca by way of Modena, thence spreading to Reggio and Parma, while Genoa sought

Piedmont by Monteferrato and Milan. Who knows what service in past centuries the gate visible from the window has fulfilled, where the guard with the feather in his hat has now no occupation except to peer into the market baskets of country-folk, the railway and the steamship having robbed him of heavier duties? May it not have been the channel of Genoese enterprise to vend the sugar, spices, and gums of the Levant, the silks of Soria, Persia, and Constantinople, the quicksilver of Spain, the leather and cotton of Tunis, the ivory and coral of Africa, the salt fish of the Black Sea, fruit, wine, and grain from the Isles of the Archipelago and Sicily, linen and cloth of Britain and Belgium, together with iron, lead, tin, copper, and silver and gold work? In turn the industrious cities of Lombardy shipped bales of their goods by the ports of Venice and Genoa for Greece and the Levant; Milan sent annually to Venice four thousand pieces of cloth, of the value of thirty zecchins each, and twelve thousand worth fifteen zecchins; Cremona wove forty thousand pieces of the best fustian, at fourteen zecchins the piece, to send away yearly; Alessandria, Novara, Tortona, Pavia, Monza, Brescia, and Parma also contributed their quota. Florence exported sixteen thousand pieces of cloth in the twelvemonth, receiving in exchange the wools of Catalonia and Andalusia, indigo, grain, silver thread, cramoisy, cochineal, and wax.

Genoa dealt largely with England, the Low Countries, Brabant, Bruges, Marseilles, Nice, and Arles. The cargo of one of her galleys to Dunstable is thus enumerated: Two large hogsheads (casks) of green ginger, a barrel of ginger in lemon water, nine barrels of sulphur, one hundred and sixty-two bales of drag nets, twenty-two bales of writing paper, a case of sugar candy, a barrel of dried prunes, thirty-eight cases of rice, five casks of cinnamon, five bales of box-wood, and three barrels of spices.

Genoa introduced into Holland wrought gold, alum, silks,

jewelry, wine, treacle, and coral. In return the Sea City became familiar with the products of European markets, tapestry, carpets, fine linen, lace, German steel, trappings for horses, the small wares of Nuremberg, saltpetre, the masts of ships and timber for building materials of the Baltic provinces, skins, and hemp.

Measures, weights, and money employed in all commerce were important matters in contracts. Does the guard at the city gate still adhere to the ancient standard? The linear measure of Genoa was the palm (*il palmo*), which was divided into twelve inches, and nine palms made *la canna*. The latter was the measure of the cloth merchants. The measures of quantity and of capacity were various, not only between liquids and solids, but even with the former alone. Thus oil was rated by the barrel, divided into four portions, which made six measures, thirty-two quarters, or sixty-four *amole*, while wine was sold in the wine measure of two half barrels, and third portions. Salt, grain, and other dry materials were weighed by the bushel, the quarter, and less. Each quantity contained an accurate indication of the weight of the bulk. The barrel of oil weighed seven and a half *rubbi* (a measure for grain), the wine twenty, and the bushel twelve. Even this *rubbo* (the corn measure) had two divisions, one for coarse and large merchandise, and the other for fine and light articles; the first could be separated into one hundred parts of eighteen ounces, and the second into five hundred and fifty pounds of twelve ounces. The gates used the large and small standard of the *canna*, the hundred weight for iron, gold, and silver, and received the turnpike money of Voltaggio, as the port exacted dues from the side of the sea. Did the writing-paper, made of old rags, first at Fabriano, a city of the marches of Ancona and Treviso, and speedily adopted in all Liguria, which rendered the printing of books possible, pass through our gate yonder?

In 1149 the expenses of the siege of Tortosa in Spain had to be defrayed by means of city dues and tributary income from Pera, the other colonies, and Corsica. One associates a new tax, in 1402, on meat, fish, wood, horses and mules, the wages of sailors, the profession of notary, and the wearers of pearls, with the arrival of the French governor, accompanied by his wife and sister, when, amidst the usual pageantry of receiving distinguished guests, and the ringing of the great bell of the ducal palace, the Genoese attired themselves in white and green, such being the colors of the new ruler. The guard at the gate had need to count the one *soldo* on the bushel of salt, and the three *soldi* on the barrel of wine; for although the French governor might be gracious and liberal in gaining the confidence of the people by lending himself to all the pious observances prevailing in Genoa at the time, — the suppression of games, not holding frivolous conversation with women, giving large donations in charity, fasting frequently, and attending two Masses daily, — the expenses of his rank must have been heavy. A French seigneur, even if not a courtier, while ignorant of the luxuries of modern society, had his property, retainers, pages, armor, tournaments, gambling; and if his library consisted of one volume, it cost one hundred times more than a book of the present day. The French ladies who had come to Genoa had little to learn in extravagance from the fair daughters of Italy, as Oriental stuffs and perfumes had found their way to France since the reign of Charlemagne. They required gold crowns, chaplets of pearls, African feathers, ermine, Byzantine enamels, velvets, *samits*, tissues of gold and silk, imported by Venice and Marseilles at great expense, and robes of northern manufacture. The furniture used by a châtelaine had to harmonize with her toilette; ivory, pearl, woods, and metals were wrought in exquisite designs of incrustation and marquetry. The buffet was

loaded with pieces of silver, usually heavier than the amount of income of the seigneur, and crystal ornaments of Eastern fabrication. Perfumes, drugs, spices, and the sugar of Egypt and Syria, where the cane was cultivated, were among the costly necessities of life for the upper classes.

Equally close is the connecting link of events of the city gate opening to make a passage for the traffic in hemp, wool, cheese, lard, nut-galls, almonds, tallow, and tiles with the rule of the Doge Tommaso da Campi Fregoso, in 1440. He gave two thousand and five hundred *lire* (*livres*) as a donation when the Franciscans held great religious ceremonials in the monastery of San Francesco. The Pope Eugenius IV. granted a plenary indulgence to all who should attend this religious function. A great multitude flocked into Genoa, and many women journeyed from Corsica who had never been on the mainland before. In 1442 Battista Fregoso, brother of the Doge, and a captain of the city, died, and in June he was given funeral honours in accordance with the custom of the times. Twelve horses led the *cortége*, the first steed, draped with white, carrying the banner of the commune, and the other eleven having black trappings, one bearing the ensign of the Fregoso family, another the scutcheon, a third the helmet and sword of the deceased, and the rest flags. The bier was carried by two members of the Silk Guild, two of the drapers, two colleagues of the Council, and two apothecaries, while eight citizens of the suburb of St. Thomas wore deep mourning. Twenty citizens preceded the bier, carrying candles; the youth of the city bore their crosses; and the religious confraternities carried torches, chanting, and burning incense. No pomp of funereal magnificence was omitted on the occasion. In the modern cemetery of Genoa, where the statue of Time waits, with folded arms and drooping wings, no ceremonial of respect for the dead

can hope to surpass the sumptuous splendor of the Middle Ages.

A mental picture remains with the writer of once watching the American man of business who had chosen a home in the country perform the duty on a Sunday afternoon of visiting a certain meadow of the hillside to give salt to the young cattle. The trees cast shadows on the grass, chestnut and hickory of the autumn harvest, dear to the children, and a little brook flowed below. With what eagerness were velvety brown and white noses, still calfish, thrust forth to devour the rations contained in the basket of the master! The pastoral scene gives place swiftly to a much more suggestive one of a group of women, moving with stealthy precaution, and crouching among the low, wave-washed rocks of the shore near the old Lazzaretto of Leghorn to avoid the eye of the coast guard, while they attempt to scrape off some crude deposit of precious salt from the stones. Alas! The act is against the law, and the guard hastens to put the culprits to flight. Possibly even the early Genoese and the Romans were equally rigid in maintaining a monopoly of the domestic necessity. Why may not the poor women even reap the gift of the sea? The animal instinct of craving salt is the same with them and the young cattle of the meadow. Sea water is sufficiently repugnant, what with the elements of animal matter and the gases of submarine volcanoes, until subjected to the different processes of purification of the chemicals held in solution by the saline works of the coasts, to be generous with it to poverty-pinched populations.

The city gate exacted the rigor of the law. In 1215 the taxes on salt and the bread called *pancogoli* were increased, as the revenues of these articles had been added to the tribute exacted of Messina, Tyre, and Bregia in 1214. The trade in salt with Turkey, together with the grain of all coasts, was very important in 1383. Genoa and Savona

in 1520 held entire control of salt as an affair of state. Lucca kept on amicable terms with her powerful neighbor Genoa by reason of salt, at least. Venice used the soda brought from Florence and the alkaline plants gathered in certain localities on the coast of Syria in the manufacture of a salt that gained much repute for excellence through Lombardy and Piedmont.

Looking toward the sea, the water-gate seems still to renew those early treaties with Marseilles, Toulon, or Nice, such as still are kept in the archives of Arles. This last assured the safety of goods and person, granting Arles authorization to establish at Genoa a consulate to adjust all civil differences. Wood could be exported to Genoa to build houses, staves, and hoops for casks, but on condition of personal use, without power to sell at Marseilles or elsewhere. It was forbidden to take German goods, or the cloth of Rheims and Champagne to Genoa, while the latter was interdicted from selling wheat and figs, only chestnuts being allowed.

On the hillside the guard with the feather in his hat waits all day to receive the dole of petty traffic. That gate was closed, barred, and fortified in the sieges of the mercenary captains, Carmagnola and Piccinino. In that of 1435 bread and vegetables were distributed to the citizens; then the horses were slain, and the famished crowds that met in the streets gladly secured a few roots and grass.

The query naturally arises, —

"Oh, did the people have salt?"

CHAPTER XXII.

GRANDFATHER'S WAISTCOAT.

MORNING light shines on the Bourse and the Piazza Campetto, which may be designated as the realm of velvet if an adjacent street is dedicated to the goldsmiths. Genoa velvet has been the synonyme of magnificence for centuries the world over. The weaving of silk and velvet belong to the flowering of the Sea City. Her looms seem to have borrowed, in addition to the arabesque patterns of the Orient, the colors of her sky, sea, and surrounding hills for the robes of state of the occupants of her palaces.

The light penetrates the interior of the shops, and gleams on folds of subdued tints, brown shading to amber, the purple of the amethyst, silvery gray with some subtle tinge of rose, and the downy bloom of apricot, or the tawny lustre of the opal, all piled on the counters and shelves in tempting array. Here is a piece of goods of the green of sea-waves around caves, worthy to have served for the bag containing the private seal of the French King Philip V. in 1320; and there blue velvet, with flowers, that might have been used to hang on the walls of the chamber of King John II., surnamed *le Bon*, in 1352, — a prince who further required plain blue velvet for his personal attire, and a shirt of Florentine changeable taffetas. In 1742 the French minister at Paris begged his envoy at Genoa to induce workmen in the weaving of silk, damask,

and velvet to seek employment in France. He further urged that the sort of irons used by the Genoese to cut velvet should be studied. The inference must be deduced that the weavers were lured to Paris, or that the envoy discovered the secret of the irons, from the result in French velvet of our day.

An American family party stroll across the Piazza, consisting of Paterfamilias, a maiden aunt, and several sons of a lively temperament. No doubt those wary spiders, the merchants, watch them keenly from the dark recesses of their shops. The maiden aunt, mild, white haired, and alert in movement for her years, is the first fly caught. Genoa velvet was one of the reminiscences of her childhood in her Boston home, where the waistcoat of grandfather, in his prime, was invariably made of the costly fabric.

"What a gay old gentleman he must have been in his taste for dress," remarks the eldest son, who is tall, slender, and somewhat supercilious.

The gaze of Aunt Jane wanders over the masculine attire of her kindred, as she rejoins, —

"I don't know but he was as well dressed as you men, nowadays."

"What color did he most affect, Aunty?" inquires the youngest boy, a frank and happy lad who never saw grandfather.

"Red," confesses Aunt Jane, after a pause, and pointing to ruby stuff in a window. "Only to think that I should ever live to see Genoa velvet in Genoa!"

Then she recalls the era of Genoa velvet in the household of the Boston merchant of the early portion of the century, and Paterfamilias nods acquiescence, supplementing details of the schoolboy. Grandfather allowed his daughters to divide the morsels of a much worn garment. Aunt Jane, moved to the laughter which is akin

to tears in the Piazza Campetto, describes the pincushion of microscopic proportions, made of such bits, neatly sewed, wrapped in paper, and kept in a sandal-wood box at home.

"We have a lot of palaces to do before lunch," warns the eldest son, consulting his guide-book.

The party move on; but the youngest boy lingers, darts into the shop, and soon reappears, his countenance glowing with suppressed mirth.

"I've bought Aunt Jane a velvet gown," he proclaims behind the back of the unconscious lady.

"Black, of course," the eldest son assents. "Black velvet, with some good antique lace and a few brilliants, is the only suitable toilette for old ladies."

"Not a bit of it!" exclaims the youngest boy. "The gown is red, like grandfather's waistcoat."

"The ancient *velours cramoisi*, perhaps," murmurs the eldest son.

Paterfamilias chuckles softly, and adds, —

"Aunt Jane will look like the Queen of Sheba!"

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE DEATH SHIP.

TO the stranger spending the summer months on the Mediterranean shore the variety of the scene ever outspread before his eyes is a source of surprise. No two sunsets are alike, and there is even some element of the weird and gloomy, or of the fantastic, in sheer extravagance of color, in the change of clouds from evening to evening. Does he anticipate weeks of languid and oppressive heat, such as the intense glow of the sun beating down on the yellow sand or arid rocks would seem to warrant, unrefreshed by a bath in tepid waves? Lo! a *libeccio* wind begins to blow in the night with such violence that the little bathing-establishments of the beach are nearly swept away, and there is no question of bathers launching into the sea for days, while the danger flag flutters from the summit of a pole. At another time a curious mass of vapor may be idly watched by the uninitiated from a balcony, like a rift of fog, without a drop of rain falling on the land, and a water spout (*tromba marina*) has formed, just touched the brink of shore, where the people are scattering in all directions, and dissolved out over the sea. The hour of dusk is as often sinister, murky, and threatening as transparent and calm, with a silvery sea, a moon of surpassing splendor, and a firmament thickly sown with stars. In mid-July there may be an overcast, gray sky, and the Mediterranean fretted, as if

by a coming gale, the broken masses of water of a cold green tint like northern seas, with a black head rising from the spray, occasionally, suggestive of a dolphin or a porpoise, and a large bird of the diver species hovering above the crest of incoming billows, with wings half unfurled, ready for flight. The sandy wastes of coast, the sparse pine-trees, and the neutral tones of the horizon give the spot the harsh and wild aspect of Holland. Again, the ensuing day, by some trick of change in wind and weather, may have a noontide of unmarred loveliness, succeeded by a red orb of setting sun resting, as it were, on the western brink of sea, with a ship sailing across the disk and pathway of crimson splendor shed over the waters, until the prosaic craft becomes transfigured to a royal barge, with gilded sails and spars fit for a Cleopatra to drift in, shaded by silken curtains. Such are some of the features of bewitchment of the summer sea.

Toward the latter portion of the month of August, when the hour of twilight is very brief, dark vapors often rise from the Maremma beyond the Montenero of Leghorn to the southward, and the electric flashes of lightning, denoting the change of the season, begin to sparkle, ready to smite many a church tower and penetrate the hut of shepherd and peasant in the pine region around Pisa.

A sultry evening of late summer may possess these elements: A wide expanse of sand curves along the bend of shore in the distance, and rises into hillocks toward the highway, tufted with thistles, coarse grass, and gray plants laden with dust; a murmur of voices indicates the camp of a regiment of soldiers farther inland, with white tents gleaming among the trees; and a nun, clad in a cream-colored woollen robe, is seated on the margin of the waves, guarding a flock of orphan girls in brown linen frocks and straw hats. Three other nuns pace the strand, de-

serted at this hour, and their black forms are defined on sea and sand with the distinct outline of silhouettes. The sun has disappeared in a mass of soft vapors. Suddenly a ship with all sails set appears near the shore. There is something startling in the aspect of this craft, — a menace of evil. It does not move on the current, and must have cast anchor for the night, while the hoisting of the canvas is a measure quite independent of the wind with the practical aim of drying the sheets. In the dusk the shore and sea assume a wan and lifeless hue, after the sun, like a mass of molten copper, has shone amid the clouds in a level ray for a moment, as if seen through a window, and been abruptly quenched. In the succeeding gloom the spectral craft with the motionless sails becomes pallid, then black. The nun drives her flock home for the night, and the camp of the soldiers is hushed.

In the hours of darkness the strange vessel haunts waking and sleeping thoughts. On the Mediterranean sea it is a shape of terror. In the past it might have been the abode of the pirates captured at Porto Venere, in 1230, by the Genoese, and punished by having the right hand cut off, in spite of the humane pleading of the Dominican monks. Has it brought the germ of disease to these shores from distant lands, — cholera from the East, or yellow fever from the West, with death wafted to the shore by those wide-spread sails?

To Genoa is imputed the misfortune of importing to Europe the great plague of 1348. The mysterious pestilence had its cradle in China, and the Genoese merchants in the full pride of their prosperity brought the fatal fruit of luxury to Sicily stifled in their cargoes of oriental goods. From Sicily the awful spectre wandered forth over a terrified world, slaying its thousands, depopulating towns, reaching the far north, and spreading desolation on every side. Of all the sieges sustained by Genoa, — Saracen plunderer,

the Franks of Théodebert, the Lombards of Rotharis, that of the Death Ship was the most fatal. Communication with the Levant was interrupted; the shuttles of Venice, Amalfi, and Pisa ceased to ply across the web as well; and although trade was subsequently resumed, the decline of the Genoese colonies seems associated with the visitation of the pest. The Turks expelled the Italians in time. One by one those prizes of Genoa, Pera, and Galata fell, until Mahomet II. seized the alum mines of Focea, Mytelene, fertile in grain, silk, and wine, and Chios, paradise of exquisite fruits, oil, and the famous mastic, chewed as a gum through the East to render the teeth white, a traffic yielding employment to twenty-two villages.

In the morning the phantom vessel has vanished. Rumor begins to whisper along the telegraph wire that Egypt has enforced a quarantine for the Mecca pilgrims. Was the haunting spectre of the twilight another Death Ship?

THE FRUIT.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A BEACON LIGHT.

THE astronomer of the household knocks on the door of the sluggard at two o'clock in the morning.

"Oh, you drowsy ones who lose so much in slumber! If you wish to see a comet over the Mediterranean Sea, for once in your lives wake up, and look out of the window."

The suggestion is obeyed in haste, and some bewilderment. The night is calm, cloudless, and majestic in such a scene. Genoa is outspread before the casement, with long lines and sparkling cones of gas-jets still twinkling on the thoroughfares, or about portals; the old Genoa in shadow, and the modern squares garish with the wan, unnatural gleam shed abroad by electric globes. The firmament above, dark and pure, glitters here and there with constellations of surpassing brilliancy. Well may the astronomer reproach those who miss the splendors of the southern night in yielding to sleep, as the petals of the flowers have need to close in the hours of darkness. Beyond the port the sea, horizon, and sky softly blend in an obscurity full of mystery. The comet is visible, a fiery beacon, as if passing low over the waters. Vividly distinct to the naked eye, it resembles a golden arrow, with a scintillating plume of train which might be formed of

the atoms of other star worlds. Does Genoa regard the advent of such an erratic, celestial wanderer with superstitious awe, as all Europe did in earlier centuries, when the crusaders read terrifying portents of evil in the eclipse of the moon, or the fall of a meteor; a ruling prince believed his speedy death was announced by the appearance of such a messenger in the heavens; and simple folk trembled in the fear that the end of the world was at hand?

An involuntary exclamation of wonder and admiration escapes the lips of the recently awakened spectators.

"Sorry to disturb your nap," the astronomer remarks scornfully.

The warning signal of the lighthouse flashes out over the sea. At first the dazzled observer of the comet did not notice this signal of earth, pulsing forth in limpid rays a welcome to the vessels on the deep; but gradually thought becomes concentrated upon it and its meaning. As the lighthouse holds aloft its lamp to the world, so is Genoa glorified by the memory of the greatest of her sons, Christopher Columbus. The great navigator was the offspring of Genoa; the very developments of his character and career proclaim his origin. If the roots of this remarkable Commonwealth struck vigorous fibres into the soil of the Ligurian coast in the time of Roman rule, the stem of growth was nourished from sources of energetic enterprise, industry, and courage of no mean order, and the flower unfolded all the rich hues of the wealth and luxury of the day: Columbus was the fruit, the natural production of such a plant. Having given the noble discoverer to his century, for the good of two hemispheres, Genoa drooped and withered; her destiny was fulfilled.

In the hours before dawn, watching the comet from the window, those early years of Columbus recur to the mind with redoubled interest.

Giacomo Colombo, in 1311, dwelt near the Porta San

Andrea, and did not lift his eyes from wool combing, as far as we know, to earn his daily bread. Domenico Colombo, about 1450, had a shop, a house, and a garden in the same locality, and afterwards rented an abode of the monks of St. Stephen, where he lived with his wife Susana Fontarossa, and his three sons, the eldest being Christopher. Homespun wool may be the enduring fibre in mankind of which States are formed. At Genoa the house of Purpurerj fabricated scarlet cloth in the twelfth century. Giovanni and Andrea Purpurerj had a good reputation in their time. A large field near the stream in the Val di Bisagno was used to clean and dry wool. A suburb of the town, also, was named the quarter of the *lanajuoli* (wool workers). Many ships exported Italian goods, tapestries, coverlets, cloths of wool and hemp to Picardy and Champagne in France, even then.

One would like to know the meditations of Domenico Colombo on the stirring events transpiring in Genoa, or threatening her security from neighboring republics, as he bent to his task of wool combing or weaving, unknown and unnoticed alike by the leaders of party strife, or the rulers of the municipality. Did he ever get swept away from the sobriety of daily routine by the stormy gusts of street affrays and popular demonstrations so readily aroused in Genoa? Did he bring home to the family meal of noonday or evening the fiery excitement of irritable citizens, chafing at some wrong suffered from Venice in the East, or news of the latest act of insolence perpetrated by a young noble in duel, or the abduction of a fair woman? The wife and the sons must have listened, thrilled with youthful sympathy, and transported by the general emotion of the hour, if the latter had not actually taken part in the tumult, for the thoroughfare is the favorite haunt of the Latin races.

The wheel of fortune revolves with a fearful rapidity in all lands, and in none more swiftly than in Italy, where

your bootmaker may be of ancient lineage, taught his craft in an orphan asylum. The race of Columbus may have been superior to their modest calling, and either exiled from other territories, or ruined by conflagration, the razing of their towers and palaces, and the rise of a rival faction to power.

The unusual intelligence of the lad Christopher must have expanded in the manifold influences about him. Historians state that although he was sent to Pavia and taught geometry, geography, astronomy, and the astrology of that day, apart from the endowment by nature of a reflective mind and a love of study, his advantages were limited. With all possible respect for the soundness of these authorities, to the writer Columbus was born and reared in one of the most wonderful schools the world then afforded, and he was, in himself, the fruit of Genoa. According to Las Casas, his handwriting was so good that he could have earned a support by the accomplishment. The awakening impulses of the fifteenth century were the ozone of the air he breathed, especially in geographical research, and the renewal of interest in studying afresh Strabo, Pliny, and Pomponius Mela. Columbus cannot have walked the streets of Genoa daily, and haunted the port, boy fashion, without learning marvellous facts on which to ponder at his leisure. The galleys returned from the Orient laden with riches, and the mariners once more in port surely gossiped of their adventures with rejoicing kinsfolk on shore. Marco Polo had been imprisoned in Genoa, and even if he dictated his travels to his fellow-prisoner Rustichello the Pisan, with the aim that "every noble should have a copy of the manuscript to cheer his household in the long winter, or to amuse the poor women at their embroidery while the men are absent at the wars," it is impossible that the tradition of the jade-bearing rivers of Khotan, the golden pagodas of Burmah, and the treasures of Persia

should not reach the ear of successive generations of Genoese boys. Columbus was deeply religious through life, conforming to the fasts and festivals of the Church with zeal, and imploring the aid of the Holy Trinity in action. Was not this temperament largely owing to early training at Genoa, where the Madonna was frequently invoked, the Holy Cross was carried in processions, and bands of penitents clad in coarse linen or sackcloth went about town and country bewailing a sinful world? How many times the parents of Columbus may have told him of how Saint Bernard of Clairvaux, having preached the Crusades with the eloquence for which he was eminent, was offered the Episcopate of Genoa at Rome, and wrote an epistle to the flock, whose shepherd he was not destined to become, full of pious exhortations to send succor to the Holy Land, and to defend themselves from all heresy! Genoa was proud of the possession of this letter, and Columbus very possibly read, with his own eyes, on some occasion, the lines: —

"O devout populace, glorious nation, illustrious city, rest secure that I can never, at any time, forget you, but remember me, and persevere in good resolutions. Without perseverance, benevolence has no merit, courage deserves no praise, nor fidelity recompense."

Columbus remembered the need of redeeming the Holy Sepulchre and of converting all Gentiles, in the midst of the success and cares of discovering America, and exhorted the Spanish sovereign to the duty of making war on the Moslem at Jerusalem in his last testament. Was not Genoa deeply imbued with the enthusiasm of the Crusaders from the beginning of the upheaval of European society in that movement of nations? He was visionary, superstitious, and believed in his own mission to fulfil some great deed for the faith. Where would a youth of a similar tempera-

ment have imbibed early convictions of the kind more readily than in Genoa, with her ancient churches, enriched by miracle-working relics from the East, her numerous monasteries, when Peter the Hermit had once traversed the land on his mule, and, the slave of a Genoese master, touching the robes of Saint Catherine of Siena been healed of a malady as the courageous nun journeyed to Avignon to persuade the Pope to return to Rome. He dreamed that he had found the mines of the *Aureas Chersonesus* mentioned by Josephus as furnishing the gold used in decorating the Temple at Jerusalem when he gained a knowledge of the mines of Veragua. He was a Genoese in the sagacity of the aim of building towns, planting the seeds of future fruit-orchards, and sowing grain on those lovely, tropical islands of the West Indies, as well as in propitiating the natives by kind treatment; in the spirit of colonization inherent in the Sea City, and developed at Caffa, Galata, St. John d'Acre, and the Archipelago, — which marked his superiority of judgment to the adventurers that flocked in his footsteps, thwarting his aims by plundering and enslaving the Indians, and seeking booty in every blooming paradise of palm grove and coral inlet. No less was he a Genoese, of the true merchant type, in his keenness of search after gold and pearls, and to discover traces of the vicinity of the Spice Islands of the Orient in the aromatic flavor of leaves and flowers of every unfamiliar tree and shrub of unexplored shores. The most significant fact of all is that he died without having grasped the magnitude of his own achievement, as the pioneer across a stormy main, his thoughts ever reverting to the firm belief that he was opening a new route to the East, his mind swinging around, as it were, to the starting-point of Genoese industry. How true it is that man's brain represents a certain range of notes, beyond which at either extremity there is infinite silence, like that of Alpine soli-

tudes. The eagerness of different localities and families to claim relationship with the illustrious navigator would be amusing if it were not so very natural in the ways of the world. Modena, Placentia of Monferrato in Piedmont, and various portions of the Genoese territory, Savona, Oneglia, and Cogoleto, has each insisted on being accepted as his birthplace, while noble Italian Houses have not disdained to recognize kindred in those quiet men carding or weaving wool near the old gate of San Andrea at Genoa, because of the fame of their descendant. How human the yearning of his own heart toward his cradle, "a noble city, and powerful on the sea," and his confidence in depositing money in the Bank of St. George! His letter from Seville, written in 1502, when about to set sail on his last voyage, is a tribute to the Sea City, as well as a further evidence of the magnanimity of his own nature.

"Although my body is here, my heart is always with you. God has been more bountiful to me than to any since David's time. The success of my enterprise is already clear, and would be still more clear if the Government did not cover it with a veil. I sail again for the Indies in the name of the most Holy Trinity, and I return at once; but as I know I am but mortal, I charge my son Don Diego to pay you, yearly and forever, the tenth part of all my revenues in order to lighten the toll on wine and corn. If this tenth part is large, you are welcome to it; if small, believe in my good will. May the most Holy Trinity guard your noble persons, and increase the lustre of your distinguished office."

Posterity cannot estimate Genoa as especially grateful for this offer, while with a singular obtuseness of perception she failed to value Columbus. Appealed to, at the outset, by this son, she accorded him no aid in fitting out ships, while ever ready to place the resources of her coffers at the disposal of foreign princes. Weakened by wars

and the loss of her colonies, the Republic, once so keenly sagacious, does not appear to have comprehended the grandeur of new enterprises in the region of the West. The Sea City was gradually sinking into decrepitude, and did not wish to be disturbed by novel ideas and audacious projects. The tradition exists in Venice that Columbus made there the same appeal, with similar result of failure.

In the solemn watches of the night, the contemporary portrait of the great discoverer acquires a vivid reality. Whether he sprang from the stock of the guild of wool at the city gate, or shared the gentle blood of the lord of some castle of the hills, he was one of Nature's noblemen, eloquent in discourse, affable with strangers, moderate in apparel and diet, yet assuming with dignity his title of Admiral, and desirous to place his sons in the palace as pages in the service of the Queen of Spain. He was the beacon light of his era, guiding others over the wastes of unknown waters farther than he was empowered to realize. He was more elevated of soul, more generous and patient in dealing with the foibles of his fellow creatures and attaining an end, and more inventive of genius than his country people, just as the fruit receives strength from the root, mysteriously transmutes to the uses of pulp and juices the nourishment derived from the sap of the stem, and forms in the very fading of the blossom. Even the career of Columbus had a certain analogy with the fate of his native town in a first success that won a brilliant recognition, after years of silent preparation, the gradual arousing of envy, active rivalry, and the despoiling of first conquests, one by one, with harassment, duplicity, and defeat as an end. The policy of King Ferdinand of Aragon is affirmed to have been to sow distrust between Columbus and the Italian republics, thus thwarting the latter of sharing with Spain the prize of reaping treasure in a new hemisphere. If such was his worldly wisdom, he suc-

ceeded as fully as in hampering the power of the navigator, as an individual, by his own narrow and suspicious instincts.

The hours pass; the first splendor of the comet wanes, and the town sleeps. The lighthouse star continues to flash forth with a mechanical precision, in undimmed brilliancy. This tower rising out of the rock to the height of two hundred and forty-seven feet from the base, and built in 1547, forms a link in the chain of beacons extending to the stormy coasts of Normandy and Brittany in France, where the substitute for modern complicated systems of a central disk and powerful reflectors was pit-coal until 1778, when the innovation of lamps occurred. How separate Columbus from the Genoese light? On the other side, in the most remote period of antiquity, these signal flames, however fed, were the first compass of mariners. The Phœnicians erected lighthouses in founding colonies to guide their vessels on unfamiliar coasts. The colossus of Rhodes was long a marvel. In the day of Columbus Genoa boasted of no such symmetrical structure as the present one. We read in 1327: "For the convenience of navigators a lantern was placed this year on the tower of the Mole."

Were not the sailors of the entire coast his brothers? The seafaring men of Noli, Savona, and Albenga were granted especial privileges for their services in Palestine, while the Metropolitan church of Genoa, San Lorenzo, received rents of houses and the gift of an entire city.

In addition to the consideration of other characteristics, the statement made that the sea had an irresistible attraction for Columbus from his earliest youth is full of charm. What more natural than such an instinct in the temperament of a boy of Liguria? The longing of all Italians from the Alps to Mount Etna is said to be to gain the Adriatic billows, or the Mediterranean strand. The Sici-

lian Folk-songs tell of a palace built of peacock plumes, with a balcony set with gems, near the sea, in the north of the island, while Messina may troll of a little garden, full of flowers, and lapped by the waves.

The writer of these pages has seen a plain, middle-aged man of studious aspect, native of an inland town, the wish of whose heart was fulfilled by gaining the shore, yield to the transports of delight and extravagances of a seeming lunatic. He laughed, he raved, and he patted the limpid summer waves with his hand, as if he were caressing some beautiful creature, while the bronzed fishermen looked on, half sympathetically and wholly derisively.

"It is like that when one has not a good mouthful of sea air from year's end to year's end, only grass and dust. Bah!" remarked a burly bath man, with a red sash around his waist, and his bare feet in the hot sand of the beach.

The sea was the siren that kindled the ardent imagination of Columbus in youth, and the spell endured in sober maturity. The Mediterranean, in her robes of azure, veiled in misty draperies of golden sunshine, beckoned her votary westward, with the murmured refrain: "I am only a land-locked basin, but beyond the narrow gateway of the Gibraltar Straits stretches a boundless main. Seek new realms! Sail towards an unexplored horizon!"

Did the siren ever lead him, in fancy, below the crystal waves to explore the recesses of her home, amidst the shadowy forests of fucus, where the mollusk dwells, and many-hued fish abound, the rays, the soles, the pilot, and anchovy that are captured in the fisherman's toils? Did these prepare Columbus for the rainbow-tinted inhabitants of the West Indian waters? Were all the wonders of the Mediterranean strand and a seaport like Genoa readily assimilated by him; or did he view them through the variegated kaleidoscope of boyish fancy, a fantastic blending of fairy tale and the images of sleep,— for Marco Polo had once

been a prisoner here, and daily charmed his captors by his narrations? Self-taught in many branches of knowledge which aided him in his researches later, he may have formulated in his own thought, dimly and incompletely, the harmonious adjustment of Nature, far in advance of Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, who wrote centuries later: —

"What industries man has developed in the divers oceans that border on the seas! Most of the arts have there been born. The ocean of the air, by means of drops of rain suspended on the threads of the spider's web, gave him the idea of the microscope; the ocean of ice, by its floating and transparent masses, the magnifying glass which remits the sun's rays, and from prisms breaks them into a thousand hues; the subterranean ocean, whose filaments of moisture, trickling through the sand, he gathered into the wells he bored in the earth; in tranquil waters he found the mirror with its reflections, and in flowing currents the motive power to turn machinery; the agitated waves of the maritime ocean, breaking on the rocks, he imitated in the falling and sparkling fountains of his gardens. It was on the margin of the seas that man noticed and adapted the rich purple color of the murex shell; the silk of the byssus of the mussel; wove his nets after the pattern of the interlacing marine plants; took the shape of the wheels of his mills and his chariots from the sea-hedgehog rolling on his prickly spines; those of the file, the saw, the ladder, helmets, shields, lances, and all kinds of armor, from the covering of the crustaceans. There he invented, after nautical forms, and even the names of amphibious birds and shells, the small canoe, the long boat, the galley, and the frigate. There is nothing in the arts of men which is not modelled on Nature, and of which the form may not be found in the waters."

Was Columbus already pondering on this inexhaustible problem of sun, air, and water combining to produce animal and mineral substances, as well as what were the actual limits of the kingdom of the sea, while his father

wielded the shuttle of daily toil, and his mother prepared the evening meal?

As you gaze forth from the window, the lighthouse signal glows with its unceasing warning of danger to the ships, while the town fades into indistinguishable shadow, and the sea gradually encroaches on all objects. The liquid element pervades the surface of the space visible, the incoming flood flowing gently over the rocks and sand. Neither sun nor moon sparkle on this neutral expanse, but only occasional gleams of phosphorescence, and yet the ripples acquire, as you look, a sheen of exquisite delicacy. Is it the first promise of dawn? A waste of surges reaches to the horizon, unruffled by the breath of tempest, and stirred by faint, half articulate murmurs of motion that seem the whispered messengers of distant shores.

The Mediterranean was the cradle of early civilization, and emblem to the inhabitants of adjacent countries of all phases of beauty and fertility in the three million square miles of country encompassing it. The dark line of remote distance, here revealed, and there obliterated by shadow, may be accepted as signifying the junction of three continents. Will Leviathan rise out of the deep at such an hour? Is that black object distinctly visible yonder the horribly suggestive fin of one of the shark tribe, the sinister brood launched on the Mediterranean by the opening of the Suez Canal to haunt the Island of Capri, or the swimming-schools established on the Adriatic? Monsters have ever lurked beneath those blue waves. In August, 1504, the city records of Genoa note that while some boys were bathing near San Guiliano di Albaro, a fish of the shark species devoured the young Moorish slave of Aloise Giberto.

Rendered more lively by the spirit of the age, fancy the well-to-do Father Shark inviting his wife and children to quit their comfortable home in the surf of the turtle

haunted coral-reefs of the Red Sea on a voyage through the Suez Canal into alien waters. In event of the Father Shark proving to be the identical traveller slain at Massowah several summers ago, and rejoiced over by the entire population that, after making a breakfast of two little negroes bathing near the custom-house, not to mention the limb of a fisherman who had striven to disturb the repast, appetite did not fail him before hooks attached to an iron chain and artfully baited with smoked pork, the widowed Mother Shark might have pursued her journey into the Mediterranean. A return to native land amid the Red Sea shoals would have been too sad under the circumstances. At all events such a female fish was seen off Ancona, accompanied by a school of seven young ones, from which it must be inferred that she brought several nephews and nieces in the tourist party. In the balance of nature the worthy tunny-fish swims into the inland sea by the Straits of Gibraltar with such extraordinary velocity, and fatuity in rushing to destruction, that the rejoicing populations of the shores cherish the belief that he sees only out of one eye. He is in too much haste to exchange the time of day with the flying-fish he is sure to meet on his passage. Hapless tunny, never to learn wisdom! Large, fat, with firm, nutritious flesh and generous red blood, praised as a delicacy even by Lucullus, your enemies are ready off Toulon, Sardinia, and Corsica to seize so rich a prize, and dye the waters with the brutal butchery of the slain! Apparently the aim of the tunny is to be caught, salted, pickled, or potted in his own oil, in little tin cans for breakfast. There is a mediæval association in addition to a classical one with this useful creature. A certain queen of Portugal questioned her son the prince on his return from visiting England (much as royal young gentlemen go to the London season, in our day), as to the strange habits of the natives of the British

Isles, especially in the matter of consuming large quantities of meat. As the culmination of her naïve astonishment, she exclaims, "What! Do they not even eat tunny stewed with raisins, prunes, and figs?" Our blundering and precipitate monster continues to seek the impoverished Mediterranean, for the good of mankind, and the fisheries of Isola Piana and Porto Scuso prepare the *madragas* for a *mantanza* (a slaughter). Thus the tunny has ever been the accepted embodiment of obtuseness, not to say foolishness, even if the Carthaginians pronounced the flavor of his flesh fit for the gods. When Pisistratus usurped the power as tyrant of Athens, Amphilytus, the prophet of Acarnania, uttered the warning: "The cast is thrown, and the net is spread; by the moonlight the tunnies will rush in."

When Pope Martin IV. was at Orvieto, a seal was caught in the sea, and carried to the Papal court. It cried lamentably, and refused to be comforted, — as well it might, poor beast! Either the fact of catching an unusual species in the kingdom of such small fry as the anchovy, or the unhappiness of the seal on land, was accepted as a presage of evil for the recipients.

Columbus surely played the truant on more than one occasion, in his early years, when the townsfolk were abroad to enjoy the evening hours in the streets or along the shore, and sought some isolated nook to gaze at the sea in the twilight, and listen to the seductive voice of the waves. Then the Mediterranean siren urged him to confide his life and fortunes to her keeping, and she would bear him forth into a new universe. The softened cadences of the sea falling rhythmically on his ear in the pulsing ebb and flow of waters, awakened the first impulses of a vague yet limitless ambition, and conviction of the grandeur of his own destiny. What reveries the young Columbus must have had, loitering in one of the miniature coves

of the Riviera, beyond the walls of ancient Genoa, on a summer night, the brimming crystal shield of sea outspread at his feet, while above garden terraces extended up the hillside, fragrant with orange, lemon, and jasmine. A fragile fleet of the nautilus may have passed before his imagination, with delicate membrane raised to catch a favorable zephyr, and pearly shallop of shell breasting the current valiantly for a time, then instinct furling the sail, and the living craft sinking to silent depths once more.

Mythological elements must have mingled largely with his religious belief in miracles, and the power of sundry saints. Italy is still permeated by Greek influences, usually in the form of festivals of harvest rejoicings and spring sowing, grafted later on the Church calendar. Such a reminiscence of Pagan observance is the Car of Ceres, annually fired in the space between the Baptistery and the Duomo at Florence, on Holy Saturday. The Genoese in their intercourse with remote countries as merchants and sailors must have acquired a larger store of picturesque tradition than other cities not equally favored, apart from any branches of instruction of the time. Imagine Jack Tar of that epoch, just returned from Alexandria, telling a wide-eyed lad named Christopher Columbus, on the Mole, with bluff good-nature, all about the Phœnicians coasting from island to island within the Persian Gulf, on rafts formed of trees washed down from Mount Lebanon before the human mind had grasped the idea of fashioning a log like the dolphin, with propelling gear of rudder tail and fins, giving it the form of a shell and the wings of a bird; or the round Assyrian craft made of leather, with ribs of the willow that grew in Armenia above Babylon, lined with reeds, and freighted with palm wine, to steer down stream to market, by means of two spars, and the cargo and hides sold at auction, the other gear packed on the back of asses to return home; or that the first trident of Neptune was

forged as an implement of fishing. Possibly the ancient Egyptian fête of Artemis at Bubastis was described, at which the boats used were built of wood from the Gulf of Arabia and the Indian Seas, gilded and carved, the sails embroidered, a rich purple pavilion erected in the centre, and a banner surmounted by a sphinx. How did the Genoese mariner spin his yarn without a quid of tobacco thrust in his cheek to assist speech? He certainly enjoyed no such aid to loquacity, for Columbus had not yet visited America to fetch him back the solace of mankind.

In those evening musings beside the deep Columbus assuredly felt, with the Greeks, all the spiritual beauty of the sea. "The sea washes off all the woes of man," said Euripides. The old Greek fables, colored by the narrator with all the rich hues of sunset clouds, must have lingered along the Genoese *Riviere*, like the echo of a familiar song. For Columbus, the God Dionysius of the Homeric hymn, a beautiful and richly clad youth, again stood on the seashore, to be seized by the Tyrrhenian pirates, bound, and carried on board of their vessel. Only the pious steersman of the crew recognized the true divinity of the captive. Then sweet-scented wine flowed forth on the surrounding waters, tendrils of the vine and ivy leaves bloomed on the mast and sails, while garlands wreathed the oar-pegs. Dionysius spurned his fetters, and successively assumed the terrible shapes of a bear and a lion, pursuing the pirates until they leaped overboard, and were changed into fishes. The pious steersman was left. Arion, the famous lyric poet and musician, who journeyed to Sicily, acquiring great wealth by his music, and on his return to Greece had the sailors of the Corinthian ship on which he embarked conspire to rob and drown him, played his one tune accorded before death, seated on the poop, to Columbus, before springing into the waves, where an obliging dolphin, attracted by his sweet strains of song, took

him on its back safe to Tanarus. Orpheus struck his lyre for the Genoese youth on the voyage of the Argonauts not more to subdue the discords of the elements than in sympathetic accord with the later religious superstitions of all navigators, invoking Pan, the Nereids, or Castor and Pollux, as the crew on the menacing Atlantic besought the aid of Saint Elmo when the baleful flicker of his fires played around the yard-arms in the gathering tempest. The Dioscuri, with a star on the brow, signifying astronomy and nautical arts, and their statue in the port of Samothrace, as protectors of sailors, had yielded their place to the Madonna, with Genoese mariners. The female divinity may also be accepted as another modification of the ancient worship of Rhea, mother earth, by those "sons of the sea," the inhabitants of the large islands of the Archipelago, Rhodes, Crete, and Cyprus, to whom the education of Neptune was confided. The Greek boats had movable masts and oars, the prow ornamented with the figure of an animal, and the poop with a sacred effigy. Was Columbus capable of linking together in his own mind all those honorable hulks associated with national glory from the ship of Theseus, in which the hero returned from Crete to Athens, after slaying the Minotaur, preserved by the Athenians, with new timbers, and sent every year to Delos for the sacrifice, the priest of Apollo adorning the stern with flowers, to the Venetian Bucentaure, and dismantled frigates of modern nations?

What voyages the lad must have taken, thought the swift-winged Mercury! Doubtless he launched in command of those Phœnician fleets that rapidly developed from the tree rafts, audaciously seeking the Gulf of Arabia, the coast of Ethiopia, and the Nile, in trade, in one direction, or exploring the Adriatic, the shores of Thrace, the Islets of the Ægean Sea, without chart or compass, in the other. Phœnicia had intercourse with all nations, receiving wheat,

honey, balm, oil, and gums from Judea, wines and wools from Damascus, linen, purple, and silk from Syria, gold and perfumes from the land of Saba, slaves and horses from Greece, tin, lead, and iron from Carthage, and ivory and ebony from Ethiopia. Doubtless he floated, in all the transient glory of assumed pomp, on the pleasure craft of the Emperor Caligula, with silk sails, the poop enriched with gold work and precious stones, arbors, a pavilion, and a garden. This caprice of a ruler did not change the policy of Rome in disdaining to build ships of war, and making her vassals serve in maritime combats, Carthage first, and the little Italian republics later.

In the lightning flashes of a passing storm the Tyrian fire-ship may have threatened Liguria instead of the Macedonians, with the projecting arms of two masts on the prow holding swinging caldrons which scattered burning sulphur, bitumen, resinous torches, and other combustibles on the wind.

To muse on the argosies of those early voyagers was easy, with the jasmine and orange blossoms scenting the warm air, when Attica had her ceramic art, Corinth her brass, Etruria her mirrors and wrought candelabra, Sidon her dyes, and Egypt her papyrus. The Mediterranean had been an unexplored lake for Italians to the tenth century, with the exception of Rome, stated in 547 to have expanded the industry of ship-building thus: Chiusi and Perugia furnished fir-trees, Populonia iron, the inhabitants of Tarquinia sails, Volterra armaments and rigging, and Arezzo thirty thousand weapons, consisting of the swords, lances, and javelins for forty ships, with provisions for troops and rowers. Nautical interests being uncongenial to Roman military power, Pisa was made a sentinel of such interests at this date.

Even more absorbing to all faculties, the long line of Genoese shipping would entice sober judgment on the part

of a truant from home, and a dreamer down on the shore in the fall of night. The galley of 937 would be a not unfamiliar form to him, with a spur, or Roman beak, at the extremity of the prow, a mast of oak terminating in a spike of iron or bronze, similar to the tip of a lance and with three smaller points below, while the poop and bows formed two high castles, one in front and one in the rear, having the benches of the rowers in the centre. Before a battle the forward castle had two movable towers of wood to be adjusted at pleasure. When laden with troops and machines of war, the castle of the poop, named by the Arabs the fortress, could be closed and secured by means of a grating deemed the last defence. The parapet was protected by leather, cork, or wool, and to one mast was suspended many heavy hooks to carry off a smaller craft, or board an equal. The banner fluttered from a flagstaff of wood at the back of the poop with the earliest design of a castle with three towers. There were two kinds of galleys then employed by the Genoese, one called swift and light, to frequent shallow waters, and the other large and heavy, for battle and long voyages. The difference of build consisted in the more fragile vessel having one deck, while the other had two, with a bench of oarsmen for each. In an engagement the towers, the machines, and the crew all served on the upper deck. The development of the science of navigation was one of the most remarkable traits in the energetic character of Genoa, and was plainly outspread before the eyes of Columbus from his birth. The galley of the crusades had at first a single deck of rowers, then two, then three to the thirteenth century, and finally five. Vessels nearly round were used for merchandise, and armed in case of need, and received the name of castellated cock-boats. The greatest activity had prevailed during those earlier centuries. Genoa is described as more of an arsenal than a city. Long and

slender oars, not in use, were suspended on the façade of seignorial mansions, through the massive iron rings necessary to hold them, — as the Strozzi and Riccardi palaces of Florence had metal sockets and rings for the wax torches of festivals attached to the rough exterior masonry, — and other houses had the machicolated parapet which was the privilege of a family owning a galley at sea. The galleys and the cock-boats prepared to enter on warlike enterprises; the ancient craft of battle, the *Taride*, were utilized to carry troops and cavalry; the archers were drilled to take a front rank, and the porters hastened about the town distributing orders. The same industry extended to both shores, where the ships built at Varazze and Finale were much esteemed. In the colonies the trade had branches, and many master-builders took their families to reside with them on the shores of the Bosphorus and in the Crimea. The French marine was indebted to Genoese workmen from the reign of Philip Augustus to Francis I.; the English received their aid in the time of Henry VIII., and Spain and Portugal to the date of Philip II. and the Armada sent in quest of these builders. The Genoese evinced a superior intelligence in constantly improving the types of all sea implements, making their sails square, or triangular, modifying the oars, rendering more stanch the masts and strong the cordage. They studied thoroughly the situations of coast, the perils of shoals and rocks, the direction of the winds, the stars, and meteors.

The Polar star, as apparently immovable, was long the guide of the Mediterranean sailor, who made port every night in fear of clouds, and ceased to navigate from November to February. The Genoese in due time availed themselves of the armillary sphere which reproduced the planetary system, the lines of longitude and latitude being determined with the situation of places by means of

the astrolabe, a species of copper ring first adopted by the Arabs to determine the height of the pole and its corresponding point, and various nautical charts, that illustrated the sea, the shape of the earth, and indicated the course of different winds, as well as the invention of the compass. Maps were designed by the Genoese from a remote date of marine enterprise. Nine of these tables in the Imperial Library at Vienna have inscribed on them a Latin sentence to the effect that Pietro Visconti of Genoa made them A. D. 1318. The name of Visconti was not rare at Genoa. Giovanni Battista Visconti, the father of the celebrated Ennio Quirino Visconti, and author of the first volume on the antique marbles of the Pio Clementino Museum of Rome, was born on the eastern Riviera. In the Laurentian Library of Florence, also, there are eight similar tablets believed to be the work of a Genoese in 1351. Antonio Pessagno was appointed seneschal of Edward II. in Gascogny over the shipping of the province, while Niccolò Usodimare was given by the same king the grade of vice-admiral of his armament in the Duchy of Aquitaine. Giovanni Doria and Niccolò Bianchi had the safe conduct of the galleys in Scotch waters to escort the vessels and munitions of England. Before the taking of Cyprus, Pietro Fregoso obtained the command of twelve ships fitted out at Genoa, at the expense of Edward II., and Gregorio Usodimare and Oberto Gaj agreed to serve for the term of one year, with two gentlemen lieutenants, fifty crossbowmen, and fifty mariners. History further records that two members of the Mari family, two of the Cicala, one Doria, and a Fregoso were admirals and captains-general in Naples and Sicily; a Piccamiglio ruled in Cyprus; Andrea Moresco held office at Constantinople under Andronico II.; Biscarello Giolfi in Persia was ambassador to the Christian powers from Hassan; Jacopo Adorno had rank in Aragon, and Egidio Boccanegra in Castile. The great Andrea Doria was not yet born.

Such was the school of Christopher Columbus. Did the boy on the beach experience some vague disappointment and flagging of spirit, even in the midst of the flush of victory, and the intoxicating schemes of acquiring riches which must have teemed in the brain of every Genoese, the hoard of musk, gold-dust, pearls, and spices brought back on prosperous voyages, or even another emerald *Sacro Catino* than the treasure of the Church of San Lorenzo, which might not prove glass, like the cylinder tinted with cunningly blended oxides, containing a lamp inserted by the priests in the temple of Melkarth at Tyre described by Herodotus? Did he find the sphere of interest too narrow and long for a wider horizon? If so, he was not the first. In 1291 Tedisio Doria fitted out two galleys for the brothers Vivaldi, who cherished a plan of reaching Asia from the west, the intervening continent of America being unsuspected. Accompanied by two Franciscan monks, these courageous explorers sailed on their quest two hundred years in advance of Columbus, and vanished forever, engulfed by the storm, or wrecked on the coast of Africa.

In all the ship building going on about his cradle no one thought of equipping Columbus. The trees of the Cilician forests, near Tarshish, granted to Cleopatra by Antony, and the timber of Cyprus, adapted to furnish alike the heaviest keel and the lightest spar, were not for him. Possibly a Genoese in the service of Spain welded the rivets holding together three renowned little vessels, with their precious human burden, only fit for river coasting, and undecked, all save one, yet destined to cross the ocean.

Darkness of night enveloped sea and earth, and across the space of horizon flitted the ghostly semblance of three cockle-shells, the Nina, the Pinta, and the Santa Maria.

Columbus impatiently tossed aside the weaver's shuttle and became a follower of the sea. His age is stated to

have been fourteen years. The event occasioned no emotion in his native city, — was, indeed, probably unknown beyond the limits of the family circle, — and yet was one of the most momentous in her history. Another Genoese boy had become a sailor, — that was all. Of his career very slight threads remain, except that he took part in wars, and voyaged in the interests of commerce for many years, until the metal of manhood was well tempered in him. In 1458, King Alfonso of Spain left the States of Spain to John, son of old King Réné of Provence, and Naples to the illegitimate Ferdinand. The Aragonese rebelled; Duke John was forced to enter into combat to attempt to gain possession of his inheritance, and sailed for Liguria, with twenty-six armed ships, chiefly furnished by Genoa. The captain of one of these galleys had the name of Colombo, and under him served a youth of the same race, taken from the Guild of Wool, destined to rival in fame, as the native chronicler asserts, the royal titles of Anjou and Aragon. Duke John borrowed of the Bank of St. George the sum of one hundred and twenty thousand gold ducats. Genoa would have advanced no such sum to her own son wherewith to discover a New World.

Dawn trembles on the Mediterranean. The comet has disappeared, and the beacon star glows in the tower, guiding the course of the ships that bring cocoa, rice, coffee, or dye-woods from the realms visited by Columbus so long ago safe into port. Genoa in the present, and the future may well watch her beacon in the proud trust, —

> "Be mine to guard this light from all eclipse,
> Be mine to bring man nearer unto man!"

All honor to the sailors of the world, for truly to them America owes her existence, as England her power, France her wealth, and Holland her liberty!

CHAPTER XXV.

IN A PICTURE GALLERY.

THE December day is cold at Genoa, and a bitter wind blows from the mountain peaks. The workmen of the Carrara marble quarries are hindered in their labor by the snow. From what sanguine imagination emanated the delusion of tropical winters in Italy? The climate does not materially change if such statements as the following are accurate: —

"In the year 476, the Tiber was full of ice, snow lay in the Forum for forty days, the vines and the olive trees froze to the roots, the cattle were famished, and wolves prowled about the streets of Rome. In 1493 the cold was so excessive that on Christmas Day the sea froze about the Mole at Genoa, and vessels could not therefore approach the land."

You seek a street of stately mansions, enter the spacious hall of a palace, supported by massive columns, gain a court with arcades, where a view of inner garden, planted with orange-trees, may be obtained, and ascend a wide stairway to a picture gallery. The walls of the vestibule have arabesque designs, and a suite of apartments, richly gilded, and with sumptuous hangings, open a tempting vista of the works of Titian, the Caracci, Tintoretto, or Caravaggio to the visitor. You enter a narrow and secluded room on the left hand. What splendor of lavish decoration meets the eye in this abode of the Genoese

noble! Frescoes of Guido Reni seem to bloom softly on the arched ceiling, the dimpled forms of Cupids, and the pearly flesh-tints of nymphs, with loosened tresses, and azure draperies. The floor is paved with marbles as lustrous as agate. How icy cold is the temperature of a picture gallery in Italy! Here feet and hands are speedily benumbed, the blood is chilled in the veins, and the breath is perceptible clinging around the lips. All the while the portraits, blooming with the life and color of the Renaissance, enveloped in velvet and furs, gaze forth from their frames with a complacent aspect of well being. "A room hung with pictures is a room hung with thoughts," said Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Yonder is a quaint panel of early Genoese art representing a Doge of the family, in 1345, in the act of discussing with an architect and two councillors the means of prolonging the city aqueduct. Few painters lived at Genoa in the thirteenth century at a time of the division of crafts, but in the fourteenth century the number increased, until there were eighty-three artists, with many more at Savona and on the Riviera, between 1475 and 1525, educated in the school of art, in which seven years of study were requisite for matriculation. In 1480 lived Damiano Lercari, sculptor and *intagliatore*, who seems to have won more reputation for the Chinese minuteness of carving a bas-relief of the Passion of Christ on a peach-stone than for more comprehensive work.

The narrow gallery contains an interesting company in the portraits on the walls. High above the range of casement is a dark and shadowy picture of a man in a robe of state, either of ambassador or councillor, holding a roll of parchment in his hand, whose thoughtful gaze follows the intruder. You christen him Caffaro, the Genoese historian, who joined the Crusade of 1100, and fought in Palestine. He held the pen in the compilation of his

Annals until a few years before his death. It has been stated that the last six years of the thirteenth century were very glorious in the history of Genoa; but no citizen had leisure to write, as all were engaged in public enterprises. The judgment would be hasty that Genoa lacked astronomers, historians, or poets, although the student was eclipsed by the more brilliant personality of the warrior, statesman, and merchant prince. In ancient Liguria were not C. Elius Staleno a fervid orator, and the enemy of Cicero, as well as the historian Pompeius Trogus, and the satirist A. Persius Flaccus, famous? Did not P. Elvius Pertinace, at a later period, dedicate his apostolic history in verse to Pope Virgilius? Many Genoese composed verse in the Provençal tongue, and sought the courts of Provence, Spain, and Naples. Paganino of Luni wrote in Italian with such elegance and purity as to merit the praise of the authorities Della Crusca, while Bartolomeo Gentile was judged by the learned superior to Dante, and the equal of Petrarch in his works of philosophy and theology, and on the Pontifical and Cæsarean laws. Lorenzo Maggiolo, philosopher, and student of Greek letters, educated at Padua, Pavia, and Ferrara, was the contemporary of Pico della Mirandola, and Alberto, Signor of Caspi, Jacopo de' Varagine, the Archbishop Stella, who lived in 1396, Senarega in 1314, and Agostino Giustiniano in 1528, took up the thread of historical narration after Caffaro. A history of Genoa, by Accinelli, was published at Leipsic in 1750, dedicated to Maria, the august protectress of Genoa and her people. In physics, rhetoric, and grammar the Genoese mind was active, while the monks of different orders took a creditable rank in theological and ecclesiastical erudition, and in the refutation of the books of the rabbis of Spain, according to Catholic authorities, by means of their own Talmud. Fra Filippo Brusserio of Savona compiled a

chronicle of the Franciscans, and wrote a work urging the reconquering of the Holy Sepulchre. Such was his eloquence that the women of Genoa were moved to make certain reforms in dress, and to sell their jewels. In jurisprudence Albenga, Noli, Savona, Albissola, and Voltaggio had eminent lawyers. Caffaro made a noble eulogy of the Genoese Ugo di Baldissone and Corso di Serra thus: "It may be truly said that the name of the Genoese councillors, with those of the vicinity, imparted a lustre to the Republic." Antonio Fregoso lived at the court of Ludovico the Moor, at Milan, and, retiring to the solitude of a villa, composed the "Smile of Democrites," the "Lament of Heraclites," and an amorous poem of the "White Doe." Foglietta and Bonfadio belonged to literature. Genoa may have possessed satirists as mocking as Alessandro Tassoni, who sang of the *secchia rapita* (the stolen bucket), in 1565, a war of Modena and Bologna in the thirteenth century, when the bucket of a well belonging to the latter town was seized by Modenese warriors, and placed in the tower of their own cathedral. Eleano Spinola was the author of a letter on the life and death of Pope Pius II. Leon Battista Alberti was born at Genoa, while Tiraboschi was born and died there. What would the old Caffaro think of his Sea City, now, with Columbus gone forth to discover a New World?

Opposite is another portrait of a warrior in armor, with visor raised. You are equally confident that he can be no other than the knight Embriaco, surnamed *Testa del Maglio*, or hammer-head, for strength so redoubtable in managing the wooden towers of attack in the Holy Land. To the time of Embriaco belong those duels of most ancient usage employed as a means of justice by the Genoese, which recall the challenge of Horatius before the Tiber bridge of the army of Lars Porsenna. In 1232 Jacopo Grillo, being accused of a crime for which he could not justify himself,

was permitted by the podestà to offer combat, by means of a champion, to his adversary. Grillo's duellist was a native of Cuneo, while the opponent was a Florentine. The latter killed the former, whereupon Grillo's own head was cut off.

Beside Embriaco is the portrait of a man whose features denote rugged energy. He wears a corselet, and a curious head-gear. Surely he is the sailor Andrea Magrone, of 1420, noted for his skill in swimming and remaining under water, who, when Genoa was besieged by the forces of Aragon, put a helmet of leather on his head, took a knife in his hand, glided near the ship of the Spanish commander, cut it loose, and sent it drifting among the other vessels, creating a confusion utilized by the city to repulse the assault of the enemy.

At another angle of the gallery, sombre, as if resting under the obloquy of a cloud never to be lifted in this world, is the Knight Templar. Refined and delicate featured, of a distinctively Gallic type, he seems to question, with head slightly bent forward, even while he proudly wears the insignia of his order, if the cruel persecution of Philippe le Bel, a king pronounced by Dante the "pest of France," is to tarnish forever the fair fame of the Hospitallers.

In full light is the placid countenance of Petrarch, his brow crowned with laurel. Courtier, scholar, poet, and enlightened patriot, hoping much for the revival of art and learning in Italy, he was, in addition, a sympathetic and keenly appreciative traveller, who imparted his impressions in graceful letters. Petrarch is the most beautiful mind that has reflected the image of Genoa in any century. His descriptions of the Sea City have the purity and limpid freshness of thought of his own immortal verse, as when he exclaims: "Go! my song, thou wilt find me again yonder on those Alps, near a spring, there where the sky is more pure, beside a young and fresh laurel."

A picture rich in color and accessories attracts the gaze, that of Giano Lusignano, King of Cyprus, wearing a velvet doublet, a ruff, and a jewelled chain, with the fingers of the left hand toying with the links pendent on his breast. A royal gentleman, sovereign of a tiny, much disputed island kingdom, he was born, nourished, and educated by the Genoese in their city, and accused of ingratitude in his subsequent policy. Modern diplomacy might borrow a leaf of flowery and meaningless phrases from King John's response to the upbraiding of the Podestà Guarco : —

"All that you say, O podestà, is true, because I was born in Genoa, and brought up by the Genoese, and have been both honored and benefited by them, in which I glory. I have acquired the grandeur of soul and the customs of the Genoese; but I was constrained by your magnanimity to go to a far country, and to seek to gain possession of all towns and castles. I should act contrary to custom, against nature and my own usages, as well as those of my Genoese, if I did not strive with my weapons in my hand, to take a city founded by my ancestors, and so near my kingdom."

He sent three galleys in the month of August, under command of Antonio di Grimaldo, cavalier of St. John of Jerusalem, to take Famagosta. Genoa conquered Famagosta in 1373, holding it for the term of ninety years, but lost the valuable possession with this reign, all the sympathies of the queen Catherine Cornaro turning to her own people, the Venetians, after the death of her husband and child. In 1342, Ugo Lusignano, king of Cyprus, decorated the head of the Apostle Barnabas with gold, silver, and gems, and sent it as a gift to the king of Aragon, by two Franciscans. The monks embarked with their treasure on a Catalonian vessel, were wrecked off Corsica, managed to secure a small boat, and steered for the mainland, which they reached in an exhausted condition. The vicar of the

eastern Riviera communicated with the Doge of Genoa, and the relic, thus unexpectedly secured, was placed in the Cathedral of San Lorenzo.

The Marquis of Pescaro, who stormed and pillaged Genoa in 1522, looks forth from his frame on the left, haughty and calm, clad in mail which seems to reflect bluish lights on the polished steel, awaiting tidings of Prosper Colonna in the Val di Polcevera, or thinking of his fair wife Vittoria Colonna writing verse at Ischia, in his absence.

Nicholas V. finds a fitting place in this notable company, as a pontiff ever favorable to Genoa. Known as Thomas of Sarzana, he succeeded Eugenius IV. in 1447. He was a munificent patron of learning at a period when Cosimo de' Medici restored palaces and monasteries, and Marsilio Ficino founded the Platonic school. Nicholas created the Vatican library, paved the streets of Rome, strengthened the military defences of St. Peter, built the churches of St. Theodore and St. Stephen on the Caelian, and the Milvio bridge, as well as the gates of Rome, and restored the Pantheon. Not only was the collection of Oriental manuscripts very extensive made by this Pope, but the works of the Greek Fathers, the poetry of Homer, the geography of Strabo, and the writings of Plato, Aristotle, Tolomeus, Diodorus, and Polibius.

On the right hand Sir Peter Paul Rubens regards the world blandly from the shadow of the curve of his wide-brimmed cavalier hat. Who more serene in the security and prosperity of the full acknowledgment of a splendid genius than the painter? What power in the gauntlet-covered hand, resting jauntily on the hip, in the picture, to reproduce with untiring patience and industry the gorgeous images of the brain. The petty and ignoble trials of an artist's career, hampering and harassing his progress, did not belong to Rubens, who crushed the thorns in the path — if there were any — beneath his foot, and passed on. Some

element of the worldly wisdom of his admirable mother, who shielded the disgrace of her weak husband for making love to the Princess of Orange, held together her family property in precarious times, and separated her distinguished son from all question of religious feud by restoring him to the Catholic Church, may be discerned in his success. He visited Italy, as is well known, dwelling at Venice, Mantua, and Rome, and embarking for Spain either from Genoa or Leghorn. Trace of his sojourn at Genoa is deemed slight by recent authorities, and has the foundation of fact only in a collection of drawings of the ancient palaces (*antichi palazzi di Genova*) in his famous house. He also mentioned in a letter his sorrow at the death of his intimate friend, the Marchese Spinola, in 1630. Genoa has at least secured some of the redundant coloring of his brush, which is especially in harmony with her palace halls.

Beside the master, Anton Van Dyck smiles over his shoulder at all the creations of his own pencil in the adjacent rooms, — the children playing with monkeys or troops of little dogs, the nobles in armor, and the stately dames in robes of blue and amber, embroidered with pearls, worthy to rank with his twenty-five portraits of the vivacious English Queen Henrietta Maria. No doubt exists of Van Dyck's presence in Genoa, where he painted a great number of portraits of the merchant princes of the land. He was born at Antwerp in 1599, and was the son of a well-to-do Flemish burgher. The first gleams of talent evinced in childhood were carefully observed and fostered by his parents. His mother, Maria Cuypers, wrought delicate embroideries in many colors, with much skill, before his birth. Posterity is not required to judge with severity this worthy couple as having thwarted the inclination of their child, either through obtuseness or harshness. The father of Claude Lorraine is reputed to have destined him

for the trade of pastry cook; and paternal authority, equally enlightened, would fain have made of Correggio a butcher, Guido Reni a musician, Guercino a mason, Andrea del Sarto a tailor, and Michelangelo a merchant of wool. Van Dyck, on the contrary, enjoyed every advantage of study from a very tender age, and became a member of the Guild of St. Luke in his native city, a body given the duty of arranging all public pageants and festivals. Was not life one prolonged festival for the painter? Gifted with the same prodigious industry as Rubens, if not endowed with the latter's superb scope of ability, he soon became a favorite pupil of the master. Then the young Van Dyck went forth into the world; women smiled on him, sovereigns flattered him, chiefly for reproducing such pleasing portraits of themselves and their chubby offspring, and foreign lands welcomed him with ready appreciation of his gifts. Fortunate, facile, and marvellously prolific Van Dyck, set the task of defining the taper fingers, ruddy lips, sparkling eyes, and ringlets of great ladies, with all the accessories of lace, satin, and velvet, the parrots and flowers, well may you smile over your shoulder at the vain human family that treated you so kindly!

The portraits of the two great Flemish artists in the gallery of the Genoese palace possess a warmth of vitality and interest all their own. They bask in the golden tide of sunshine of their untarnished fame, and even the chill atmosphere of the place on the December day is powerless to touch them with the blight of mildew and decay. They embody talent, the love of the beautiful, and in marked degree, the very pride of life, whether measured by the standard of their labors in vast allegorical subjects, the contributions to sacred art, or the long line of portraits of kings and queens and royal babies.

A study of the young Napoleon Bonaparte hangs above the door. The picture is somewhat indifferent in treat-

ment, and meagre in tone and form; yet it is a clear portrayal of the familiar, aquiline physiognomy, with the lock of dark hair falling over the broad brow. The young Napoleon and Genoa! Had he any sympathies with the rich history of the Sea City, which attained a climax of renown with the birth and discoveries of her son Christopher Columbus? Did he estimate her, in subsequent decline, other than with the cynical contempt of such a nature for weakness and misfortune, as the bagatelle of Spain, Austria, or France, in turn? He must have been familiar with all the manifold links of interest binding his island home of Corsica to Genoa, from the date of 1348, when the rival republic superseded Pisa in this stronghold, to the rule of the German adventurers, culminating in Baron Theodore Neuhof of Westphalia, who in 1736 made himself King Theodore I. of Corsica, but subsequently fled from the wrath of Genoa, aided by the French, finding the position untenable. The son of Carlo Bonaparte, the officer of General Paoli, and the brilliant Letitia, reputed to have been born on a piece of old tapestry representing a battle scene of the Iliad, assuredly early imbibed the lesson from the surroundings of his cradle that great rogues escape justice, and only small ones are taken, — or rather, with respect for the memory of the doubtless romantic Westphalian baron, who wished to wear a crown, successful soldiers become conquerors and great men, while failure renders them knaves. The portrait above the door may have been painted before or long after the battle of Marengo, when Genoa was first made a Ligurian Republic, then held by the French, and ultimately annexed to the Sardinian government in 1815. Bonaparte probably estimated Genoa as a sheet of paper on which to work out the military schemes of his own brain in strategical advantages of attack or defence. He had been drilled in the military schools of Brienne and Paris; served as a lieutenant of

Artillery; witnessed the insurrection of June, and seen Louis XVI. appear at the window of the Tuileries in response to the summons of his subjects armed with pikes and axes; he reorganized the artillery of Toulon, and after his eclipse in the fall of Robespierre, in the revolution headed by the National Guard, was remembered as the valiant little Corsican of the siege of Toulon by Barras, in consultation with Carnot and Tallien. The campaigns of Italy followed.

In the portrait the young Napoleon measures Genoa with a cool and speculative scrutiny, undazzled by her display of wealth and unmoved by her powerful past. His meditations may be of the charming Josephine de Beauharnais, wedded for love, whose soft Creole graces of manner must have afforded a marked contrast with the bearing of the brilliant and presumably brusque Corsican mother and sisters. How much more probable that he was already pondering on the campaign of Egypt, and the crown of Emperor, which he would place on his own head!

In the narrow gallery how varied and comprehensive the thread of life from Bonaparte above the door to Caffaro, Embriaco, and the Knight Templar! Truly, Sir Joshua Reynolds, "A room hung with pictures is a room hung with thoughts!"

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE NOTE OF A VIOLIN.

THE German father has his place of business, home, and garden on a steep and narrow street leading from the port up the hill. The warehouse is a low and sufficiently spacious interior, such as is usually devoted to offices in Italian towns, with a ceiling heavily vaulted, several windows pierced high up in the wall and barred, like those of a prison, and a floor of brick tiles. A clean and wholesome smell pervades the place of hemp and linen, the articles imported by Herr Müller from his own country. Above stairs is a commodious and comfortable apartment, blooming with plants and birds, and adorned with the decorative art needlework in curtains, portières, cushions, and rugs of young maidenhood of all lands, where reigns the Frau Müller, and her especial assistant, the old nurse Lisbeth. In the rear of the premises is a tiny garden formed by a margin of terrace between high walls, just large enough for a pear-tree to bloom in one corner, and for the children to skip a rope on holidays. The resources of that garden are endless, and the blossoming of the pear-tree has marked the years of growth of the little family. Has not the eldest son Wilhelm, now a genteel youth gone to complete his studies at Zurich, in the days of urchinhood fitted and sailed boats on the large earthen vessel placed by the pipe to catch rainwater? Has not a brood of snowy white pigeons with coral-red feet a

house, with many doors, attached to the wall? Does not the magpie, with clipped wings, hop about on the gravel all day, scolding in a harsh note? Then the little dog, Fritz, a sedate Spitz with a sagacious nose and bushy tail, long outgrown all foolish friskiness of the puppy stage, has his especial dominion here. Herr Müller is a plain man, with a large nose and a shaven chin, placid, exact, and with a good reputation for probity; his wife is a buxom matron, florid, with abundant yellow hair braided in a massive coil at the back of the head, always handsomely attired, and deeply versed in compounding dishes of fish, mayonnaise, pickled red cabbage, or salads for supper; and the children are a blond and smiling flock. The foreigner may be classed as belonging to the element of Germans, English, and Swiss that sought Genoa for purposes of trade after the Austrian invasion and the Pragmatic Sanction. Herr Müller has what is known in Italy as a costly family, giving his children every advantage of education, but he does not belong to the world of fashion. Accomplished linguists, genial in intercourse with their neighbors, and the schoolmates of the little ones, the mother interesting herself with liberality in charitable works, and the maidens knitting countless shawls and mufflers for fairs, the threads of national life do not blend. Thus it is that as the household has a Christmas Tree, decorated like those of northern firesides, in its season, so a German youth, tall, broad shouldered, and blond, has come to Genoa to marry the eldest daughter, a girl of eighteen, slender, blue-eyed, and with golden tresses gathered on the top of her head. The young couple sit under the pear-tree in bloom, hand in hand.

The German father has another quality in his apparently practical nature: he is a musician. Frau Müller performs admirably on the pianoforte, and the daughters excel in the interpretation of Mozart, Beethoven, and

Schumann. The entire household have rendered, on occasion, for the amusement of their friends, adaptations of Gounod's funeral march to a marionette, and Romberg's Toy Symphony. If you are so fortunate as to gain his confidence, he will take you to his sanctum at the end of the corridor. A bust of Meyerbeer occupies a niche, and a good assortment of volumes on the subject of music fill the shelves of the bookcase. The features of the host warm and expand; he welcomes the guest with a cordial pressure of the hand, and, if masculine, proffers a pipe or a cigar. Nationalities are merged in fraternal sentiments, for music is the universal language of mankind. He has a large collection of instruments, such as may be readily picked up in a Mediterranean seaport like Genoa, consisting of Mexican rattles and whistles; an Arab trumpet, a long tube of brass; drums of wood and of copper, beaten with sticks or with the palms of the hands; gongs, cymbals, and castanets; and flutes such as are deemed efficacious in taming elephants in the East, as well as a gourd, fitted with two bamboo pipes, pierced with holes, used to charm snakes. Here is a rude fiddle made of half of a cocoanut shell, covered with the skin of the gazelle; an Algerian stringed instrument inlaid with tortoise-shell; an Arabian guitar, half a gourd covered with sheep-skin, and decked with cowrie shells; the Rebec of the Provençal troubadours; double reed pipes of classical design; curious cylinders covered with snake skin, and having two strings; Turkish and Persian lutes. In all this bewildering array of strange and primitive objects the owner has grouped them in symmetrical order as instruments of percussion, of wind, and stringed, each with number, date, and origin neatly attached on a tiny label. When you have sufficiently admired the mere noise-producing implements of other races to your uninitiated ear, Herr Müller opens his case of violins for your inspection. He is a connoisseur

of violins, and a skilful performer. He has French violins on the models of Cappuy and Castaguery; German on those of David Teckler, Klotz, and Withalen; and Italian on the methods adopted by Francesco Ruggeri, Giuseppe Odoardi, and Niccolò Galliani. Then he unlocks a box slowly and impressively, which contains still another violin, and the woodcut of a man in the dress of a past generation, with a large development of brow, thin features, and a weak chin, pasted inside the lid of the receptacle. You divine from the manner of the amateur that the instrument is a Stradivarius, or an Amati. He points to the woodcut. "That is Paganini, the greatest man who ever lived."

"The greatest violinist, perhaps," you qualify.

"Yes; the sovereign of all violinists," he adds.

"Say rather a magician, and perhaps in league with Satan, as pious folk feared."

"Paganini was a Genoese, and the little shop of his father the broker was situated down yonder on the Port. I know the place," Herr Müller continues, and takes his Stradivarius from the resting-place, drawing the bow across the strings. "If this violin did not actually belong to Paganini, he has played upon it, and more than once."

The note of a violin pierces the stillness of the corridor, and wanders forth, on the wings of sound, to the narrow street of Genoa, more tortuous and dark than the life span of Niccolò Paganini, the strange being who in his own pain, caprice, or indifference moved the soul of the human race as no musician has ever done, possibly, before his day, or since. He was born in Genoa on February 18, 1784, and was the second son of Antonio Paganini. The latter was a parent not disposed to thwart the inclination of a child who displayed such marked ability for instrumentation at an early age; but he does not shine in comparison with the natural guardians of Rubens and Van Dyck, for he has gained a reputation which appears to be well estab-

lished of treating the early slave of the violin with the utmost harshness, holding him to the task of practising from morning until night by threats, hunger, and even punishment. Alas! for the skill of supple fingers gained at such a price of fatiguing drudgery. Let us hope that the young Paganini often forgot overstrained nerves and aching muscles in the fantasies of his own melodies. He played three times a week in the churches of Genoa, and frequently appeared before societies. His friend Francesco Guecco often performed with him. The great ladies of Lucca and Florence had him invited to their courts; Rome listened to his strains spellbound, and Naples was moved like the sea. He visited foreign lands, climbing from triumph to triumph, a unique being, fantastic, abstracted, and wonderfully alluring to all hearers, by turns. He became known in Saxony, Prussia, and Poland. Gay and volatile Vienna went mad over a new idol, giving to hats, gloves, and bonbons his name, eating bread in the shape of a violin, dining and supping only on dishes *à la* Paganini. Indulgent to the caprices of a very small son (perhaps in remembrance of the severity of his own boyhood), often smitten with illness, the magician who had power to so enthrall multitudes pursued his erratic course, until the worn frame — the violin case — succumbed. The Archbishop of Nice refused him interment for alleged religious indifference; and his remains, after detention in the chamber of a hospital, were transported to Villa-franca, and finally consigned to earth in the Val di Polcevera above Genoa. The end of Paganini was as strange as his life. The *contadini* of Polcevera, evidently afraid of his grave as uncanny, were said to have heard lamentations and sighs about the spot at night. Was it only the wind murmuring among the chestnut-trees in the hours of darkness? Was the weird spectre of Paganini ever visible to mortal vision, flitting along the countryside in the moonlight?

Do the sorrowful lamentations emanate from his violin, and still wander up the gorges of the Apennines to linger, like memory, about the ruins of monastery and ancient castle, or seek in lowered, sobbing cadences of fitful sweetness his native city, and the moaning sea beyond?

Herr Müller replaces the Stradivarius in the case with reverence, and turns the key, possibly mindful of the time when "Music lay yet in the cradle awaiting the touch of Italy upon her strings, and the touch of Germany upon her keys."

The pear-tree of the little garden spreads a snowy canopy of bloom above the heads of the young couple, and from time to time sheds down fragrant petals on them as a greeting of the springtime of life.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE LAUNCHING OF THE BOAT.

ON the terrace of the old villa at Pegli the October sun may be watched setting in the west. The young count reclines in his wheel-chair, large-eyed, pale, and languid, while his father stands beside him.

"We will write the ornithology next winter, Papa," he says, in his childish voice.

"Yes, my child," the father makes his habitual response.

He turns his sombre gaze to the hills, where convents and oratories nestle among olive-trees, instead of in the direction of the sea. In imagination he appears like one of those Carthusian monks of the sixteenth century, painted by the Spaniard Zurbaran. Who knows that he may not yet return to the world to quaff the cup of forgetfulness, as Italy plunged into revelry after the Plague?

The sailor and the pretty Francesca at the gate have been married, and now he is about to start on another voyage to America. Bronzed, robust, and animated, he approaches the terrace. What shall he bring the young master from the New World? Ah, one must think a little. He will fetch one of those beautiful garments from Buenos Ayres, wrought by the South American Indians, of feathers, like silk. To what realm of light and space will the young master have flown when the sailor returns with the dress of feathers?

The swallows dart around the corner of the house, preparing to make their winter migration to Africa. The

father tortoise sidles across the path, still basking in summer heat. Winter visitors have not arrived. The invalid falls asleep, and the Ligurian woman, with her set, stern face, wheels the chair into the house. The father lights a cigar, and paces the terrace, with his hands clasped behind his back. The birds twitter softly, as if not to disturb the slumbers of the boy. The macaw is silent on the perch of a gilded cage, dreaming of the palm groves of the coral islands.

Down on the shore sturdy little Beppo, in his red cap, floats bits of wood on the tide, with his comrades. The vessel so long building in the ship-yard is completed, and has been successfully launched. In size it resembles the first craft employed by Columbus.

"In the bow of the boat is the gift of another world. Without it what prison would be so strong as that white and wailing sea? But the nails that fasten together the planks of the boat's bows are the rivets of the fellowship of the world."

The sun sinks beneath the waves, shedding crimson fires on the walls and roofs of Genoa. In the shadowy thickets of the Pallavicini gardens the blended fragrance of aromatic shubbery, exotic, and blossom perfume the warm air of evening. If Genoa were a Pagan shrine, the incense of sacrifice would rise heavenward from the Pallavicini garden; but the Sea City is a most Christian town, instead, and under the protection of the Madonna. From the sunny waves, still dyed gold and crimson by the passage of the God of Day, floats the sweet strain of a vesper hymn. Columbus and his crew sang the *Salve Regina*, learned in boyhood on these shores, in mid ocean.

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